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Dean Sage

MAA





TOMMY BIRCH.

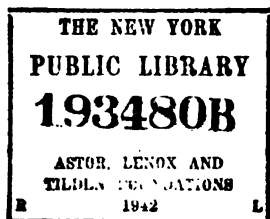
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Beagles.

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Stag-Hounds.

<i>Counties.</i>	<i>Names of Masters, or Managers, and of Huntsmen, or First Whippers-in*.</i>	<i>Names of Packs.</i>
Berkshire	His Majesty... Master of the Buck Hounds .. The Earl of Lichfield. Huntsman .. Mr. Davis.— Whippers-in .. John Freeman, Robt. Bartlett, Daniel Cox.	The King's
Buckinghamshire .	H. R. H. the Duke of Cumberland	The Drayton
Devonshire	Mr. De Burgh	
Essex	Sir Arthur Chichester.	
Surrey	Mr. Abbott	The Surrey

Fox-Hounds.

Bedfordshire	Mr. Dansey	The Oakley
	Huntsm. . Tom Skinner	
Berkshire	Mr. Sebright	The Craven
	Hon. Henry Moreton .	
	Sir John Cope	
	Huntsman .. Shirley.	
Buckinghamshire .	Mr. F. Villebois	The Oakley
	Huntsman .. Ben Foote	
	The Duke of Grafton .	The Old Berkeley
	Huntsman .. Carter	
	Mr. Dansey	
Cambridgeshire ..	Mr. Combe	The Cambridgeshire
	Mr. Drake	
	Mr. Barnet	
	Earl Fitzwilliam	

* As some packs of hounds hunt portions of different counties, to avoid repetition we have placed the name of the huntsman, &c., to that county which forms the chief arena of the operations of the pack; and although we have only introduced the names of the huntsmen or first whips in this year's list, it is our wish next year to publish the names of *all* the servants belonging to the different establishments, as well as the localities of kennels, best quarters for sportsmen, and such information generally, as a stranger stands in need of, on going into a new country, the efficient completion of which the kind and liberal encouragement that has attended our labours heretofore, gives us every reason to anticipate. We beg to tender our grateful acknowledgments to the masters of hounds, and sportsmen generally, who have so obligingly assisted us, by answering our inquiries, and respectfully request their further co-operation.

<i>Counties.</i>	<i>Names of Masters, &c.</i>	<i>Names of Packs.</i>
Cardiganshire and Caermarthenshire .	Mr. J. L. Lloyd Mr. H. Howell. Huntsman.. Davies	} The Tivside
Cheshire	Mr. Pryce Pryce Sir H. Mainwaring . . Huntsman.. Maiden Mr. Wickstead. Huntsman.. Wells Sir Thomas Stanley . . Huntsm.. Edw. Davies Mr. Leche. Huntsm.. Will. Head	
Cornwall.	Mr. Daniel Mr. Phillips Huntsman.. Himself Mr. Vivian	The Inglewood
Cumberland	Mr. E. Hazell	
Derbyshire	Marquess of Hastings. Huntsm.. Will. Head. First Whip .. Will. Markwell. Second Whip.. Edw. Evans Mr. Meynell.	
Dorsetshire	Mr. Farquharson Hunts.. Ben. Jennings Mr. Portman. Huntsman.. Kit Atkins Mr. Drax Huntaman.. John Last Mr. Hall. Huntsm.. Will. Neverd	
Devonshire	Mr. Walter Carew Mr. Bulteel. Huntsman.. Himself	The Lyneham
Durham	The Duke of Cleveland Hunts.. Rich. Dealtry Mr. Ralph Lambton . . Hunts.. John Winter. First Whip.. Robert Hunnum Mr. Wilkinson Huntsman.. Himself— First Whip.. Hopper	
Essex	Mr. Conyers Lord Petre Mr. George Mure. . . . Mr. C. Newman Messrs. Brewitt & Nash	The Essex Union
Gloucestershire . . .	The Duke of Beaufort. Huntsm.. Will. Long Lord Segrave Huntsm.. Henry Ayris Hon. Henry Moreton . Huntsman.. Himself— 1st Whip.. Jem Hill	

<i>Counties.</i>	<i>Names of Masters, &c.</i>	<i>Names of Packs.</i>
Hampshire	Mr. Villebois	The Hampshire
	Hunts.. Dick Forster	
		The Vine
	Huntsman.. Adamson	
	Mr. King	The Hambledon
	Huntsman.. Himself—	
	First Whip.. Squire	
	Mr. T. Assheton Smith	The Tidworth
	Huntsman.. Himself—	
	First Whip .. Dick	
	Burton	
	Mr. Wyndham	The New Forest
	Huntsman.. Himself	
	Sir John Cope	
Huntingdonshire..	Earl Fitzwilliam	
	Mr. Dansey	
Hertfordshire	Mr. Sebright	The Hertfordshire
	Huntsman.. Oldaker	
	Lord Petre	The Puckeridge
	Huntsman.. Hort	
	Mr. Harvey Combe ..	The Old Berkeley
	Huntsman.. Rich. Hill	
Herefordshire	Mr. F. H. Thomas ...	The Herefordshire
	Mr. T. Phillips	
	Mr. G. Griffiths	
Kent	Major Deedes	The East Kent
	Huntsm.. Tom. Arnold	
	Lord Sondes	Late the Tickham
	Mr. Haigh	The Surrey
Leicestershire	Mr. Holyoake Goodricke	Late the Quorn
	Huntsman.. Mountford	
	Lord Forester	The Belvoir
	Huntsman.. Goosey	
	The Earl of Lonsdale .	The Cottesmore
	Huntsman.. Lambert	
	Mr. Applewhaite	The Atherstone
	Hunts.. Robt. Thurlow	
	Mr. Wilkins	Late the Pytchley or
		Mr. Osbaldeston's
Lincolnshire	Lord Yarborough	The Brocklesby
	Huntsman.. Smith	
	Sir Richard Sutton ..	The Burton
	Huntsm.. Jack Shirley	
	Hon. George Pelham .	
	Mr. Parker	The South Wold
	Huntsman.. Himself	
	Lord Forester	The Belvoir
Monmouthshire...	Mr. W. A. Williams ..	
	Mr. Lewis	
Middlesex	Mr. Harvey Combe ..	The Old Berkeley
Norfolk	The Hon. Mr. Hill ..	The Norfolk
Northumberland..	Sir Matth. W. Ridley	late the Northumberland
	Huntsman.. Mr. Boag	

<i>Counties.</i>	<i>Names of Masters, &c.</i>	<i>Names of Parks.</i>
Northumberland ..	Major St. Paul..... Huntsman..Himself— First Whip..Is. Scott	The Galewood
Northamptonshire .	Capt. Carr Mr. Wilkins..... Hunts...Jack Stevens	The Alnwick Late the Pytchley, or Mr. Osbaldeston's
Nottinghamshire..	The Duke of Grafton . Earl Fitzwilliam Mr. Drake Earl of Scarborough.. Capt. Freeman..... Huntsman..Himself— First Whip..Bailey	
Oxfordshire	Mr. Foljambe..... Lord Forester Mr Holyoake Goodricke Marquess of Hastings . The Duke of Beaufort Mr. Drake Hunts..Tom Wingfield Lord Radnor..... Sir John Cope Mr. Phillips..... Col. Scornfield	The Belvoir Late the Quorn
Pembrokeshire ...		The Pembroke Sub- scription Pack The Haverfordwest Sub- scription Pack
Rutlandshire	Lord Lonsdale	The Cottesmore
Radnorshire	Mr. Beynon	
Shropshire	Sir Rowland Hill Hunts... W. Staples— First Whip..W. Grice Mr. Smythe Owen ... Huntsman..John Wig- glesworth—1st Whip Wm. Davies Mr. Walter Giffard .. Mr. Pinches..... Huntsman..Himself— The Rev. G. D. Pardoe	The North Shropshire The South Shropshire The Albrighton
Somersetshire	Capt. Luttrell Mr. Horlock..... Huntsman..Himself— First Whip..Charles Treadwell Mr. Hall	The West Somerset
Staffordshire	Mr. Meynell..... Hunts...Tom Leedham Mr. Applewhaite Mr. Walter Giffard .. Mr. Wickstead.....	The Atherstone The Albrighton The Woore

<i>Counties.</i>	<i>Names of Masters, &c.</i>	<i>Names of Packs.</i>
Suffolk.....	Mr. George Mure ... Huntsman..Will. Rose	The Suffolk & Thurlow
Surrey	Mr. Haigh	The Surrey
	Huntsman..Tom Hill	
	Mr. Hankey.....	The Union
	Hunts...John Jennings	
Sussex	Mr. Charles Craven..	The East Sussex
	Huntsman..Press	
	Col. G. Wyndham ...	
	Huntsman..Thorpe	
	Col. H. Wyndham...	
	Mr. Lee Steere.....	
	Huntsman..Himself—	
	1st Whip..Hopkins	
	Mr. Smith	The Ashdown Forest
	Mr. Hankey..	The Union
Warwickshire....	Mr. Thornhill	The Warwickshire
	Huntsman..Boxall	
	Mr. Bolton King	
Wiltshire	Lord Radnor.....	
	Huntsman..Will.Todd	
	Mr. Codrington	
	Huntsman..Himself—	
	1st Whip..Treadwell	
	Mr. T. Assheton Smith	
	Mr. F. Villebois	The Craven
	Hon. Henry Moreton .	
	Mr. Horlock	
Worcestershire ...	Mr. Clutton Brock ..	The Worcestershire
	Hunts...Will. Carter	
	Mr. Walter Giffard ..	The Albrighton
Yorkshire	The Duke of Cleveland	
	Earl of Harewood....	
	Hunts...Will Bamford	
	Earl Fitzwilliam	
	Huntsman..Sebright	
	Lord Hawke	The Badsworth
	Huntsman..Richards	
	Mr. Milbanke	The Beadle
	Huntsman..Himself—	
	1st Whip..Barwick	
	Mr. Hodgson	The Holderness
	Huntsman..Himself—	
	1st Whip..W. Danby	
	Mr. Andrews	The Cleveland
	Mr. Lloyd.....	The York and Ainsty
	Huntsman..Wilson	
	Mr. Marshall	The Sinnington
	Mr. Fullerton	The Sandbeck
	Huntsman..Butler	
	Mr. Foljambe	
	Mr. Wilkinson.....	The Hurworth
	Mr. Hill	

Scotland.

<i>Counties.</i>	<i>Names of Masters, &c.</i>	<i>Names of Packs.</i>
Aberdeenshire and Forfarshire }	Lord Kintore Huntsman..Himself— 1st Whip..Grant	
Berwickshire, Lin- lithgow, Lanark, & Stirlingshire . }	Mr. Ramsay Huntsman..Scott	
Dumfriesshire	Mr. Murray Hunts...John Arber	
Fife and Perthshire	Capt. Wemyss and Mr. White Melville Hunts...John Walker	
Lanark, Renfrew, } and Ayrshire .. }	Lord Kelburne Hunts...Sam Graham	
Lothian (East)	Lord Elcho	
Midlothian, Rox- burgh, and part of Berwickshire }	Duke of Buccleugh . . Hunts...Williamson	
	Mr. Dalzell	

Harriers, Beagles, and Otter-Hounds.

Berkshire	Mr. Payn	The Old Berkshire
Breconshire	Mr. Mayberry Mr. T. Morgan Mr. C. Morgan	The Brecon Subscrip.
Buckinghamshire .	His Majesty's Hunts...Mr. Freeman	
Cambridgeshire ..		The Royston
Cardiganshire	Capt. Prichard Mr. Pryce Pryce Mr. T. Jones Mr. Beynon	
Cheshire	Sir Thomas Stanley . . Mr. Corbet Mr. Leche	
Cornwall	Mr. Braddon Mr. Clemens	The Treglith The Cornish Union
Derbyshire	Sir Henry Every Mr. Maynard	The Chesterfield
Dorsetshire	Mr. Yeatman Mr. Harding Mr. Bennett	The Blackmore Vale The Mountain The Cadbury
Devonshire	Mr. Frowd Mr. Woolcombe Mr. Newton Otter Hounds.	The Ashbury The Millaton
	Mr. W. Skinner	The Hempstone Vale
	Hunts...W. Stevens	

<i>Counties.</i>	<i>Names of Masters, &c.</i>	<i>Names of Packs.</i>
Devonshire.....	Sir J. Butler, Bart., and Mr. H. B. Pierrepont Hunts... John Tribble Mr. H. R. Roe	The South Devon The Greston
Durham	Hunts... John Ryder Mr. Russell	The Brancepeth The Darlington
Essex	Mr. Wills	
Glamorganshire...	Mr. Jenkins	
	Sir Charles Morgan ..	
	Mr. Humphreys	
	Mr. D Davies	
	Mr. Williams	
Gloucestershire...	Mr. Gough	
		The Cheltenham
Hertfordshire	Sir J. Sebright	
Herefordshire	Mr. Hatton	The Herfordshire
	Mr. Bodman	The Kington subs.
Kent		The Canterbury
	Mr. Bushell	The Isle of Thanet
	Mr. Collard	
	Mr. Blaxland	The Sittingbourne
Lancashire	Mr. Alexander	The Liverpool
	Mr. Rostron	The Holcom
Leicestershire....	Mr. Loraine Smith ...	The Enderby
Lincolnshire	Doctor Willis	
		The Burton
Monmouthshire ..	Mr. Stretton	The Monmouthshire
	Mr. M. E. Davies	Subscription
	Mr. Edwards	
	Mr. Procter	The Morpeth
Northumberland..		The Wallsend
	Capt. Potts	
	Mr. Allgood	
		The Slaley
	Mr. Humble.	The Prudhoe
	Mr. Clarke	
	(Beagles)	
		The Tynemouth
		(Beagles)
Norfolk	Mr. Baker	The Knapton
	Sir Jacob Astley, Bart.	
	Mr. H. Villebois	
	Mr. R. Fellowes	
Northamptonshire .	The Hon. Capt. Spencer	
	(Beagles)	
	Mr. Wood—Brixworth	
	(Beagles)	
Oxfordshire	Duke of Marlborough	
	Mr. Mark Morell....	
	Mr. Peyton	
	(Otter Hounds)	

<i>Counties.</i>	<i>Names of Masters, &c.</i>	<i>Names of Packs.</i>
Pembrokeshire ...	Mr. H. Sarofeld	
	Mr. G. Roach	
	Mr. Child	
Radnorshire	Mr. Hugh Powell Evans	
	Mr. Williams	
	Mr. Williams	
Shropshire	Mr. Pitches	
	Mr. Beddoes	
	Mr. Mossley	
	Mr. Corbett	
	Mr. Harries	
	Rev. J. D. Pigot	
	Mr. Eyton	
	Mr. Evans	
	Mr. Butfield	
	Mr. Sparling	
	Mr. Oakley	
	Harriers & Otter Hounds	
	Sir Rowland Hill	
	(Otter Hounds)	
	Mr. Downes	
	(Otter Hounds)	
Somersetshire	Mr. Tudway	The Wells
	Mr. John Dean	
Staffordshire	Mr. Edmund Peel	
		Westbromwich Sub- scription Beagles
Suffolk	Mr. G. St. Vincent	
	Wilson	
	Mr. Barthrop	The East Suffolk
Surrey	Mr. Meager's	
		The Reigate
		The Kingston
Sussex		The Brighton
		The Brookside
		The Portslade
	Mr. Richardson	The Findon
		The Hastings
		The Stoneleigh
Warwickshire	Mr. Chandos Leigh ..	
Wiltshire	Lord Seymour	
		The Devizes
Worcestershire ...		The Evesham
Yorkshire	Col. Hillyard	The Stokesley
	Mr. Maynard	The Boroughbridge

Scotland.

Mr. Stair Stewart ...	The Wigtonshire
Mr. Sinclair	The Caithnessshire

Ireland.

Our Irish List is very short. Indeed we did not purpose attempting one at all this year, but a correspondent having obligingly furnished us with the following, we make a commencement, and hope before another season our friends of the Emerald Isle will enable us to do them greater justice by forwarding us returns of the packs in their different countries.

The Buck Hounds.—Michael Furnell, Esq. Cahirelly; Patrick Molony, huntsman; M. Dillane, whipper.

County Limerick Fox-hunting Club, kennel at Croom, a Committee.—Pat Connel, huntsman; John Frawly, whipper.

The Faha Harriers, Mr. G. Tuthill; John Ralph, huntsman; J. Frawly, whipper.—Edwardstown Harriers, Mr. Shine; William Upton, huntsman.—Sunville Hare-hunting Fox-hounds, Mr. E. Sayers.—Abbeyville Hare-hunting Fox-hounds, Mr. R. White.—Castle Hewson Hare-hunting Fox-hounds, Mr. F. Hewson.—Mount Russell Harriers, Mr. J. Russell.

TOMMY BINKS.

Engraved by DUNCAN, from a Painting by H. B. CHALON.

SIR,

IF integrity of conduct, contentment in his humble sphere, a disposition at all times to serve or to oblige, together with an ardent predilection for what he terms "a bit of innoxious diversion," can entitle a man to a place in your entertaining columns, the Individual admirably represented in the annexed plate, may justly claim admittance.

Thomas Binks was born in the pretty village of Stapleton, and, at the usual age, was apprenticed to a shoemaker in the no less pretty village of Croft, where he has resided for upwards of forty years,

At a very early period he evinced a partiality for the destruction of "varmint," through the medium of "furrets," traps of every description, and "puzzum" (poison)—to which, by the bye, he rarely has recourse, as too largely encroaching upon the field of his amusement.

Up to the present day, to adopt his own genuine Yorkshire phraseology, he has been the avowed enemy of "*Rattens*, mice, *wezzles*, faumarts, *nanpies* and *kett-craws*" (anglice, carrion crows), to the great benefit of his neighbours, and his own amusement.

How far the breeding of a few "black-reds," of the *right sort*, may

fall within the boundaries of "innocent diversion," I am not at present prepared to determine; but this I may safely aver, that if Tommy considered it in any other light, either as to himself or others, he would altogether decline it.

Does a stranger wish to sport in the beautiful River Tees, upon the margin of which the village is situated, Tommy's aid is solicited,—tackle is prepared, with both skill and neatness, and his hoard of maggots supplies solid baits for those who do not understand the management of the naked fly.

His skill in his profession, and steady application to it, would fully justify his commencing business on his own foundation; but this, he says, would put it out of his power to take a day's *diversion* when the current of his inclination set in that direction; preferring the independence of a journeyman to the restrictions which might possibly be imposed upon him by the conversion of a servant into a master.

See this humble individual, after his day of labour, with a pipe in his mouth, and attended by the faithful terrier, upon which his hand is represented as resting, whilst his eyes appear to lament the escape of a *full-grown rat*, and you would say, that numbers, in much more elevated stations, might envy rather than look contemptuously upon him who is the subject of this brief memorial.

GULIELMUS.

FIELD SPORTS IN SOUTHERN INDIA.

A SKETCH OF THE NEILGHERRIES, OR BLUE MOUNTAINS, AS A SPORTING STATION
—VARIETIES OF GAME, ETC.

BY JUNGLICUS.

"What skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear!
So delightful, mix'd with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd!"

THE Neilgherries, or Blue Mountains of Coimbatore, as their name implies—from Neil (*Blue*) and Gherry (*Mountain*)—had long excited the admiring gaze of each European who had passed within view of their majestic height, towering, as they do, far above all other of that grand range of mountains called the "Western Ghats;" and their smooth and verdant tops had long tempted the adventurer's tread. It was not, however, till January, 1819, that they were explored, and found more than to realize all the expectations of the enterprising Englishmen who reached their summit, and breathed an air so pure, cool, and elastic, that

It did not require the contrast with the burning plain, from which they had just ascended, to convince them of its exhilarating, beneficial, and strengthening influence. But I cannot agree with him, when I quote the author's words from whom part of this sketch is taken, namely, "that England, our own dear native clime (so extolled and loved in India) must yield in the comparison, except, indeed, on some of its best and brightest days and even of summer." An experience of upwards of twelve years has proved their uninterrupted salubrity; and the restored healths and blooming complexions of our Indian invalids, who have gone there, bear evident testimony to the truth of Humboldt's theory, viz:—"There is a serenity existing on all table lands between the tropics, that are of considerable elevation." This elevation is laid down at 3,500 feet above the level of the sea; and these mountains are far above that in height, being nearly 9,000 feet. They are part of that extensive range reaching from Cape Comoria to near the Tapti river, are situated about latitude 11 degrees 12 minutes, and longitude 76 degrees 30 minutes; and are as it were isolated from the neighbouring mountains by the two great passes, the Gujurbetty on the north, and the Paughautcherry on the south. Their length is forty miles from east to west, and their breadth from fifteen to twenty-five from north to south.

Among the larger animals indigenous to The Neilgherries are royal tigers, some of a large size, cheetahs and leopards (though of late years their visits have become less frequent in the vicinity of Ootacamund), small black bears, elk of majestic height, wolves, hyenas, jackalls, foxes, hares, wild or "jungle sheep" (which are somewhat larger than antelopes, but resemble them in form as well as movement), ibex, hog, wild dogs—fine-looking but ferocious animals, considerably larger than English foxes, which in appearance they slightly approach to, carrying bushy black tails and possessing much of their instinctive cunning. These wild dogs hunt, in packs, the various kinds of deer, more especially the elk, which generally falls an easy victim to the united efforts of its blood-thirsty pursuers, who are sometimes with difficulty driven from their prey. The feathered game consist of peafowl (nearly, if not exactly, similar to our tame ones in England), black partridge, spurfowl—evidently a kind of partridge, possessing double spurs on each leg, whence its name, and of a dusky brown plumage, brightening in the breast to silver, and prettily picked out with white and black spots; and, like the painted and gray partridge, often heard calling from the tops of trees. Jungle fowl—the aboriginal cock and hen, about the size of our bantam breed, and not unlike our red, black-breasted, game-cocks in numbers, and the source from which in all probability they sprang, being afterwards mixed with the common fowls of Malay and Chittagong. The male is a splendidly plumaged bird, but what is most worthy of note, the extre-

mities of the feathers on the breast are tipped with a slight horny extubance, of a waxy looking nature, giving the bird a most singular appearance. The cry of this wild species differs in some measure from that of our barn-door fowl, but in many other respects they resemble them closely in their habits. In addition to these, there are the imperial pigeon (a beautiful bird, in form and plumage somewhat resembling our common wood-pigeon or stock dove, but more than double its size), quail of many varieties, plover, woodcock, and snipe; which latter are to be met with in great numbers during nearly two-thirds of the year. There is a kind of snipe which come and leave with the woodcock, and which, though less plentiful, is a much finer bird, and never to be met with in the low country, which the former is. But a still rarer bird is occasionally found called the "great," or by sportsmen the "solitary snipe," and which answers very nearly to the following description given by Latham:—"Size between the woodcock and the snipe, weight eight ounces; length sixteen inches; bill fourteen inches long, and like that of the cock; crown of the head black, divided down the middle by a pale stripe; over and beneath each eye another of the same; the upper parts of the body very like the common snipe, beneath white; the feathers edged with dusky, black on the neck, breast, and sides, and those of the belly spotted with the same, except the middle, which are of a plain white, quills dusky, tail reddish, the two middle feathers plain, the others fringed round with black; legs black." The few which have been shot on the hills differ from the above description in the following points: The weight is less by an ounce and a half; the centre of the breast is not of a plain white, but barred and spotted all over with dusky marks; and dark as the woodcock; the legs a dark dirty green. Woodcocks visit the Neilgherries in October, and remain till March—they are rarely seen below the hills; the following instances only are on record of their having been met with and shot on the low country; viz. two birds at the Mount, near Madras; and single birds at each of the following places:—at Manantoddy, in Wynaud; at Cuddapah; and at Gargalum, in Curmahah. One of the birds shot at Madras, was so exceedingly lazy, that the person nearly tired upon it before he flushed it the first time, and it again settled within twenty yards of him. Not having his gun, he went home (a short distance) and got it, but could not find the cock again until he had beat for a long time, and the bird was forced to rise; he missed it, it settled again within a few yards, and was with the same difficulty again flushed, and shot.—This shows the great probability of their being passed over by sportsmen in the low country without being flushed, or their being shot in such situations might not be so very uncommon an occurrence. I may here add, on one occasion, travelling with a friend between Cannamore and the Neilgherries, when

not very far from the foot of the "Payriah Pass,"—(constructed on that stupendous and romantic range of mountains—the "Western Ghauts," so deservedly esteemed by every one for its beauty),—my companion suddenly pulled up his horse, and said he saw a woodcock, or a strange bird similar in appearance to one, rise from the ground near the roadside—but was inclined to believe the former, and had he not been so strongly impressed with the belief that it was one, I should have rode on, not being so fortunate in the first instance as to perceive the "rara avis" in question. We, in consequence dismounted, but had to wait a few minutes for our guns, which were carried by our loitering "ghorawallahs" or horse-keepers, who are generally found far behind when their services are most wanted. We proceeded into the jungle after the object of our pursuit, which was so sluggish as almost to allow its being trod upon before it rose; but notwithstanding this favourable circumstance, we were unable to get a shot, the jungle being densely thick and almost impenetrable: however, we flushed the feathered wanderer three times, more than sufficient to convince us it was in fact a woodcock. There is no doubt that these birds must alight at some intermediate places on the line of flight in their long migration between the Himalayahs (and perhaps the Burman Mountains) and the Neilgherries;—the cock we saw in March, and one of the birds before alluded to, was shot in the same month, which is the time they leave the Neilgherries, and therefore corroborates the opinion. The short stay which they make at these intermediate stages, the choice which they no doubt make of the most solitary places to alight in, their unwillingness from fatigue to rise, and their great scarcity, all combine to account for their being seen so seldom at these resting places—and woodcocks are by no means so plentiful on the hills as might be imagined, if an opinion is to be formed from the numbers shot, seldom exceeding eighty or ninety couples in the season, which has been about the annual average number killed for the last five years.

That the labour and fatigue of all hill-shooting cannot be disputed, our grouse-shooters will bear ample testimony; but those who have only sported over their native hills in Scotland and Wales, can form but a faint idea of the difficulties attendant on shooting upon these mountainous regions, where no doubt many a cock, as well as numerous other animals, rest in perfect security, in situations inaccessible to the approach of man. I believe no one to be more conversant with the intricate parts of these romantic hills than a friend of mine on the staff, late resident Paymaster on them. Being a keen and indefatigable sportsman, a residence of many years has given him a knowledge of every haunt or beat likely to afford sport; which, together with his enjoying an atmosphere so beneficial to health, has kept his constitution so robust as to enable him to encounter this laborious exercise to that extent, that

few (if any) could cope with him. He was the best snipe and cock shot I ever saw. This shooting was his favourite diversion, and to which he almost invariably confined himself (excepting only such varieties of game as accidentally came in his way, of which he killed a proportionate share): the victims to his adroitness were regularly entered in a book he kept for the purpose, and the record predominated, as might be anticipated, in these birds of passage; and though (in regard to numbers) no great display in cock shooting can be made, yet his books will show from thirty to forty couples fallen to his own gun in a season, a very great proportion of the number annually killed. He was so anxious to kill the first cock, that I have known and seen him in search daily full a fortnight or more before the season was in, or perhaps even a bird had arrived; and I really believe there was scarce a day of the week throughout the snipe season that he was not to be found out (often before sunrise until sunset) either penetrating the woods or traversing the morasses, quaking and trembling and often giving way with his weight, attended by two natives, who would act occasionally with others as beaters in the woods, or on the marshes, keeping widely apart from the other, each holding an end of a long cord, and so trailing it along as they walked or rather floundered onwards, a method often adopted on these hilly regions, to put up snipe, while the sportsman would take a central situation between the two, keeping a few feet in rear of the cord so dragged. By this means much time is saved in beating the ground, and when properly managed it is just as effectual as if numerous natives and dogs were employed.

Having now discussed the feathered tribe that frequent these regions, I shall refer to a nobler object of sport, the elk, an animal daily seen in the neighbourhood of Ootacamund. The "sambre," black, or hill deer, commonly called the elk, is one of the most noble of the deer kind, the male commonly standing four feet nine or ten inches, and sometimes upwards of five feet high, and weighing from thirty-six to forty stone: his general colour is a kind of dark iron-grey or lead colour, looking at a distance much the same as that of the common buffalo, the lower part of the belly inside of the thighs and up to the tail white, the end of which is black, and the under part a rusty colour, which also forms a kind of border to the above-mentioned white parts; the fore-part of the belly to between the fore-legs is black; a sandy-coloured circle surrounds its dark full eye; its ear is broad and open, and a tuft of long white hair protects its interior from dust, &c.; the hair of the neck (particularly of the upper part) is longer and coarser than on any other part of the body; its horns consist of the brow antler, and a long and elegantly curved shaft, terminating at the top in two (very rarely in three) antlers; they appear to be shed about March, and again to attain their full size

and beauty by August. The doe is smaller and lighter coloured than the buck, and has no horns. They, like the red deer, are gregarious, very powerful, and beautifully made animals; indeed, there is no doubt of their being a variety of that animal, of which Bewick, in speaking of it as it is found in England, says, "the red deer of this kingdom are nearly of the same size and colour, without much variety; in other parts of the world they differ in form and size, as well as in their horns and the colour of their bodies." Shooting this noble animal in the woods about Ootacamund is, indeed, a very fascinating pastime; the sportsman is first roused to a delightful pitch of excitement by the music of the dogs; then the crashing rush of the elk, increasing as he approaches the edge of the wood, and at last the *break*, which is very beautiful. When he first emerges, his head is down, and nose poked out to prevent his horns getting entangled in the underwood, but directly he finds himself clear, he throws up his head and goes away in gallant style. After all this, your readers will easily imagine that a little steadiness is requisite to hold the gun straight enough to hit him in a vital spot, or even sometimes to hit him at all, for unless the ball be well planted, he will carry it away without appearing any the worse for it, though many a poor beast who escapes in this way must ultimately prove food for animals of prey. The dogs best adapted to the hills are strong spaniels and bustling terriers for woodcock-shooting, and hard-bitten greyhounds for jackalls. But the man who should establish a pack of hounds would deserve well of his country, and claim to have his memory perpetuated by a statue on the pinnacle of Dodapott. The country is too hilly for fast hounds; those best suited would be the slow powerful fox, or perhaps the Southern, hound.

The following summary of sport, enjoyed by one gentleman during a period of five months (taken from "The Oriental Sporting Magazine"), will give the reader some idea of what may be done in the country I have been describing. It is as follows:—33½ couple of woodcock; 30 head of black deer or elk; 1 jungle sheep; 3 wild dogs; 7 bears; 7 hogs; 1 royal tiger; 1 cheetah; 100 (and upwards) brace of jungle and spur fowl; 22 brace of hares; 19½ brace of pea-fowl; 21 brace of imperial pigeon; quail, often 8 or 10 brace in a day; snipe, often 4 or 5 brace a day.—The tiger fell dead with a single ball, and measured 9 feet 7 inches in length; and one of the elk proved 14 hands 3 inches high.—Such a list of killed and bagged may highly excite hopes in sporting visitors to these regions; but it must be borne in mind that two such staunch and indefatigable sportsmen as Captains R—— and D—— are rarely to be found.

The Life and Death of the late John Mytton, Esq., of Halston, Shropshire;

FORMERLY M. P. FOR SHREWSBURY; HIGH SHERIFF FOR THE COUNTIES
OF SALOP AND MERIONETH, AND MAJOR IN THE NORTH
SHROPSHIRE YEOMANRY CAVALRY.

By Nimrod.

PART II.

“Ubi plura nitent.”—HOR.

WITH what extraordinary characters of ancient and modern times would John Mytton stand a comparison. With Nero? Yes; for Nero fiddled whilst Rome was burning, and Mytton would have laughed had he seen Halston in flames. But Nero murdered his mother, and Mytton made a noble provision for his. With Timon of Athens? Yes, as a spend-thrift; but the one hated, and the other was kind to, all mankind. With Napoleon Bonaparte? Yes, for his historian says of him—“Extreme agitation was the basis of his existence; motion was his repose; he lived in a hurricane, and fattened on anxiety and care.” But one drank coffee seven times a day, and the other drank as many bottles of port wine!! With the poet Byron? Yes, inasmuch as each was at Harrow school, and each fought eight pitched battles during the time he remained there. With Savage—immortalized by his biographer, Johnson? Yes, as far as each had a distinctive mark of genius and originality, which ranks high amongst the qualities of the human mind, and each was very deficient in the *το πρεπον*. But one was chiefly known by his misfortunes and his wit; the other might have set fortune's malice at defiance.

The strongest resemblance I can select, is between the characters of the celebrated Earl of Rochester and the subject of this memoir; although in the points on which they differ, the balance is favourable to the latter. Let us select the most prominent features and see how far they tally, and in what they differ:—

Rochester's person was well shaped, and no man showed more good breeding in society. Ditto John Mytton.

Rochester thought his constitution was so strong, that nothing could hurt it. Ditto John Mytton.

“Rochester,” says Bishop Burnet, “had a violent love of pleasure, and a disposition to extravagant mirth; the one involved him in great sensuality; the other led him to many odd adventures and frolics, in which he was often in hazard of his life.” Ditto John Mytton.

Rochester was turned loose into the world at a very early age, and so was John Mytton. The one entered the navy, the other the 7th Hussars.

Rochester distinguished himself in an engagement. Mytton was never in one.

Rochester once made himself a mountebank. Mytton was always more or less one.

Rochester was drunk for five years continually. Mytton beat him by seven*.

Rochester "pursued low amours, in mean disguises." Mytton, in *propriâ personâ*, seldom pursued any other.

Rochester slunk away from his friend in a street-row. Mytton rather would have remained to have been pummelled to death.

The Duke of Buckingham left it on record that Rochester refused to fight him. Mytton was never put to that test.

Rochester wrote libels, in which he did not stick to truth. Mytton never said illnatured things, much less published them.

Rochester was eminent for the vigour of his colloquial wit. Mytton was deaf, and therefore could not shine in conversation. He dealt, chiefly, in practical jokes.

Rochester is mentioned by Wood as the best scholar of all the nobility. Mytton might have harangued an Athenian mob, if he had gone steadily through Harrow or Westminster school.

Burnet says, "Rochester played many wild frolics which it is not for his honour that we should remember." Ditto John Mytton.

Burnet "touched as tenderly as occasion would bear" Rochester's faults. Mytton's spiritual adviser never touched them at all.

The good Bishop tells us Dr. Balfour "drew Rochester to read such books as were most likely to bring him back to love learning and study." Mytton's tutor recommended the Racing Calendar and the Stud Book; nevertheless he was well read in the classics, though perhaps not so well as Rochester was. The natural talent of each was excellent; each was generous and kind-hearted; and "*video meliora proboque; deteriora sequor.*" "I see what is better and approve it; but follow what is worse," would have been a suitable motto for both. But Rochester was profane, which Mytton never was.

But I must draw this parallel to a close. Rochester was charitable to the poor and kind to his servants, and so was Mytton—perhaps to a still greater degree.

Rochester made himself mad with drink.—Ditto John Mytton. Was

* I am sorry to say one of his oldest friends, and a regular "pot-companion," made an affidavit—to serve a certain purpose—that he had been drunk for twelve successive years! I think it would have been better that he had had recourse to the "*Non mi recordo,*"

not the best of husbands.—Ditto John Mytton. Trusted to a death-bed repentance.—Ditto John Mytton. Promised to amend his life, if he recovered from his severe illness. So did old Nick—at least so the story goes; but John Mytton never promised what he did not *think* he should perform. The one exhausted his life at the age of thirty-three, and the other of thirty-eight; and although both entered the vineyard at nearly the eleventh hour—for sackcloth and ashes suited neither of their tastes—they both died in penitence and prayer.

Mr. Mytton's amours, like Jupiter's, are too numerous for recital, but having been for the most part of the lowest description, they were chiefly injurious only to himself, and had nothing to do with the heart. But there was this peculiarity in them:—I am quite sure Mr. Mytton never attempted the wife of a friend—no, nor even his mistress! Each would have been as safe in his hands as the beautiful captive was in those of Scipio, or the wife and daughters of Darius in the tent of Alexander the Great. Indeed I never heard of his *laying siege* to the virtue of any woman, but if in the market, he was sure to be the best bidder; and I fear I must own, that he once or twice took it by storm. Some of his offers for capitulation, however, were truly ridiculous, though all in character with the man. For example—he once wrote a note to a certain celebrated singer, whom he had only seen for half an hour, at a musical festival, requesting the honour of an interview the next day, and enclosing a cheque at sight on the Oswestry bank for five hundred guineas! The lady—who all the world knows would have been quite satisfied with a ten pound note—having luckily never heard either of John Mytton or the Oswestry bank, returned the note with its valuable contents. This reminds me of the following lines in a poem called “The Passions,” a fair specimen of heterogeneous bathos:—

“ Human appetites how strong,
When love exults on fancy's fairy plains,
Or hunger views the mutton at the fire !”

His popularity, independently of family associations, and recollection of ages long since gone by, the dashing personal character, and extreme and unaffected good humour of the late squire of Halston, together with his fox-hounds, his race-horses, his ale, his wine, and many other things besides, rendered him extremely popular in Shropshire; and if he had but been possessed of a fair share of the *το πρεπον*, so much esteemed by the ancients, and so expressive of that general exterior propriety of conduct, in the common intercourse of life, which the world is very unwilling to dispense with, he might have represented the County of Salop in parliament as long as he liked to have done so; it being the general opinion, that almost all the independent freeholders would have supported him. But this is the class of all others who dislike seeing a

gentleman sink in the social scale ; and when I was last in Shropshire, I was sorry to find my old friend's popularity was on the wane. His honour and his honesty were still unsullied and pure ; his heart was as kind as it ever had been ; but the nearly constant state of intoxication in which he was in, was, I could perceive, become somewhat insufferable to his oldest friends. Neither was this the worst. His associating himself with a well-known sporting character, immeasurably inferior to himself in every possible point of view, gave the finishing blow, and who can wonder at it ? for it must have been not only repulsive to good taste but extremely mortifying to his friends to see Mr. Mytton of Halston, with all his natural talents and accomplishments to boot, making a bosom friend of a man who had once filled the honourable post of a waterman to a hackney-coach stand ! But there are moral as well as fabulous Actæons in this world, who are surely devoured by objects of their own choosing, and here we have an instance of it*. In what way however can we account for a mind that had tasted the learning and elegance of Athens and Rome finding itself at ease in such an unsuitable association ? Why only by its being reduced to a state of perfect apathy and imbecility by the repetition of vicious and debilitating indulgences.

There is but one excuse for a man being almost perpetually intoxicated and prostituting the reason of the man to the appetite of the brute ; and that is—the attempt to divert grief which he has found it impossible to subdue. As a balm for wounds which can never heal, or under the accumulated pressure of pecuniary difficulties, the bottle will be resorted to so long as the world shall stand, and who can condemn the wretch that tries the experiment ? But the subject of this memoir had not such excuses to plead for his excess in drinking, neither will I endeavour to find them for him. It was, however, to him the Circean cup—the bane of his respectability, his health, his happiness, and every thing that was dear to him as a man and as a gentleman ; and can this be marvelled at ? It is written of Hercules, that he acquired his immense strength by feeding on the marrow of lions, and how powerful must have been the stimulus of the almost unheard-of quantity of from *four to six* bottles of port wine *daily*, on that volcanic excitability of mind, which was, not only by nature, Mr. Mytton's, but which had been acted upon, and increased, by a severe affection of the brain, at an early period of life ! Thus, then, although I offer no excuse for his drinking, his drinking—for men are tried by wine, as metals are by fire—furnishes excuses for his conduct, inasmuch as his reason was lost in delirium, caused by the fumes of wine, on an already somewhat distempered brain. Many of his

* As might be expected, a bill in chancery is the result of this intimate acquaintance. I have not yet heard the answer.

acts were not the acts of John Mytton but of a man *mad, half by nature, and half by wine*, and I think his best and dearest friends are decidedly of my opinion.

From this account of its Host, it may be imagined that Halston was a scene of general dissipation and riot. By no means. In short, I cannot bring to my recollection a single instance of being one of what may be termed a drunken party, during my frequent visits to the house. But this is accounted for in more ways than one. The host had always the start of his friends, in the first place; and in the next, long sittings were not in accordance with his restless disposition. In the summer he would jump out of the window, and be off. In the winter, he was anxious to get to the billiard table, which was always lighted up after coffee, for the amusement of himself and his friends, and here he was in his element. How then, it may be asked, did he consume that quantity of port wine? Why this question is easily answered. He shaved with a bottle of it on his toilet; he worked steadily at it throughout the day, by a glass or two at a time, and at least a bottle with his luncheon; and the after dinner and *after supper* work—not losing sight of it in the billiard room—completed the Herculean task. No wonder, then, that Alexander the Great has been called “a fool to him,” in all his Bacchanalian feats, and he would have been a good playfellow for him at Persepolis; or that—as Cicero said of Piso—“his breath smelt like a vintner’s vault.” He is, however, a memorable example of the comparatively harmless effects of *very good wine*, which he always had, and just of a proper age—about eight years old—for, assisted by exercise, such as he took, it was many years before it injured him. But alas—it at last lost its charms. Brandy—which he was a stranger to when I was last at Halston—was substituted, and the constitution of John Mytton, *perhaps the hardest ever bestowed upon man*, was not proof against that*.

But away, for a moment, with all recollection of his ill-doings, and let us move onwards towards his good ones—for it is a loss to mankind when *good* actions are forgotten. Be assured then, reader—whoever you may be—that if all the kind, good, and charitable acts which poor drunken, mad, John Mytton performed, were placed in counterpoise to his bad ones, it would be more than *man* dared do to say which side might kick the beam. At all events, like charity, they would weigh heavily on his side; and it is consoling to his friends to reflect, that although great part of that fine property he once possessed has passed away to others, and the too liberal possessor of it is in his grave, *those deeds still remain with*

* It would be absurd to offer apology for these remarks, after the inquest on the body of my departed friend, which went the round of the Newspapers. Besides, my object being to rescue his memory from imputations that lie against it, and, in some cases *not unjustly*, it is in mercy—a dreadful alternative I admit—that I exhibit him to the world as both a drunkard and a madman.

him. It is true, man is naturally a beneficent creature; but be the benefit he confers never so great, the manner of conferring it is the noblest part, and in allusion to my friend, let me illustrate this by one simple fact:—

When Mr. Mytton was at Calais, only a few months before his death, he chanced to be in a silversmith's shop, when a French soldier entered it, with a watch in hand, which he said he wished to dispose of for the benefit of a sick comrade, who wanted some further comforts than a barrack afforded. On the silversmith objecting to the price demanded, Mr. Mytton threw down the money, and took up the watch. "*Merciez*, Monsieur,*" said the soldier, and something else besides, expressive of his grateful feelings. "*Take this to your comrade also,*" said Mytton, placing the watch in his hand. "*Ah Monsieur Anglais!*" exclaimed the man—" *Que vous dirai-je†?*"

Mytton replied, "*RIEN‡.*" Remember, reader! this was not in his golden days, when money was as dross; it was one of the last acts of a noble soul, performed out of almost the last of the wreck of a splendid income.

The sentimental Sterne would have made a pathetic story out of this little incident, whereas I shall leave it to speak for itself; but Mytton felt what Sterne only made others feel, neither does the difference between them rest here. The one is said to have whined over a dead ass, and starved a living mother. The other would have laughed at the dead donkey—perhaps have ridden him to death—but settled a handsome annuity on his mother! Such instances, however, are of very ancient date; Aristides practised what Cato only preached.

Another instance of his excessive philanthropy and over-generous all-forgiving temper occurs to me at this moment, which I may here introduce, though perhaps somewhat retrograding in my arrangement.

As I was passing through Shrewsbury, some years back, on my road to Halston, I saw a servant of his in the town, and asked him if he had accompanied his master. "I have left Mr. Mytton, sir," said the man. "How so?" observed I, with surprise, knowing him to have been a favourite servant. He told me that in an evil hour he had been induced to alter a figure in a bill of Mr. Lucas, the Veterinary-surgeon, at Atherstone, who had attended one of his master's horses, and that it having been discovered by the agent, he had been discharged. The morning after I arrived at Halston, I was told there was a person wanted to speak with me in the stable-yard, and there stood John, with a very sorrowful countenance. His object was to induce me to intercede for him with his master, and just as I was in the act of discussing the point, Mr. Mytton made his appearance. John protested it was the only instance of his

* Short—for *je vous remerciez*.

† What shall I say to you.

‡ Nothing.

dishonesty (and indeed the man bore an excellent character, having lived nine years previously with a clergyman in Shropshire); and that he should not have thought of committing it but for a certain ostler on the road, who persuaded him to it; and was about to proceed in the same supplicating tone, when Mytton seized him by the collar, and giving him one of his horse-like kicks, told him to go into the servants' hall, and put on his livery again! John cared nothing for the kick; but on a very strong remonstrance from the agent—who indeed went so far as to say, he should throw up his agency if such conduct were passed over—John was once more drafted from Halston servants' hall.

I conceive no one knew the limits of Mr. Mytton's natural talents. No doubt they were excellent; and if instead of having been prostrated to the excess of wine, and its concomitant dissipation, they had been cultivated and improved to the utmost, they might have enabled him to have cut a figure in the senate or as a scholar. He read with unusual rapidity, and evidently retained what he did read; for his literary acquisitions were surprising, considering the life of tumult he had led. He had always a quotation at hand from a Greek or Latin author, and there was a conscious feeling of ability about him, which he was somewhat wont to display. But, what says the poet?

“ Without a genius learning soars in vain,
And without learning, genius sinks again;
Their force united crowns the sprightly reign;”

and here was this union wanting. He also wrote his letters—to use a sporting figure—at the rate of twenty miles in the hour—generally at his dinner table, sending them out by his butler to be sealed, and very often to be directed, for he never had a secret in his life; and the letters he received remained for general inspection. I regret not having one of them to transcribe, but his off-hand addresses to his constituents; during his contest for Shrewsbury, were particularly neat and appropriate, and were sent to the press before the ink with which they were written was dry. How much then is it to be lamented, that a man who had such resources for spending his life in the pleasantest, as well as the most honourable occupations, should have thus abused his mental powers, and subjected himself to misery of any kind beyond that which is common to all, and that repose and retirement, the secret wish of mankind, should by him have been considered valueless, if not irksome.

It is a great accomplishment to be able to tell a story well, but here Mr. Mytton did not succeed. In the first place, his sense of hearing was deficient, a great disadvantage in society. In the next, it was often difficult to determine whether he were in earnest or in jest, so fond was he of acting a part in the comedy of life. Again—he was very epigram-

matic in his discourse, his sentences containing few words, and often leaving his hearers to guess what he really meant. All, however, was in the essence of good humour ; and a more inoffensive companion, in the strict acceptation of that term, no man could possibly be. If in the moment of convivial mirth he let slip a word which he feared might wound the feelings of any person, he instantly made reparation, nor would he rest satisfied until it was fully acknowledged and atoned for. It is warmth of heart like this that distinguishes the friend from the companion and assimilates friendship to love. As to his politics, although he once was in Parliament, it would be absurd in me to attempt to decide what they were, for, during all the years I was acquainted with him, I never once heard him give an opinion upon the subject. It always struck me as not one of the maddest of his own acts, but of his friends who encouraged him, to spend ten thousand pounds to obtain a seat in Parliament, in which he is said to have only sat half an hour, and to the duties of which he was by nature and habits utterly unfitted. I have reason, however, to believe—for I never interrogated him—he was what is termed a church and king man—in other words, a tory. With his master-mind, for no one knew the limit to his talent, he might have distinguished himself amongst the ablest senators of his day.

Without appearing to care about it, or ever boasting of his success, Mr. Mytton was the best farmer in his part of the county, occupying between three and four hundred acres of land. Strange to say, at one of the Agricultural meetings, he gained every prize for clean crops of grain, save one, a field of barley, his claim for which was rejected from a cause highly typical of the man. *It was found to contain "wild oats !"* As may be supposed, the report of the Judge was the subject of much merriment to the company. His planting, as I have before observed, was on a still larger scale, his object having been two fold :—First, to replace the fine old timber, which he must have been aware must, one day or other, fall under the axe ; and, secondly, to form cover for the game, which, of course, he was resolved should exceed that of any other man in the county, and no doubt it did.

As a sportsman few made themselves more conspicuous than Mr. Mytton did. He was many years a master of fox-hounds, (having kept a pack of harriers from his boyhood,) but his fox-hounds were not of a very high character. In fact to produce perfection in a kennel, requires qualities the very reverse of his—namely, circumspection, perseverance, and patience. The establishment, as might be expected with himself at the head of it, was on a fully competent scale ; consisting of two distinct packs of hounds, and from twenty-five to twenty-eight horses. On Mr. Cresset Pelham relinquishing them, in 1817, he commenced hunting the Shropshire and Shifnal (now called Albrighton) countries, five days a

week ; and continued to do so, with a fair share of sport, until the close of the season 1821 inclusive—making five seasons in all. His huntsman was John Cragg (killed by a fall from his horse), and assisted by Edward Bates, son of Sir Richard Puleston's huntsman of that name, and Richard Jones, both very excellent horsemen and good men in their places. Mr. Mytton subsequently purchased another pack of fox-hounds, from Mr. Newman, of Hornchurch, Essex, which he hunted himself, about Halston, for several successive years, making up, by foxes purchased in London, for the confined country to which he was restricted.

As a horseman I need say little of Mr. Mytton, his merits having been proclaimed in every country in which he had hunted. In fact, taking him at every thing, he had not many equals and very few superiors. His prodigious strength was of great service to his horses, in proof of which they very seldom tired with him ; and, making allowance for the seemingly impracticable fences he would ride at, he got but few falls. Considering his hard usage of them also, he was fortunate in his stud, several of his horses lasting many seasons ; and his famous little one-eyed horse, Baronet, carried him nine seasons with hounds, after he had used him as a charger in the Hussars ! Myself and several more of his friends saw him ride him over nine yards of water, in cold blood—that is, on his return from hunting.

Nothing need be better than the shooting at Halston was—every species of game having abounded, as the following facts will prove. The average *annual* slaughter was—twelve hundred brace of pheasants ; from fifteen hundred to two thousand hares ; partridges out of number ! There was also a good deal of wild fowl, and very excellent fishing. Mr. Mytton always made a point of killing fifty brace of partridges the first day, *with his own gun* ; and I was once at Halston when he killed that number further on in the season. A neighbouring gentleman had betted him fifty guineas against the performance ; but paid forfeit over night. This, however, did not satisfy the Squire. His fame as a shot was called in question, so he went forth with his keepers and performed the task in about six hours !

Barring Scotland, few gentlemen had better moors than Mr. Mytton had ; and when I say that the annual income of his Merionethshire estate, where they were situated, was £800, and that it consisted of little less than sheep walk, its great extent may be imagined. Thirty brace of grouse, each day, was the average amount bagged during his stay at Mowddy,—or *Mouthy*, as it is pronounced—where he had comfortable accommodations for himself and three or four friends. The right of Free Warren likewise gave him liberty over his neighbours' property, to a certain extent, and Mowddy itself is one of the few manors to be found in North Wales. The fishing here is likewise of the first

description, and the mountain scenery not to be surpassed in the Principality. But, alas! although the mountains will stand fast till time shall be no more, this ancient patrimony has passed into other hands. It is to be hoped, however, that one day or another it may be redeemed.

But to return for a moment to Halston, and the feats of the trigger of the late owner of it and his friends. Amongst them, the two following may not very easily be exceeded. His brother-in-law, Mr. Walter Giffard, of Chillington, Staffordshire, now master of the Albrighton foxhounds, and himself, took the field at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of a short and dirty winter's day, and between that hour and dinner they bagged six hundred head of game from their own guns! On another occasion, an intimate friend of his and mine killed *a heart of game per minute* for five successive hours! I state this "*in verbo sacerdotis*," so that the fact may be relied upon, but I withhold the reverend slaughterer's name.

It always appeared to me, however, that racing was more Mr. Mytton's passion than either shooting or hunting—and could he have been divested of that destroying spirit which accompanied him, he might have cut a very conspicuous figure on what may be called the country turf. He had the courage to purchase good horses,—for example, he gave three thousand guineas for Longwaist—and his never failing memory enabled him to measure their ability by that of others in a manner that turned to his account. Previously, indeed, to the loss of his trainer and rider, William Dunn, who was killed by a fall in riding one of his horses at Chester, he had his full share of success; but it appeared to forsake him gradually after that period. The fact was, Dunn was not only an excellent trainer and rider, but he had some power over him to restrain his running his horses to a standstill, which he would do if left to his own discretion, and more for the sake of showing sport than from the desire to win money. The sideboard at Halston exhibited thirteen gold cups, besides two silver ones, several of which were the trophies of one horse—the celebrated Euphrates, who, like one of the old sort, now become very scarce, persevered in running and winning to his thirteenth year! The expenses of his stud, however, must have been enormous, not only by consequence of its number, but his subscriptions to stakes amounted to an immense annual sum. He seldom refused to subscribe to any that were put before him, and the name of John Mytton often appeared as many as six times to the same. Of the art of breeding race horses he knew little or nothing; and the richness of the land at Halston proved a fatal obstacle to success.

His good nature and kind heartedness accompanied him every where, and particularly to the race-courses. He often started his horses without a prospect of their winning, for the purpose of affording sport—over-

ruling the objections of his trainer, by saying—" 'Tis a pity the country people should come so far from home and not have some fun." In fact, that class of persons always built on diversion when "Squire Mytton's" horses were on the turf, and consequently the popularity of their owner had no bounds. "Which is he?" they would cry out to one of their friends that knew him. "That's he—that's *Mytton*," that friend would reply. "Dang it"—you would hear a Staffordshire potter or a Walsall nailer exclaim—" *he looks loike a good 'un; they tells me he can foight nation well*.*"

Before he became too heavy, my friend occasionally rode among the gentlemen jockeys† of the day; and here "John Mytton" appeared again, for strange to say, he did not like to see an intimate friend win, although he himself could not win. I had a rare specimen of this unaccountable frolic in my own person once, when riding in the same race with him at Lichfield. He knew he himself could not win, but was determined I should not; and, by making several runs at my horse, caused him to break away with me in the race, and the little chance I had was lost by it. I say "the little chance," because, although I defeated seven of the eight horses that started, by at least twenty lengths, the ninth came up and won cleverly at the last. This proved to be the famous Habberley, who was instantly purchased by Mr. Mytton, but who had never started or been heard of before that day. He was called a cocktail, but, as his subsequent running proved, Eclipse was not more thorough-bred than he was; and no doubt the original owners of him knew it.

Let us here take a cursory review of his start and progress on the turf. It appears that he entered upon its fascinations at the earliest possible opportunity—viz., on attaining his majority, in 1817. In the book calendar of that year there are three horses attached to the name, — Mytton, Esq., the names of two of which, "Hazard" and "Neck or Nothing," are highly characteristic of the man.

He came out at Oswestry on the 23rd of September, on which day both the above named horses ran (Neck or Nothing breaking down); also a third, called Langolee.

In the following year, 1818, they have him right in the calendar—Mytton, J., Esq., with Langolee, Leopold, Pranks, and Jupiter to his name.

Langolee walked over for a hunter stakes and beat Mr. Jones's Kill Devil in a match at Shrewsbury, in September, which was his *blooding*

* Some years since, at Chester, he actually went to his stable and fetched a horse down to the course himself, which his trainer had not prepared to run, and, mounting his jockey at the post, won the prize contended for.

† Mr. Mytton's colours were green and white with a black cap.

of success on the turf. This year his horses ran at Oswestry (where Captain Mytton gave £50 to be run for by members of the Oswestry Yeomanry Cavalry), at Wrexham, Holywell Hunt, and Tarporley Hunt, over the new course on Delamere forest.

In 1819 he had Jupiter, Sybil, Tamborine by Cervantes, Dot-and-go-one, Tattoo, Anti-Radical, Fox-Huntress by Sultan, and Single-peeper in his racing stable; during which year, however, he experienced the want of success peculiar to most young turfites.

In 1820 his string of horses was considerably lengthened. In addition to Anti-Radical and Leopold, he had gr. f. by Fitzjames, Mandeville, Theodore Majocchi (late Handel), Halston by Langton, Claudius, Chance, The Polacca, George the Third, Brunette, Paul Potter and Victorine.

Anti-Radical won him some good stakes at Chester, Warwick, Lichfield, Oswestry, Tarporley, and the gold cup at Manchester.

Mandeville won gold cups at Nantwich and Nottingham, also 100 gs. at Manchester.

Halston won four stakes, value £200.

1821. Victorine, b. c. by Aladdin, Paul Potter, The Chancellor, Halston, Doctor, Anti-Radical, The Ruler, Vade-mecum, George the Third, Shrewsbury, Hudibras, Queen Caroline, Habberley, Single-peeper, Mandeville, Claudius, Theodore Majocchi were in his racing stable.

Halston won the gold cup at Nottingham, also stakes at Worcester and Chester, value 135 gs.

Anti Radical again carried off the gold cup at Manchester, also the Palatine stakes and the gold cup at Burton, and Habberley, then called Acustus, said to be by Shuttlecock dam by Gayman, gleaned some good things at the Anson Hunt, Manchester, Hereford, and Shrewsbury.

Mandeville also won four times, the stakes amounting to about 200 gs.

Claudius won the gold cup at Cheltenham.

1822. He had Claudius, Mallet, Habberley, Nettle, The Ruler, Enterprise, Queen Caroline, Halston, Mandeville, Theodore Majocchi, Anti-Radical, Circe, Vade-mecum, Banker, two br. c.'s by Filho da Puta, Jovial, ch. m. by Milo, ch. g. by Young Alexander, Paradigm.

Habberley won the Billesden Coplow stakes at Croxton-park, the Half-bred stakes at Chester and Manchester, 40 gs. at Shrewsbury, and 80 gs. at Oswestry.

The Ruler, by Rubens, won the Sherwood stakes at Nottingham and £60 at Manchester.

Halston started ten times and only won £50 at Oswestry. Mandeville won 65 gs. at Nantwich. Anti-Radical 60 gs. at Cheltenham. Banker by Smolensko, after he became Mr. Mytton's property (having been pur-

chased this year of Mr. Charlton, with whom he had won the cup at Winchester), won the cup at Abingdon and 70 gs. at Shrewsbury. One of the Filho colts won 75 gs. at Lichfield. Jovial by Golumpus won the Cocked Hat stakes at Shrewsbury. The ch. mare by $\frac{1}{2}$ Milo the silver cup at Oswestry. The gelding by Young Alexander the Cocked-Hat stakes at Oswestry. And Paradigm by Partisan the Wellington stakes at Basingstoke.

1823. We find Habberley, Banker, Enterprise, Whittington, Euphrates (purchased of Mr. J. Dilly), Libertine, Ostrich, Clansman, Paradigm, Anti-Radical, br. c. by Bustard, Sir William (purchased of Mr. Beardsworth), Cae Avon, The Devil, placed after his name.

Habberley won the Bosworth stakes at the Anson Hunt at Lichfield. Banker won £60 at Buxton. Whittington, by Filho, won £235 at Chester, Shrewsbury, Walsall and Stafford. Euphrates, then seven years old, by Quiz, won the King's plate at Chester and the gold cup at Worcester. Ostrich, by Bustard (son of Castrel), won 183 gs. in two sums at Knutsford and Warwick; and the colt by Bustard won £90 in two sums at Oswestry and Holywell.

1824. He had Habberley, Euphrates, Ostrich, Oswestry, Berghill, Comte D'Artois, Whittington, and Ludford.

Euphrates won the gold cups at Cheltenham and Lichfield and the Oxfordshire stakes at Oxford.

Oswestry, by Filho, won £100 at the Pottery, £75 at Buxton, and the Mostyn and the Halkin stakes at Holywell. Berghill, by Bustard, won the Ludford stakes and £150 in three sums at Ludlow, Shrewsbury, and Wrexham. Comte d' Artois, by Bourbon, won £70 and the gold cup at Worcester, the gold cup at Hereford, and the Hawarden-castle stakes at Holywell. Whittington won the gold cup at Oswestry, the gold cup at Wrexham, another at Stafford and £345 in different sums; while Ludford, by Manfred, won £50 at Holywell.

1825. Elizabeth, Cara Sposa (late Miss Fyldener), Ludford, Oswestry, Comte d' Artois, Louisa, b. c. by Amadis, Euphrates, Comrade, b. f. by Blucher, b. f. by Cannon Ball, b. f. by Ambo, Flexible.

Ludford won 100 gs. at Oswestry and Holywell. Oswestry won the gold cup at Shrewsbury and £55 at Burton. Comte d' Artois £60 at Shrewsbury. Louisa, by Orville, £225 at Chester, 70 gs. at Nottingham, and 100 gs. at Derby. Euphrates won the gold cups at Newton, Worcester, Lichfield, Wolverhampton and Oswestry, also £50 at the latter place. Comrade, by Partisan, won 60 gs. at the Pottery. The Blucher filly £225 at Holywell and £50 at Wenlock. The Cannon Ball filly £50 at Oswestry. Flexible, by Whalebone, £120 at Shrewsbury, £50 at Oswestry, £210 at Holywell; a pretty good year's work.

1826. Flexible, Whittington, Fisherman, Euphrates, Balloon, Long-

waist, Bowsprit, Louisa, Ashburn, ch. c. by Sam, b. c. by Amadis, Harriette Wilson, Lark, and Comrade.

Flexible won the Darlington cup at Wolverhampton and £70 at Cheltenham. Whittington £60 at Chester. Euphrates carried off the gold cup at Lichfield, the gold cup and £50 at Oswestry, the King's plate and £70 at Chester. Longwaist by Whalebone won the gold cups at Newton, Buxton, Worcester and Warwick, also £40 at Chester. Bowsprit by Rainbow won £50 at Ludlow, Ashbourn by Cheshire Cheese £60 at Oswestry, colt by Amadis £230 at Nottingham; and Harriette Wilson by Manfred £40 at Shrewsbury.

1827. Fisherman, Flexible, Lechmere, Ellesmere, Halston, Euphrates, Mexican, Lark.

Ellesmere by Filho is the first winner of the above lot, viz. of £125 at Nottingham. Halston won £275 at Chester, £175 at Ludlow, and the Chillington stakes at Wolverhampton. Euphrates won the gold cup and £50 at Oswestry and the King's plate at Lichfield. Lark by Rubens £55 at Nottingham.

1828. Spruce, Hedgford, Euphrates, Halston, b. c. by Master Henry, The Crofts, br. f. by Filho.

Spruce by Skim won £100 at the Anson Hunt. Hedgford by Filho or Magistrate the cup and £50 at Chester and £50 at Nottingham. Euphrates won the cups at Ludlow, Worcester, Oswestry and Wrexham, also the King's plate at Chester. Halston, the Palatine stakes at Chester, 100 gs. at Newton, 75 gs. at Worcester, 200 gs. at Burton, the Avon stakes at Warwick, 155 gs. at Oswestry, the Taffy and Pengwern stakes at Holywell.

1829. The numbers were considerably reduced. Brown filly by Filho, The Crofts, Halston, Hedgford and Euphrates, being the whole of the horses he had in training.

The Crofts by Whalebone won £125 at Oswestry and £50 at Wrexham. Halston, the Tradesmen's cup at Chester, the cup at Knutsford, £350, the Pengwern stakes and £115 at Holywell. Hedgford, £63 at Chester. Euphrates, the gold cups at Ludlow and Wolverhampton and the King's plate at Lichfield.

1830. Brings us to a close, Halston and Hedgford being the only race horses he had left. The former winning £50 at Holywell, and the latter the Cheshire stakes at Chester, £110 at Newcastle, and £50 at Wrexham.

I find I must here retrace my steps a little—and this for two reasons. First, I shall follow the good example set by himself in bearing testimony to the worth of a good servant; and secondly, shall transcribe a letter of his own, which sets forth the writer of it in his true character. It will be recollected I asserted that Mr. Mytton's success on the turf somewhat

declined after the death of his trainer and rider, William Dunn. Let it not be supposed, however, that I intend in the least degree to disparage the good conduct or abilities of his subsequent trainers or riders, but to impute it to that "tide," as Shakespeare calls it, in every man's affairs, wherein fortune has a share, which, despite of every thing and every body, will now and then set against him. I have good reason to believe that Mr. William Dilly and my old servant, Thomas Horneley, did all that could be done for Mr. Mytton as trainers of his horses; and the ability of his jockey, Whitehouse, is very generally acknowledged. His master's opinion of him, however, is here unhesitatedly given in one of the *prettiest* letters—if I may use such an epithet—that I ever perused.

"To the Editor of the Salopian Journal."

"SIR,

"HAVING lately heard it asserted, as the general opinion, that the defeat of my celebrated horse, Longwaist, may be attributed to the dishonesty of his rider, I feel called upon, as his owner, to express my most firm and unshaken confidence in his integrity, till now unimpeached, and in truth unimpeachable.

Nothing but anxiety to rescue the fame and character of a highly valued servant, and deservedly admired rider, would induce me to trespass on your valuable columns; but feeling that the character of Whitehouse is as unspotted, and as valuable to himself as that of the highest of our nobles is to him, I cannot resist making my confidence in his worth and integrity thus public:—

"Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
But makes me poor indeed.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"JOHN MYTTON.

"Halston."

In speaking of Mr. Mytton's conduct towards his two wives, it requires a delicate hand; for the mind naturally revolts from retracing, circumstantially, any thing intimately connected with the sacred compact between man and wife; but—as the reader will perceive—I should fail in my object, in writing this memoir of my departed friend, if I shrank from the arduous and painful task. I need no justification for the performance of it; I find it, first, in the fact of the notoriety given through the public journals, to the proceedings in Chancery, on the final separation of the late Mr. Mytton from that amiable lady who is now his widow; and,

secondly, in numerous misrepresentations that have gone forth to the world, which, to the utmost of my ability, I shall endeavour to clear up. I wish, however, for one sip of Lethe now, and that my readers could partake of the same cup; for, as in criminal law, good character bears no weight against positive evidence—at least, as regards the verdict returned—so I much fear the numerous virtues of my old friend will not here more than balance the account, unless large credit be given him on one score. The follies of mankind are familiar to our view, and we can always find an excuse for *them*; but it is difficult to account for that evil principle which prompts a man to give pain to a woman whom in his heart he loves, and whom he has every earthly reason to love. “*Sic visum est diis*,” ’tis the will of the gods, said the ancients—a poor excuse, if not a little blasphemous; and I should rather lay it to poor human nature, who sometimes exhibits herself in most mysterious guises, as was the case here, accompanied by errors and failings over which—as we are not permitted to command oblivion—delicacy and humanity would draw the veil.

But the present subject—if my object is to be obtained—will not admit of concealment, and the evil must at once be laid bare to our view. I reluctantly admit, that Mr. Mytton’s conduct in the marriage state is in great part indefensible, and can only be *palliated* by a due allowance, which must not be denied him, for that sort of insane delirium under which he so frequently laboured—no matter from what cause—and to which so many of his otherwise unaccountable acts—not the acts of John Mytton *per se*—can alone be placed. Delusion is the true character of insanity; and when I say that great part of his unjustifiable, and, by the world, I fear, hitherto unpardoned, treatment of two of the most exemplary and virtuous women in existence, was jealousy, nothing more need be said to establish this point. What says the poet? and beautifully has he said it,

“ It is jealousy’s peculiar nature
To swell small things to great; nay out of nought
To conjure much; and then to lose it’s reason
Amid the hideous phantoms it has formed.”

In the case before us, not only the groundlessness, but the unreasonableness of his suspicions were such as could have emanated from no sound mind, which never dreams of effects unconnected with a cause; and this is nearly the sole mitigation I have to offer for one of the greatest blemishes human nature can sustain. On this point he was mad; on others, only eccentric; but—as has been falsely said of wit—“thin partitions do their bounds divide.” The fate of each of these ladies, however, has been a hard one. The one dropped into an early grave; the other would have been torn from him by her friends, had she

not made up her mind to abandon him, lest like Semele in Jupiter's, she might have found her death in his embraces*.

But, setting aside this monomania, what further extenuation have I to offer? I answer—as regards his second lady—none, save madness. His first and himself were not well assorted. She had been nursed on the lap of refinement and fashion, to which her betrothed was a stranger, and was by consequence ill calculated to be the wife of a rough country squire, who had never been at Almacks in his life, and who had something like a sovereign contempt for all such exclusive association. Nor was this all—and should any young female's eye rest for a moment on this page, let it well observe, that it may well mark one rock on which thousands of her sex have split, and which she to whom I am alluding did not steer clear of. *The first Mrs. Mytton conducted herself with coldness to her husband's old friends and companions, the sons of the native gentry of his neighbourhood, in every respect her equal.* To a man of Mytton's temperament, to whom an old friend was “as the core of the heart,” this could not have been without its effect, and on one occasion is said to have drawn tears from his eyes, during a dinner party at his own house; and from my knowledge of the man, I doubt not the fact.

There is a readiness to believe ill reports without examination into their truth, and we are often found guilty by those who will not trouble themselves to look into the accusation. Is all true, then, that has been reported, and credited by too many, of Mr. Mytton's conduct to his first wife? Certainly not. Fame loves to double, and the world is not only loud, but too often scurrilous in its censure. Not content with the various embellishments of vulgar rumour, absolute falsehoods were in general circulation; and amongst them the following:—He was accused of having thrown her lapdog—curse those lapdogs, married women have no business with such pests—upon the fire; but fortunately for the memory of my departed friend, the act that gave rise to the vile report I myself was a witness to. He merely took it up in his arms, threw it to the top of the drawing-room ceiling, and caught it, without injury, on

* So tender is woman's fame, that the very *breath* of calumny will taint it. It behoves me then to say, that, in their situation as wives, two more correct in their conduct might have been searched for in vain, than the ladies I am now alluding to. Any man but Mr. Mytton would have been proud of exhibiting them in public, but, had they lived in the days of Pericles, or been the wives of the Great Mogul, they could scarcely have been more secluded than they were at Halston. Not even a race ball would he let them be present at, for some years of his life! To what motive but jealousy, or, what is as bad, *suspicion*, could such conduct be attributed. In justice to the deceased husband, however, I must state, that the health of the first Mrs. Mytton was very delicate when she was married, which may account for her premature death.

its descent. The butler (who happened to be in the room at the time) called out, "Oh, Mr. Mytton, you'll kill the dog," and the lady screamed; and on this was the dreadful charge founded. In the hilarity of high animal spirits, Mytton was much given to practical jokes, as all his friends know. Thus, on the same lady once accompanying him to the kennel, he shut the door upon her for an instant, after he himself had got outside of it, and this was magnified into his wishing, or, I believe, *intending*, that she might be devoured by his fox-hounds. Again—he threw her into deep water! Nonsense; he was never mad enough to do that. He merely, one very hot day, pushed her into the shallow of his lake at Halston, a little over her shoes. All this was, no doubt, wrong by a young lady who had been brought up so tenderly as Miss Jones had been reared, but with a hundred young ladies I could name, who had been differently treated in their childhood, nothing would have been thought of it, beyond a joke. And then we should look at the man. If, independently of his own immediate connexions, he had a greater regard for one person than for any other, I have reason to believe it was for his Halston chaplain, and he was two or three times nearly being the death of him—once absolutely confining him to his bed for several weeks, from the consequences of his having knocked him over some iron railing at his hall door at Halston. Cruelty was not the property—no, not even the excrescence, of his nature; although, in his practical jokes, I admit he was rough, judging perhaps of other people's corporeal feelings by his own*.

I have said he was without excuse for ill conduct to his second wife, and I must again say, *why*. Not merely was her beauty the weakest of her charms, and her disposition and temper most amiable, but all who knew her will join with me in saying, that if a wife had been selected for Mr. Mytton with a view of reclaiming him, and making him a domestic character, she might have been the woman fixed upon for the experiment. Like Terence's lover, then, he should not only have sworn never to have forsaken, or unkindly treated her, inasmuch as she was the object of his choice, and *had been with difficulty obtained*; but there was that suitableness of temper (the *convenient mores* of the poet), which the one valued so highly, and the other had not, perhaps, met with before. In short, there was every prospect of happiness from this union, and for some years that prospect was realized; but whether it was that he once again nursed a vulture to feed on his own heart, or whether it was not in his nature to live comfortably with a woman, however suited to his taste,

* How many times have I overheard such remarks as the following, made on Mr. Mytton, by ladies, in my hearing, in distant parts of England—and indeed now and then nearer home. "Oh! he is a brute! He threw his wife's dog on the fire and burnt it alive! He tried to drown her, and wanted his hounds to eat her alive." Pshaw.

and however dear to his heart, is a question not to be resolved by man. He has, however, been exhibited as a pattern of ruffianism in his conduct towards this amiable lady, and as some detail of it has already been before the public, a repetition would be useless, as well as painful to the humanity of my readers. But he loved this woman to distraction; he would have given the apple of his eye for her at any time; he would have risked twenty lives to have gotten her back again, and obtained her forgiveness; he raved about her in his madness; and sent her his dying benediction! Were those brutal deeds, then, the deeds of the kind-hearted John Mytton—kind to every living soul but the woman whom he loved to distraction? Oh, no; they were the deeds of a man visited by the hand of the Almighty, afflicted with a distempered brain, a *monomaniac beyond all doubt*. Could he, then, like Scylla, have got an Act of Oblivion passed in his favour for this stain on his, otherwise, good name, he would perhaps pass even an earthly tribunal. But how fortunate is it, O man!—and especially for you who may be the loudest to condemn him—that we have reason to hope there is more mercy in heaven than in this vile world.

But is it possible, it will be still asked, that Mr. Mytton could have really loved either, or both of his amiable wives? Indeed, reader, he did, and, woman-like, despite of his conduct they both loved him. Neither did they reproach him. He could not complain with the noble Bard—

“ Though my many faults defac’d me,
 Could no other arm be found,
 Than the one which once embrac’d me,
 To inflict a cureless wound !”

But he might have joined his brother exile in his plaintive song—

“ All my faults—perhaps thou knowest,
 All my madness—none can know ;
 All my hopes—where e’er thou goest,
 Withers—yet with thee they go.”

And I speak from experience on these points. In the fatal illness of his first wife, I obeyed the call of friendship, and went to him at Clifton Hot Wells, where she died, and I can vouch for his sufferings on that occasion. Who that has ever seen him look upon her portrait at Halston, and speak of her afterwards, could doubt the truth of what I have asserted? And yet, could they both rise again from their graves, and were he to meet her again in all her beauty, and with all her charms, as he had met her before on their bridal day, I would not answer for many years of domestic happiness—even with the experience of the past to boot. “ What is passion,” says my Uncle Toby, “ but a wild beast?” and unless restrained by reason, or subdued by temperance, is as furious and violent as the brute beast himself. We may throw a gem to a cock or a

pearl to a swine, but each would be better pleased with much humbler fare sought for and selected to their wild taste and pleasure; and I need not apply a moral here. It has been shown beyond a doubt, that it was not in the power of woman—no, nor in the power of himself—to have made John Mytton a good husband; nor indeed should he ever have entered into the marriage state.

We must then still proceed in the catechetical mood. How could any woman venture on Mr. Mytton, as a husband, after the publicity given to the history of his proceedings towards his first wife? I answer—In the first place, many of the evil reports in circulation were found to be untrue. Secondly, there was a great intimacy, as well as congeniality—if I may apply the word here—between the brothers of his second lady and himself, who could see nothing but what was congenial in their brother sportsman and friend. Again—Why was Venus (the Egyptian one) represented standing naked, on a lion, but to indicate that love conquers even the fiercest beast? Here was the lion in toils. The suing lover was on his very best behaviour during the days of probation, to which I was myself a witness, for he often made my house his home, as it was within two miles of that of the object of his choice. “*Credula res amor est*,” says the poet. Love believes every thing; and not only the young lady—and young she was, for, if my memory serves me, she was only in her seventeenth year—but we all believed there was a fair prospect of happiness in the anticipated union. Neither was it suffered to take place without due consideration. The *pros* and the *cons* were nicely weighed and weighed again by the anxious mother, and they appeared nearly to balance the scales. Still it was long before her mind was made up, and in the intimacy of our friendship she put the following home question to me;—“Had you a daughter marriageable,” said this amiable lady, and exemplary pattern of a wife and mother*, “would you like to see her married to Mr. Mytton?” I very well remember my answer. “In my opinion, Mrs. Giffard,” I replied, “Mr. Mytton has no business with a wife at all; but should he marry your daughter, Caroline, there is a greater prospect of his making a good husband to her, than to any other woman in the world.” Not only did my words prove true, but for several years he *was* a good husband, and had it not been for “the grave of reason” which excess in wine became to him, as indeed it does to most other men, I doubt not but he would have continued in the same course. But what an exemplary wife was she to him! How well did she bear her seclusion from society; what allowance did she make for his libertine life; how much it cost her to estrange her heart from him who had stamped it with its first impression! “I cannot help loving him with all his faults,” said she, to me,

* The Hon. Mrs. Giffard is daughter to the late Viscount and sister to the present Earl Courtney.

one evening at Halston, after recounting some of his acts which only a madman would have committed; and were my life to endure a thousand years, I could never lose my recollection—unless I lost my reason—of that distressing scene. But it is true, thought I, as I listened to the sad tale, which is said of woman—that Heaven is pleased to make distress become her, and dresses her most amiably in tears.

But independently of conduct towards herself, there were other circumstances which must have been the source of much pain to this amiable lady. Nothing is more precious to a woman's heart than the good name and credit of him she loves. The unfortunate connection then between Mr. Mytton and the person I have before alluded to, sank deep in that of the lady in question, and well might it have stung her honest pride to the quick. The best of men is not free from human infirmity; but of all the vices short of what is termed "the great offence," to which a *gentleman* can be addicted, nothing so far debases and lowers him in the eyes of all who have an interest in his welfare, as his quitting the rank to which he by birth belongs. 'Tis the last step to a general dereliction of all gentleman-like feelings and a sorry compliment to his former friends. "Tell me with whom you associate," said the sage, "and I'll tell you what you are"—one of the noblest lessons, if not the severest rebuke, ever given to mankind. It is the voice of custom, echoed by the voice of reason.

I have but little to say of Mr. Mytton as a father, but that little is in his favour. He was very fond of his children, although, as may be expected, he had a peculiar way of showing his affection for them—such as tossing them in the air as he did the lapdog; giving view-halloos in their ears at a very tender age, throwing oranges at their heads, and all such practical jokes; but as the brute said of the eels, it was "nothing when they were used to it," and I think his conduct towards them in general was *sans reproche*. He often spoke of them in his exile; and when he came in contact with other persons' children, about the age of his own, a close observer would detect the workings of a strong inward feeling which it was not in his power to conceal. But why should he wish to conceal it? for there is a chord in the breast of a savage that responds to the voice of nature! John Mytton himself could alone answer this question; but as a celebrated character in antiquity wished for a window in his breast that every one might see into it, a peep into that of this extraordinary man would have exhibited qualities and virtues which not only the world refused to give him credit for, but which he himself seemed resolved it should not believe he possessed. Strange and unfathomable man! Hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue, and God knows you paid her nothing in *that coin*; but you seemed determined to make us think you kept no account with her at all!

SONG.—No. I.

WHEN AUTUMN BROWNS THE BEECH.

BRAVE sportsmen, who fear not the thicket or brake,
 Furze, bramble, or thorn-bush ! Awake ye ! Awake !
 He who slumbers at dawn is no son of the trigger,
 But a base-born serf—a degenerate nigger.
 Hie away to the woods, in the morn's frosty gloom,
 For the rustic has revell'd his harvest home—
 The ripe nuts are gather'd—the oak-leaves are falling—
 And the hen-bird her brood in the forest is calling.

Old Autumn browns the beech.

Rouse, rouse ye, dull sleepers ! the bushes are glass'd
 With the early hoar frost—now red summer is past ;
 The sun is just peering ; drops hang on the bramble,—
 That sun shall enliven our matutine ramble,—
 On the glittering bird shall its gold-beams fall.
 Come out from the cottage ! Come out from the hall !
 And the trees, all-bespangled, with rapture shall fire you,
 With the soul of a sportsman and poet inspire you.

Old Autumn browns the beech.

As of old the high hirlas—the silver-tipt horn
 Proclaim'd to each true son to Cambria born,
 The deeds that were done by his fathers in glory,
 Long renowned in song and embalmed in story,
 Who were quaff'd in rich mead that rose up to the rim ;
 So shall we fill our goblets high, high to the brim,
 And the best British forester's praise loudly sounding,
 Pledge him Lord of the Hirlas !—to echoes rebounding,

When Autumn browns the beech !

Wake ! Wake ! Merry woodsmen ! nor linger so long,
 And your deeds shall be told in our eventide song.
 Go we forth to the field, like the soldier to battle ;
 The volleys shall peal, and the small shot shall rattle,
 And at eve shall the glasses foam, sparkle, and shine,
 And each soul shall be mellow with bumpers of wine ;
 But ere mid-night enshrouds us, retire we all sober
 To renew in the morn the old joys of October,

When Autumn browns the beech !

THE HAMBLEDON HUNT.

MR. EDITOR,

I DINED towards the close of last season with the Hambledon Hunt, at Bishops Waltham, Hants, and a capital set of fellows they are, where, after partaking of an excellent dinner, and quaffing lots of wine, in praise of the good old sport, "Fox-hunting," many appropriate songs were sung, suitable to the evening, and among them one struck me as being admirably given, which I send, and should you think it worthy a place in your Magazine, do me the favour to insert it. It pleased me much, as being of good sporting taste, and paying a just compliment to the gentlemen whose names are mentioned in it. John King, Esq., Master of the Hambledon Hounds, met with a serious accident, by his horse falling upon him, the season before last, which gives occasion to the opening of the song. These hounds had an uncommon share of sport last season, and looking forward to a renewal of it this season with the same worthies, and their present excellent master to lead them, I conclude, with being your most obedient servant,

A FOX-HUNTER.

THE SONG.

Now concluded's the summer, November's set in,
With thoughts fix'd on hunting with our King, I'll begin,
And gladly inform you what sport you're to expect
With this sportsman—ye Nimrods—where wrong pray correct.
Down, down, down derry down.

His return first to health 'tis with pleasure I view,
How rejoic'd is the country, how cheering to you,
So I'll spur on my Pegasus, laud to the skies
That tidings so welcome, to the hunt should arise.

If my nag keeps the pace it will give me delight,
As a King is the subject propos'd for the night,
So as rider I'll mount, should the steed be found slow,
My song being ended, to the kennel 'twill go.

Not a fault to be found with so splendid a pack
As the bitches of King, nor for tongue do they lack,
Which you'll freely allow, when the fox is on foot,
For hanging would follow any one that ran mute.

'Tis a pleasure to cast your eyes over his stud,
All adapted for speed or for strength in the mud;
In short, ye hard riders, through the season you'll see
That John King's well appointed to hunt H. H. C.

When the 'Squire of *Cams Hall's** renown'd covers are drawn,
 Let your horse be well bred, and come early that morn,
 For there foxes are plenty and stout, bear in mind,
 And of hounds you will scarcely lose sight, 'ere they find.

Well fam'd in our annals, merry Henwood we boast,
 Not surpass'd for its fox, so the owner we'll toast;—
 Come then fill your glasses, I'm right I'll engage,
 And with pleasure I'll give you his name—William Gage.

When the meeting is fix'd "Preshaw House," all attend,
 For no blank day is fear'd, with so steady a friend;
 Reynard's faithful preserver take place in my song,
 And with loud acclamation, we'll drink Walter Long.

Come now Wainford, the tribute of praise is your due,
 And the park of your name is familiar to you;
 Where an Abbott resides, for good cheer inclin'd;
 And tho' hares are in plenty, a fox you will find.

I will now give a name, sirs, of Hampshire renown,
 Who is Lord of the Manor of Soberton-down,
 Henry Minchin, Esquire, part owner of Wallop †,
 May he live to hunt long, and enjoy oft a gallop.

Here's a health to a friend who the hunt will confess,
 If I give his initials, S. H., you will guess,
 Famed for dinners, for foxes, for friendship no less,
 'Tis enough then to say his name ends with an S.

Here's our *Sheriff for Hants* ‡; come fill to the toast,
 And the county will tell you we've reason to boast;
 So the hunt will agree too, for at table he stood,
 Said, "My pheasants at Weston for foxes are food."

I have said much of covers and foxes I trow,
 I'll introduce covers very different now,
 The covers are Austin's §, well famed at the Crown,
 In Waltham, where inhabits a Fox || of the town.

I've a word for subscribers, in friendship, to-day,
 The Secretary begs they'll be prompt in their pay;
 For hounds must be attended, I need not add more,
 Here's an end to my song, or you'll vote me a bore.

Down, down, &c., &c.

* Henry Delmè, Esq.

† A noted cover.

‡ Thomas Chamberlayne, Esq., of Cranbury-park, and Weston Lodge.

§ Owner of the Inn where the Hunt dines.

|| Banker to the Hunt.

THE CAMBRIDGE SCREW.

“There’s a screw loose somewhere.”—OLD SAYING.

THE screw, the screw, the Cambridge Screw,
The colour of a chestnut hue ;
Without a check, I’ve cause to know,
He’ll carry you thirty miles or so,
He’ll ford a stream, or leap a gate,
Or gallop along at a slapping rate.
I’m on the screw, I’m on the screw,
And beaten shall I be by few,
Though the hedge be high, and the ditch be low,
And water in that ditch do flow ;
If he fall and I in that dyke am lain,
What matter, what matter, I can but mount again.

I love, O how I love to ride
Each morning to the cover side,
With some good fellow who scorns to snooze
When a fox is doomed his life to lose ;
When the hounds are out, and the scent is good,
And the horn re-echoes from wood to wood.
I never lived in the fogs of town
But I heartily envied each country clown ;
And never ceased to think of you,
My best beloved, dear Cambridge Screw,
For dear thou hast ever been to me
Since first I gave a ten pound note for thee.

I scarce can tell what sort of morn
It chanced to be when I was born ;
The weather then could not decree
What sort of mortal I should be ;
What matter how rough, what matter how mild,
The morning that made me a sporting child !
I have lived a life of liberty
Just half as long as my friend at sea,
With wealth to spend and a horse to ride,
And who would sigh for aught beside ;
And death, whenever he comes for you,
Will grieve me much, my faithful Cambridge Screw.

CANTAB.

"PLENIPOTENTIARY" AND THE LATE ST. LEGER.

[THE result of the late Doncaster St. Leger being still a subject of interest with the sporting world, we readily insert the following letter from a Yorkshire correspondent. It will be seen that he takes a very different view of the Plenipo. affair to that of the Newmarket friend to whom (being unable ourselves to attend) we are indebted for the account of the October Meetings. As a satisfactory elucidation of this affair is highly desirable, and will be best obtained by discussion, we insert both accounts, leaving the public to draw their own conclusions.—ED.]

SIR,

As you occasionally indulge your subscribers with a prophecy prior to the principal races of the season, perhaps a retrospective glance at the great one of the year may not be inappropriate.

There is a class of men, as you are doubtless aware, in this world, who know every thing *after* it is over, and who could have told you all about it *before* if they had had a mind (a thing, by the way, that they very seldom possess). The race for the Leger was by no means deficient in producing a host of this species of "ex post facto" fortunetellers. "How could you ever expect such a beast to win? He is more like a waggon horse than a racer! I was certain from the first that he had no chance!" were the usual ejaculations on the morning of the Wednesday in the Doncaster race week; and were I to credit all I heard on that *enlightened* morning, the favourite, like Gray's cat, had had no friends!

Now, sir, I am not very violent either in my predilections or my prejudices; but this I will say, that if ever there was a first favourite, indeed, I may almost say if ever a *field* was composed of a favourite, that favourite undoubtedly was Plenipotentiary. All down the road from London to Doncaster, Plenipo! Plenipo! Plenipo! was in the mouth of every man, woman, and child; and the degree of favouritism in which he was held farther north has never been equalled. And yet, as soon as the race was over, there was not a school boy in Great Britain but who was certain that he could not win!

After so severe a lesson as the late Leger has afforded, it may be amusing, if not instructive, to trace the rise and progress of this horse in public estimation. It may guard men against an over implicit confidence in future favourites, if it do not counteract the mischievous effects produced by the late one.

Plenipo. had nearly made his debut in the world the property of another master than his present one. Mr. Batson, in a pet at some

alleged mismanagement, offered his dam (Harriet), with Plenipo. in her, to Mr. Shard, for £80. The cheque was drawn, but Mr. B. repented ; at least so runs the tale. The horse first appeared in the Derby betting about this time last year, first of all with 30 to 1 against him, which in a week was reduced to 20 to 1, and before the close of October the odds had dwindled down to 15 to 1 (takers). His Leger opponent, Bubastes, was then first favourite for the Derby ; Bentley second—while two or three others intervened between the last named and Plenipo. At this time, it must be borne in mind that he had not appeared in public. In November he advanced to the position of third favourite at about 12 to 1, Bubastes having yielded the premiership to Bentley, who stood steadily throughout the month with 7 to 1 against him. About Christmas, however, or rather before, Bubastes resumed his old place, Bentley being second favourite, Plenipo. third, and the afterwards much vaunted Shilelagh fourth. The two former stood at about 7 to 1, Plenipo. 12 to 1, Shilelagh 16 to 1. The odds during the month of January varied but little ; and in the Leger betting, which was then principally confined to the north, Warlabay Baylock was placed at the head at 10 to 1, Bubastes second at nearly the same price, Bentley third at 15 to 1, General Chassé with 33 to 1 against him, and Valparaiso the same price. The first and two last named with takers. In February speculation increased a little. Bubastes still being first favourite for the Derby, with only 5 to 1 against him, with legions of takers ; Bentley about 7 to 1, 8 and 9 to 1 against Plenipo. There were nearly thirty horses in the betting at this time. In March the betting underwent considerable fluctuation ; but the same three horses were still at the head of the poll, though Shilelagh had taken a spring in the betting. The genial month of April produced considerable change. The great bulbous root, Plenipo., shewed for the first time, in the Craven meeting, and after being an easy vanquisher of an indifferent field on the Tuesday, he beat Glencoe (the winner of the Riddlesworth on the same day) into fits—after which—and mark this ye suspicious Donkey Doncaster story makers, Mr. Batson might have had any sum he liked for his horse, but he refused to sell him. The result of the Craven meeting naturally placed Plenipo. at the head of the Derby favourites, and the odds in the course of the month were as low as 7 to 2 against him. Shilelagh was second favourite at about 5 to 1, Bubastes third at about 7 to 1 or 13 to 2, Bentley fourth at about 10 to 1 latterly, and Glencoe varied from 30 to 18 to 1 during the month. In May, just before the Derby, the odds against Plenipo. were as low as 3 to 1 ; but there was a good deal of juggling and shifting of places during the month, Shilelagh at one time being first favourite. Bubastes, Glencoe, and Bentley, particularly the two former, were in great force. Thursday, the 29th of the month,

however, put an end to all their hopes and all their fears. Plenipo., with 5 to 2 against him, carried off the Derby on the wings of the afternoon, in style, and whatever others may say—with ease. There is no secret so close as that between a jockey and his horse; and if Plenipo. could not have done what he liked with the field on that day, there is no faith in horse-flesh. Shilelagh being second, justified Conolly in placing him in that position for the Leger, and the result of the race shews that he was right in placing Bran third. I consider that Sir Edward Baker has made a very good and cheap purchase in buying the latter horse.

Goodwood races followed Ascot (at which latter place Plenipo. was only troubled to walk over), when Glencoe's easy victory over a fairish field of aged horses, for the cup, contributed materially to the maintenance of Plenipo.'s popularity; and after a languid betting month (as far as the Leger was concerned), the odds against him were only 2 to 1 at the end of July. The Irish horse, Bran, having carried off the York Leger in the Spring meeting, and the 30 gs. Stakes at the same place in August, assumed the second place at 15 to 2; while Warlabby, the vanquisher of Bubastes and fifteen others, in a two year old stakes at Doncaster last year, was third at 8 to 1; Shilelagh was fourth, at somewhere about 10 to 1. Passing over the intermediate time, however, let us examine the odds as they were on the morning of the race. Before starting, they were betting 5 to 4 on Plenipotentiary, 3 to 1 against Shilelagh, 6 to 1 against Warlabby, 10 to 1 against Chasée, 16 to 1 against Bran, 17 to 1 against Touchstone, and 30 to 1 against Loudon; though in fact the betting on the three latter, as also on Lady le Gros, Valparaiso, and others, was nearly nominal, and much higher odds might have been obtained by any one desirous of taking them.

Now we have heard and read a good deal about judges of horse-flesh going down from the stand to examine the horses as they appeared in front, and of their returning with all speed to hedge their money as soon as they caught a glimpse of Plenipo. Without professing to be able to see farther through a mill-stone than my neighbours, I may observe that I for one indulged in that species of observation, and the result of my inspection was that I thought the horse seemed fitter to run than he did at Epsom. To my eye, he appeared smaller in the girth and finer in the leg than he did on that occasion; and I should say that your picture of him in the September number was more like what he was at Epsom than what he was at Doncaster. Indeed, I could see nothing objectionable about the horse, he appeared to me to be lively and well, and when I returned to the stand I was obliged to move about in different places to get a position, but in no instance did I see any extraordinary disposition to hedge; nothing, in fact, beyond what is generally perceptible on the start for a great race.

There is no species of information that people—and sensible people too—are more tenacious of being supposed to possess than sporting—and no branch of sporting that they talk so freely, and oftentimes so foolishly, upon as racing. A man who perhaps had never seen a race before will talk as big and give as free and authoritative an opinion as Joe Rogers; or any one who has lived in the stable from his infancy; and off hand gentlemen will decide on the moment upon points that have puzzled the betting fraternity through the season. It is absurd, with every year's experience before us, and none of recent times has been more fraught with instructive information than the present, to pretend to say what or what shall not happen; all that people can do, is to make up their own minds on the subject and then follow Lord Byron's advice,

“And back their own opinions with a wager;”

but as to men pretending to see into a horse, and to be able, by a mere glance caught from the outside of the rails or from the top of the stand, to ascertain whether or not he is fit to run, is all staff and nonsense, unless the nature and condition of all horses can be reduced to a universal level. One horse's constitution is no more a criterion whereby to judge of another's, than is one man's constitution a guide for a doctor in treating another man's—and whenever racing can be reduced to a certainty, from that hour may be dated the decline of the turf.

The late Leger I consider to have been a most important and a most sporting race. Every yard of the ground, from the Red House, was strongly contested, and the pace throughout was very fair. Some pretend to say that it was the fastest Leger ever run, but to this I do not subscribe. Very few people are judges of pace, and I found no two stop watches that agreed exactly as to time. Had the pace been so awfully severe, little Chisholm's Partisan jade had never reached home. She would have put up at the Red House for the evening, at least. But although I do not think the pace was so very good, my opinion is, that it was a very honestly run race and a creditable one to the turf. No doubt Bubaestes was sacrificed to cut down Plenipo. (or else why lead the field in the manner he did); but this is all fair in turf tactics; for had the field waited respectfully on Conolly, cantering when he cantered and making play when he made play, there is no saying but Plenipo. (queer as he was) might have stolen in a head, and then of course every body would have said that he had it all his own way, and could have distanced the field any where and every where. It is well known that betting men in general know nothing whatever of horses or their condition. All they go upon is public running, and three fourths of the regular professionals would just as soon bet on a field of maggots as upon a field of

"terrible high bred cattle," provided the former could be made to run straight. A man to understand, and be able to give an opinion worth having about a horse or his condition, should have been accustomed to them all his life and feel a natural sympathy for the animal, which a thousand betting books with a million pounds safe to win in each never can supply. What, let me ask, is there wonderful in a horse's changing his condition in a few weeks, days, or hours? Do not human beings do the same, and yet they can ask for what they want, or have medical advice on the instant, while a complaint must lay hold of the horse firmly before it is perceived; and is not a horse as likely to become ill one day as another; and what is more likely to produce a difference of health than change of climate and food? No doubt there is plenty of rascality, and ever has been, on the turf, but there is not more now than there used to be, although there are more canting, whining, puritanical, methodistical humbugs to deplore the existence of what there is. Of one thing, however, I am quite certain, viz. that there are more unblushing robberies committed now-a-days upon the world in general, under the cloak of religion, than ever there were on the turf in its worst and most profligate days!

You do Mr. Batson but justice, when you say that he is "one of the fine old breed of British sportsmen." He is as honest a man as ever breathed; he bets little or nothing,—always runs his horses to win, and looking at the circumstances attending the race for the late Leger, I consider it peculiarly fortunate that the horse was the property of a gentleman whose character is not only "spotless, but above suspicion." Had Plenipo. been in the stable of half of the men on the turf, the character of the owner would not only have been ruined, but the turf would have experienced a most tremendous shock, from which years and years would not have recovered it. As it is, the result of the race must be placed, as you said in your description of the picture of Plenipo., to the chapter of "chances that attend certainties."

The stories that were afloat after the race, were ludicrous in the extreme. One man, and a betting man too, told me that he understood the horse was lying in his stall perfectly stupified when they went to saddle him, and that they were obliged to kick him in order to get him up! And as to pailfuls of water! Lord, the horse had drained an ocean! Mr. Skipey (the reputed owner of many horses with which he has nothing to do) was loudly vociferous in proclaiming the deadliness of the robbery! But there is no such thing as pleasing *all* the gentlemen. "I'm ruined! I'm ruined! I'm ruined!" cried one, on hearing that Bran had won. "I'm robbed! I'm robbed! I'm robbed;" exclaimed the *same* man, on learning that Touchstone was the victor.

I was much pleased with General Chassé's appearance at Doncaster,

He is as neat and sprightly a horse as ever I saw. His owner, Sir James Boswell, is a very promising sportsman, and an ornament to the northern turf. Although he could not accomplish the Doncaster Leger, Chasé has carried off two this year, viz., the Manchester and the Liverpool, in the latter of which, be it remembered, he defeated Touchstone, the actual winner of the Doncaster Leger, and that too over a course one hundred and thirty-two yards longer than Doncaster. He ran well for the Scarborough stakes on the Friday, I thought, notwithstanding he had got his muzzle off shortly before the race, and regaled himself on some hay.

Touchstone, from the slight view I had of him on the course, looked like a race horse, and though his noble owner had no idea of his carrying off the Leger, he nevertheless expected him to run forward among the outsiders.

People who want to know what intense excitement is, should attend at Doncaster on the day of the Leger race. The contrast between the fearful, eager, anxious, nervous, fidgetty, money-making faces, that the eye encounters on the upper stand, and the bright, laughing, lovely, careless countenances that illumine the one below, is great and powerful, and the change is like a transition from Heaven to the infernal regions, with this exception, that the former is below instead of above the latter. Notwithstanding the brilliant display of lovely females on the Stand this year, I think there has been an evident though gradual decline in the attendance at this meeting within the last few years. The aristocratic splendour of the equipages of the proud Yorkshire dons, each endeavouring to outvie the other in "pomp and circumstance," has almost disappeared, and a coach and four with a brace of outriders, now affords food for the gaping multitude.

Thirty-four years have now elapsed since a Derby winner carried off the Leger. Mr. Wilson's well named Champion, by Pot8os, had that honour in 1800; but, thank God, I was not there to see it. In my time, however, I have seen Gustavus, Mameluke, and Priam, with all their southern honours thick upon them, arrive at Doncaster to wrest the prize from the brow of their northern brethren, and now the great Plenipotentiary must be added to the lot, the last defeat being the most signal of the whole. What effect this may have upon the Doncaster races, remains to be seen. My opinion is, that the Southerners will ultimately tire of this constant attempt at climbing the slippery pole. Goodwood races have assumed a prominent position among southern meetings, where their excellent management promises to keep them; and from the sporting spirit that is astir in Scotland, it is not improbable but that Doncaster may, ere long, form the extreme southern point for north country horses to come to, instead of the extreme northern point for

south country ones to visit. At all events I think that Doncaster is doomed to experience a yet considerable defalcation in its race meeting, which those who have watched the signs of the times, and seen the extreme anxiety evinced by the inhabitants to cut their own throats, will not wonder at, for assuredly a greater set of noodles were never gathered together in the same circumference than are to be found within the precincts of that righteous borough.

Your's,

A BREEDER OF RACE HORSES.

October 12, 1834.

Racing.

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

SIR,

As usual, this meeting was thinly attended, thanks to Heaton Park, which following immediately after Doncaster, gives the gentlemen a surfeit of racing, and sends them southward with exhausted purses. The sport, however, was respectable, and there was plenty to talk about—"What d'ye think of Plenipo. *now*?" (the great Coach-horse, as the Yorkshiremen affect to call him) was the question constantly put, and it of course led to a discussion as to whether his defeat should be attributed to a composing draught, or to a want of preparation. From the manner in which the description of the St. Leger race is worded in the London papers, it would appear that the latter is considered there to be the most probable cause; and this, to a certain extent, seems to be the opinion here also; for the horse, after Epsom, I am told, was put out of training for six or seven weeks, kept in a loose box with his shoes off, fed on green meat, and then sent to Lord Yarborough's park, where there is a dead flat with a gallop of not more than a mile without running against the trees! If this be true, it was certainly bad, and says little for Mr. Batson's judgment or knowledge of training. The wonder is, how the public could be so insufferably stupid as to back him under the circumstances. They must have been wilfully blind, or the first race at Doncaster would have opened their eyes. Revelry, who, assisted by Zitella, could not keep him in sufficient work for the Derby, alone accompanied him to the north, and came out for the Fitzwilliam stakes, looking as nice and comfortable as if she had been trained for a park as well as in one, and after a dead heat won in a canter. How is it possible that she could have kept the horse in work? and how could he have been fit to win the St. Leger? Thus far the newspaper accounts were right enough; but, and prudence no doubt kept them silent on the subject, after the race, suspicious,

founded on his extraordinary running and appearance, were expressed in various quarters, that he had taken something more than oats; and various circumstances were mentioned to prove not only this, but that great negligence had been displayed by the trainer. It was stated that a Scotch horse-dealer had found the stable-door open, had walked in, and taken a very accurate and deliberate examination of the horse's points and condition;—that on the morning of the race, the horse was found lying down in his stall, and was actually kicked before he got up;—that when he was saddled, he stood like an old cow, that he looked like a carriage horse, and moved like a pig, and was with great difficulty aggravated into a gallop;—that his trainer, instead of minding his business, was mooning about the betting-rooms on the morning of the race, declaring him to be safe to win; and that, *after* the race, on being interrogated by a sufferer, he prevaricated strangely, denied that he had been in the rooms, and insisted that "Plenipo. was not and never had been half a horse," or words to a similar purport,—this, too, after the hyperbolic terms in which he had previously spoken of him. Whether all this be true, I cannot say, I merely give it as the general report here, and all seem to agree that Mr. Batson has some ground to work upon in bringing the matter before the Club. It is quite right that the thing should be sifted, and the guilty parties, if any, exposed. (The statements which have appeared on the subject in a certain Sunday paper, are so utterly ridiculous, and evince such a complete ignorance of the subject, that it is right the public should be cautioned against them.) Such is the "table talk" of Newmarket; I have also learned, that Mr. Scott Stonehewer has removed his horses from Pettit's to Marson's, and that Captain Hunter, having discharged his private trainer, has sent his to the same stables; moreover, it is reported, that a certain precious rascal has defrauded Jack Ketch of a fee, by hanging himself at Doncaster, in a fit of despair, brought on by Plenipo.'s defeat! the news, I fear, is too good to be true. Having thus furnished you a tolerably good dish of scan. mag., I proceed to the sport afforded by the First October meeting, premising that the weather was remarkably fine, and the turf in splendid condition.

Monday.—The Trial Stakes. The Chief Justice sat, but there was no cause for hearing.

The Holt Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for two yr. olds. New T.Y.C.—Eleven subs.

Duke of Grafton's Florin, sister to Fidalgo.—J. Day	1
Lord Orford's f. by Whisker, out of Elizabeth, by Rainbow	2
Sir M. Wood's br. f. by Whisker, out of Dramedary's dam	3
Duke of Rutland's bl. f. Flame, by Lamplighter, dam by Orville	4
General Grosvenor's f. by Phantom, out of Maresfield's dam	5

Rather an indifferent lot, or Florin must be improved since July; she

had a good start, made play to the plantations, was challenged there by the Elizabeth and Dromedary fillies, shook off the latter in three or four strides, had a smartish tussel with the other, and won by nearly half a length; the others tailed off. Betting:—Even on Sir Mark, 11 to 4 agst. Elizabeth, and 5 to 1 agst. Florin.

Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each.—T.Y.C.—Three subs.

Col. Peel's Lochinvar, 8st. 12lb. (Pavis), made his own running, and defeated Mr. Greville's Gondolier, 8st. 7lb., in a canter. 11 to 8 on the winner.

The Grand Duke Michael Stakes of 50 sovs. each, for three years old colts, 8st. 7lb., and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—A.F.—Twenty-seven subs.

Sir M. Wood's c. Flatterer, by Muley, out of Clare.—Robinson	1
Mr. Yates's ch. c. Bentley	2
Lord Orford's b. c. Paris, by Waterloo, out of Posthuma	3
Duke of Grafton's, ch. c. Olympic, by Reveller, out of Whizgig	4
General Grosvenor's Dick	5

Little or no betting; the odds, 6 to 4 on Flatterer, and 3 to 1 agst. Bentley. Dick and Olympic divided the work to the end of the T.Y.C., where both retired to the rear; the others kept together till within twenty yards of the justice seat, where Flatterer quitted his companions, and won easily by a very honest length. The pace no great things. The result is strictly in keeping with the Spring running.

Tuesday.—The Buckenham Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., for two yr. olds.—Seven subs., were won in a canter by Mr. Wreford's Free Will (J. Day), beating Lord Lowther's c. by Figaro, out of Coquette. 3 to 1 on Free Will. Many such victories as these would be ruinous work, as Mr. Wreford had to pay about six hundred pounds for arrears of the party who named his colt.

The Hopeful Stakes of 40 sovs. each, h. ft., for two yr. olds.—Last half mile of Ab.M.—Nineteen subs.

Lord Chesterfield's br. f. Eva, by Sultan, 5lb. extra.—Boyce	1
Mr. Spalding's b. f. Madame de Jeck, by Langer—Elephant's dam	2
Mr. Wreford's Waresti, by Sultan, out of Liverpool's dam	3
Mr. Sowerby's Catilina, sister to Catalanian; Mr. Greville's b. f. Medea, by Merlin, out of Esprit; Lord Lichfield's c. Cajepnt, by Emilius, out of Sister to Spermaceti; Mr. Grant's b. f. by Filho da Puta, out of Orpheline; Sir S. Graham's c. Mohair, by Camel; Mr. Yates's b. f. Vagary; Mr. Pettit's b. f. Kate Kearney, 6lb. extra; Mr. Mill's br. f. Camlet, by Camel, out of Will Scarlet's dam; and Mr. Perren na. The Brigand; also started, but were not placed.	

The horses got off in a perfect line, ran so to the cords, where some half dozen made a rush for it. Eva was home first by a length; Madame de Jeck beating Waresti by about as much; Mohair was at the flag end; Catilina and The Brigand were also beaten off. In the July meeting Eva beat Madame de Jeck by half a length, at even weights, and now

carrying 5lb. extra, does it much easier; the distance, however, is ridiculously short, and reduces the race to a mere scramble. 7 to 2 agst. Grant's, 4 to 1 agst. Eva, 13 to 2 agst. Waresti, and 6 to 1 agst. Kate Kearney.

Fifty Pounds, four yr. olds, 7st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 5lb.; six, 8st. 11lb.; and aged, 9st.—B.C.

Lord Berners's ch. m. by Oscar, out of Spotless, 4 yrs. old.—Chapple 1	
Mr. Greville's Chantilly, 4 yrs. old	2
Mr. Biggs's Little Red Rover, aged	3
Lord Lichfield's Dissolution, 5 yrs. old	4

7 to 4 agst. Spotless (t.), 7 to 4 agst. Little Red Rover, and 3 to 1 agst. Chantilly. Won in a canter by six lengths. The weights, it will be perceived, are all in favour of the four year olds, who, fast verging into fives, receive 24lb. from the aged horses, being half a stone more than is allowed in the Cup challenge conditions for the same course, and 14lb. more than in the King's Plate, R.C., in the First Spring meeting.

Wednesday.—Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three year olds and upwards.—D.M.—Five subs.

Colonel Peel's Nonsense, 4 yrs. old, 9st.—Pavis	1
Lord Lichfield's Gab, 6 yrs. old, 7st. 12lb.....	2
Mr. Grant's Famine, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 7lb.....	3
Lord Orford's Paris, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 7lb.....	4
Mr. Stephenson's Gale Middleton, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 4lb.	5

A poor race,—all were together to the cords, where Gab and Nonsense (and where there is gab there must be nonsense) were in front. Nonsense, however made *light* of the *weight*, and won easy.

Match, 100 sovs. h. ft.—T.Y.C. Mr. Kent's Baleine, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb. (Boyce), beat Lord Lichfield's Altamont, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 5lb., by a length, easy. 13 to 8 on the winner.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., for two year olds.—T.Y.C.—Eight subs.

Mr. Pettit's Kate Kearney, 8st. 7lb.—Conolly	1
Lord Egremont's Redleg, 8st. 1lb.	2
Mr. Newton's Heberle, 7st. 6lb.	3

Mr. Yates's Adana, 8st.; General Grosvenor's br. f. by Bizarre, out of Young Mouse, 7st. 12lb.; Sir S. Graham's Mohair, 7st. 10lb.; Mr. Wilson's ch. f. by Tramp, out of Ridotto, 7st. 9lb.; and Mr. Turner's Lady Albert, 7st. 6lb.; also started, but were not placed.

Betting:—3 to 1 agst. Adana, 7 to 2 agst. Redleg, 9 to 2 agst. Kate (t.), and 5 to 1 agst. Lady Albert. All in a line to the ropes, where Kate, Redleg, and Heberle singled themselves out. A pretty struggle followed, Kate beating Redleg by half a length, and Heberle by a length. General Grosvenor's, Mr. Wilson's, and Adana, beaten off.

The St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs. each, for three yrs. old colts, 8st. 7lb., and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D.I.—Sixteen subs.

Mr. Yates's Bentley.—Pavis	1
Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Olympic	2
Sir M. Wood's Charivari	3
Duke of Cleveland's Shilelagh, by St. Patrick	4
Duke of Rutland's b. c. Armadillo, by St. Patrick	5

The Duke of Grafton's, as usual, cut out the work, Armadillo waiting on him to the Abingdon mile bottom, where he took it up, continued it to the commencement of the C.C., and there gave up the ghost. Bentley now went in front, and although pressed rather hard at the ropes by Olympic, won cleverly by half a length. Shilelagh looked in wretched plight, and ran as bad as he looked; Armadillo and Charivari were also in bad places at the finish. The odds were, 7 to 4 agst. Charivari, 11 to 4 agst. Bentley, 3 to 1 agst. Armadillo, and 5 to 1 agst. Shilelagh. Several laid agst. Bentley, in the expectation that he would break down.

Thursday. The Town Plate of 50l., for three yr. olds.—D.I. A very fine race between Armadillo and Dick, and won by a head only, Robinson riding the winner, and little Sam. Rogers the other, with upwards of two stone dead weight to carry! Betting:—3 to 1 on Armadillo.

Match, 100l., 8st. 3lb. each.—T.Y.C. Duke of Rutland's Flame (Robinson), beat Lord Orford's f. by Lamplighter, out of Spavina. Lord Orford's the favourite at 5 to 4.

A Handicap of 10 sovs. each.—T.Y.C., was won by Colonel Peel's Lochinvar, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 2lb. (Nat), beating Lord Egremont's f. by Skim, out of Caroline, 3 yrs. old, 7st.; Mr. Yates's Ophelia, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 9lb, and Mr. Forth's Pagan, 4 yrs. old, 8st., in a trot. 2 to 1 agst. Lochinvar (t.), 2 to 1 agst. Pagan, and 3 to 1 agst. Ophelia.

The King's Plate.—R.C., was won by the Spotless mare by a length, beating Robin Roughhead, after making all the running. 5 to 2 on Spotless. John Day rode the winner, and Forth the loser.

Friday.—A Post Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.—D.I., was won, after a pretty race, by Charivari (Robinson), beating the Duke of Portland's c. by Tiresias, out of Agatha, by three parts of a length. 7 to 2 on Charivari.

The meeting furnished fifteen races, being nine more than last year.
Your's, &c.

Newmarket, Oct. 6, 1834.

W. G.

SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

THIS meeting was better attended and the sport of a more interesting description than its predecessor; nevertheless it did not exceed the average in any respect, and had the drawback of some excessively boisterous weather. The results were as follow:—

Monday.—Handicap of 10 sovs. each.—T.Y.C.—Three subs. Won in a canter by Lord Orford's Chataigne (the Rachel filly), 6st. 13lb.; beating Harum Scarum, 7st. 11lb.; Robinson Crusoe, 7st.; and Ince, 7st. 6lb. 6 to 4 agst. Harum, the filly rode by young Rogers.

The Garden Stakes of 100 sovs. each, p. p.—T.M.M.—Five subs.

Lord Jersey's Glencoe, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 3lb.	—Robinson	1
Lord Chesterfield's Glaucus, 4 yrs. old, 9st. 5lb.		2
Lord Chesterfield's Colwick, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 7lb.		3

6 to 4 on Glencoe, notwithstanding he had two opponents from the same stable, one to make running and the other to wait. The first duty devolved upon Colwick, who set off at a killing pace, the other two lying several lengths astern; at the ditch they drew a little on him, Glencoe all the while pulling so tremendously that Robinson's efforts to restrain his impetuosity made his ride far from comfortable; he managed, however, to keep him in subjection till about a quarter of a mile, when he went up, cut them down in two or three strokes, and won by at least five lengths! the other two were beaten off. This result, corroborating as it does the running in the Spring meetings and at Epsom (still further supported by the signal defeat sustained by Touchstone, at Holywell, from a second rate nag who was beaten nearly a dozen lengths for the Derby) proves the immeasurable superiority of Plenipo., not alone over all the horses of his day, but over all that have preceded him within my recollection.

Match, 100l. h. ft.—T.Y.C. Rosalie (rode by Pavis) beat Zulima by half a length, at even weights. 2 to 1 on the winner.

Tuesday.—Fifty Pounds, for two year olds; colts, 8st. 4lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T.Y.C. :

Mr. Yates's Castaway, by Cain, out of Rowena.—Pavis.....	1
Lord Egremont's Ethilda	2
Mr. S. Stonehewer's f. by Sultan, out of Emma	3

Mr. Goddard's f. by Emilius, out of Sketchbook's dam; Lord Berners's ch. c. by Lamplighter, dam by Juniper, out of Spotless's dam; Mr. Hunter's f. by Tramp, out of Ridotto; Sir M. Wood's f. by Whisker, out of Dromedary's dam; Lord Chesterfield's b. f. by Pantaloon, out of Vexation; Mr. Forth's c. by Lottery, out of Pimlico; Mr. Wreford's Waresti; Duke of Grafton's ch. f. Florin; and Mr. Mills's Lurcher; also started, but were not placed.

Betting, 9 to 4 agst. Castaway (t.), 4 to 1 agst. Vexation (t.), 9 to 2 agst. Ethilda, and 8 to 1 agst. any other.

This was what is called "a pot" with the Castaway party, and, for a wonder, it did not "boil over;" it led them, however, into an error on the Clearwell, on which they had to disgorge all the money realized on this. The Duke of Grafton's filly cut out the work, Castaway waiting on her closely till about a couple of hundred yards from the "judgment seat," where the filly died away; Pavis immediately let his horse out, shook off Ethilda in an attempt to collar him, and won by a length and half with perfect ease.

The Clearwell Stakes of 30 sovs: each, 20 ft., for two years old colts, 8st. 4lb., and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T. Y. C.—The winner of the July stakes, 7lb. extra.—Thirty-four subs.

Mr. Greville's ch. f. Preserve, sister to Pickle, by Emilius—Mustard 1

Mr. Mills's br. f. Hester, by Camel, out of Monimia 2

Mr. Greatrex's b. f. by Camel, out of Martha 3

Mr. Sowerby's gr. f. Constantia, by Camel, out of Miss Craven's dam; Mr. Grant's c. by Emilius, out of Ally; Sir M. Wood's ch. c. Splinter, by Partisan, out of Scratch; Duke of Grafton's br. c. Emu, by Cannon Ball or Buzzard, out of Zinc; Lord Lichfield's f. by Sligo, out of Ina; Mr. Bloss's f. Matilda, by Shakespeare, out of Maud; Mr. Yates's br. c. Clarence; and Mr. Wreford's Free Will, by Sultan; also started, but were not placed.

6 to 4 agst. Preserve (t.), 6 to 4 agst. Hester, 8 to 1 agst. Ally, and 10 to 1 agst. any other. There were two "pots" on this race, both Preserve and Hester tried to be clippers, having been backed through thick and thin by their respective parties;—of course only one came off right, but the Hester division, if they dropt it on *this*, recovered themselves with interest on Friday, having obtained a "line" which could not deceive them. The horses got to the post in a glimpse of sunshine after a heavy storm, and the company were *laying* "the flattering unction to their souls" that they should just get it off in time to escape a second visitation, a consummation the more to be desired as nine out of ten, seduced by a beautiful morning, had arrayed themselves in summer garments, and totally eschewed such encumbrances as cloaks and umbrellas. And if the race had been decided at the proper time they *would* have avoided it: but (alas! the day!) when can a field of two year olds be depended upon, especially when every jockey is trying to get the best of the start;—exactly fifty-five minutes were fooled away in more than a score of false starts, the majority of them being occasioned by Preserve and Splinter; in the midst of them the heavens "opened fire," with thunder, lightning, and rain—to call it a storm would give but a faint idea of the reality—it was a perfect deluge, and those only who were enclosed in green or yellow pannels escaped a soaking ("give us rain," was the cry with the trainers, farmers, &c., the day before—

and they got it with a vengeance). Rendered still more restive by the thunder, the youngsters went any way but the right, and it was not till four o'clock that an effective start took place. Emu then took the lead and cut out the work at a good pace, the two favourites, Martha and Ally, being at his quarters; so they went for about half the distance, at least as far as the rain enabled me to collect; at the cords, Hester, Preserve, and Martha were clear of the others; Hester looked well for two or three strides, but Preserve, who was running close to the cords and scarcely seen, defeated her a few lengths from the chair and won cleverly by a length; Martha (a very fine filly) was about a length and a half behind Hester, Free Will fourth, Constantia fifth—and no tailing, although the pace was severe.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.—Criterion Course.—Three subs. Lord Tavistock's Oak-Apple (Wright) beat General Grosvenor's Nautilus and Lord Southampton's filly, by Bizarre, out of Young Barrosa, by two lengths easy. 6 to 5 on the General.

Match, 100 sovs. h. ft.—D.M. Sir M. Wood's f. Lilka, by Emilius or Lamplighter, out of Laila, 8st. 5lb. (J. Day), against Duke of Rutland's f. Flame, by Lamplighter, dam by Orville, out of Lacerta, 8st. 2lb.—dead heat. 7 to 4 on Lilka.

Wednesday.—The October Outlands of 30 sovs. each.—B.M. Won in a canter by Sensitive, 5 yrs. old, 8st. (Pavia); beating Gab, 6 yrs. old, 8st.; and Skimmer, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb. 6 to 4 agst. Sensitive, 6 to 4 agst. Skimmer, and 2 to 1 agst. Gab.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each; two year olds, 7st. 3lb.; and three, 9st.: fillies allowed 3lb.—T.Y.C.—The winner to be sold for 80 sovs., &c.—Five subs.

Mr. Gardnor's Bucephalia, 2 yrs. old.—Pavis	1
Mr. Forth's c. by Lottery, out of Pimlico, 2 yrs. old	2
Mr. Thornhill's Harum Scarum, 3 yrs. old	3
Mr. Sowerby's Catalina, sister to Catalonian, 2 yrs. old	4
Lord Lichfield's Altamont, 3 yrs. old	5

6 to 4 agst. Bucephalia, and 6 to 4 agst. Harum Scarum. They laid well together till near the cords, where Bucephalia took up the running and won cleverly by a length: she was claimed.

Match, 100l.—T.Y.C. Mr. Ford's Llewellyn, 8st. 7lb. (Robinson), beat Mr. Greville's Gondolier, 7st. 7lb., by a head. Never was a race so completely won by superiority of jockeyship. The odds were 4 to 1 on Gondolier before starting, and 10 to 1 while running; indeed, so hollow a thing did it appear, that when near the ropes the old horse was twenty yards a head with the race in hand; had his rider thought of the old melody, "Now rest ye here, my Gondolier," he would have eased him a little, and nothing could have prevented his

winning; instead of which (having had orders to make play) he kept working away, got his horse in distress, and made an opening which could not escape so keen a fellow as Jem Robinson—he made a tremendous rush, and literally won the race by a *comp de main* right upon the post. The Gondolier party, surprised out of their “discretion” by so unlooked for a result to what was (with reason) considered a “good thing,” expressed their feelings in no measured terms.

Thursday.—A Handicap Plate of 100 sovs. for four yr. olds and upwards.—A.F.

Mr. W. Chifney's b. f. by Emilius—Shoveler, 4 yrs, 7st. 2lb.—Butler. 1

Lord Exeter's Cactus, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 12lb. 2

Mr. Batson's Revelry, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb. 3

Colonel Peel's Nonsense, 4 yrs. old, 9st. 4lb.; Mr. Greville's Chantilly, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 12lb.; Mr. Gardnor's Messenger, 5 yrs. old, 8st.; Mr. J. Robinson's Laud, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 4lb.; and Mr. Forth's Pagan, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 2lb.; also started, but were not placed,

11 to 5 agst. Nonsense, 3 to 1 agst. Messenger, 4 to 1 agst. Revelry, 6 to 1 agst. any other. The running for the first half mile was made by Revelry and Pagan in turns, it was then taken up by Cactus, who continued it till within the cords, all the time looking safe to win; his safety, however, was only in appearance, as the Shoveler filly, which had been running outside in the rear, came in the last three or four strides, caught him a few yards short of the winning post, and won cleverly by a length. She was jockeyed by a lad named Butler, who, in more respects than one, has been brought up in the Chifney school.

Match, 50l. 8st. 7lb. each.—B.M. Lord Lichfield's Gipsy (Arnall), beat Gen. Grosvenor's Sister to Dick, by a length; 5 to 2 on Sister to Dick.

The Town Plate was won by a dozen lengths by Forth's Robinson Crusoe (Twitchett), beating Mr. J. Robinson's Laud and Sir M. Wood's c. by Gaberlunzie, out of Mignonette. Even on Laud.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 4lb., and fillies, 8st. 2lb.—First half of Ab.M—Eight subs.

Lord Jersey's f. by Partisan, out of Henrica.—Robinson 1

Mr. Yates's Adana 2

Sir M. Wood's The Magnate; Sir M. Wood's Lilka; Lord Lichfield's Ileen, by Sligo, out of Ina; Lord Chesterfield's f. by Partisan, out of St. Julien's dam; Colonel Peel's Weathercock; and Lord Egremont's Redleg; also started, but were not placed.

6 to 4 agst. Redleg, 7 to 2 agst. Lilka (t.), 7 to 2 agst. Adana (t.), and 10 to 1 agst. the winner. The favourite jumped off in front, and made play at a speed that caused some tailing at the end, and seemed to have it all safe at the cords; here, however, she was challenged and defeated

by Adana and Henrica, who finished the race beautifully. Henrica winning by a neck, chiefly through Adana running out close upon the chains, the winner was claimed. Lilka and Redleg were well up.

Friday.—A Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, T.Y.C., was won in a canter by Rosalie, three yrs. old, 7st. 6lb. (Pavis), beating Paris, 3 yrs. old, 7st., and Gondolier, aged, 7st. 11lb.; 7 to 4 on the mare.

The Prendergast Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 5lb., and fillies 8st. 3lb.—T.Y.C.—Thirty-two subs.

Mr. Mill's b. f. Hester, by Camel.—Nat 1

Sir M. Wood's f. by Bustard, out of Camelina (sister to Camel) 2

Sir M. Wood's c. The Glama, by Camel 3

Lord Orford's c. by Tramp, out of Medina (fourth); General Grosvenor's c. Nautilus, by Skiff; Mr. Pettit's na. Sister to Zulima; Mr. Ridsdale's Veronica, and Mr. Pettit's Kate Kearney; also started, but were not placed.

5 and 6 to 4 on Hester, and 7 to 2 agst. Kate Kearney. Hester lay in front throughout and won very easy by nearly a length; Medina was fourth, Nautilus and Sister to Zulima next, Veronica seventh, and Kate Kearney last! the July running therefore cannot have been true or Kate is a shifty uncertain jade. Old Theobald's leather breeches could scarcely hold him, so delighted was he at this performance of the Camel blood—he had previously raised the covering price to 20 gs., on the strength of Touchstone.—What will he make it now?

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., three subs; Nautilus received forfeit.

Your's, &c.

W. G.

Newmarket, October 20, 1834.

GERMANY.—DOBBERAN RACES.

DOBBERAN, the favourite summer residence of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg Schwerin, boasted of some excellent racing in September, when Baron Biel (who may be said, not only to have introduced racing into his country, but to be the person to whom it is so much indebted for the superior breed of horses which it now possesses over most places on the Continent) met with his justly merited reward, by winning every race in which he had a horse to run, thus proving beyond a doubt the superiority of his breeding establishment. The following is a list of what he won:—

1. The Whip, given by Mr. Tattersall, with a subscription of 10 sovs. each, with a colt by Nigel, beating Count Hahn's colt by Godolphin, out of Hussey.

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2. The Gustrow Dobberan Sweepstakes, with Flame, beating Johanna, by Partisan, out of Emma, and three others.

3. The Frederick Francis Stakes, with Columbus, by Robin Hood, beating Cedric and two others.

4. The Grand Duke Paul's Stakes, for horses not thorough-bred, with Tickler, by Robin Hood, out of Tatt, beating three others.

5. Dobberan Town Plate, with Alba, by Nigel, out of Therese, by Whalebone, beating Ipsala, by Gulliver, and two others.

6. Ladies' Stakes of 25 sovs. each (eleven subs.), with Columbus, beating Count Plesseu's Alexis, Count Hahn's Gondolier, and Cedric. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, with his usual munificence, added to this stake a *splendid cup*.

7. The Whip, presented by His Serene Highness the Grand Duke, with Flame, beating Mr. Ebers's Unknown, by Whalebone, and two others.

8. The Adolphus Frederick Stakes, with Alba, beating Ida, by Gulliver, and two others.

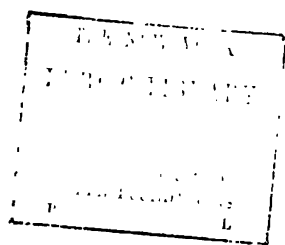
This we think may fairly be termed "unprecedented success," while it also proves that Baron Biel has not been purchasing the best blood in England at the highest prices for nothing.

The Godolphin Stakes of 40 sovs. each, was won by Count Hahn's Cedric, beating Baron Mattzahn's colt, by Little John.

Stakes of 50 sovs. each, was won by Baron Mattzahn's colt, by The General, out of Chantress, beating two others.

The Gold cup, given by the Grand Duchess, was won by Baron Mattzahn's Johanna.

We cannot conclude the above slight enumeration without expressing the great gratification we experience in seeing our German friends thus encouraging and enjoying the noble sport of horse racing, than which nothing can be more conducive to the improvement of their breed of horses, which (by the exertions of Baron Biel, who must be reckoned the first breeder in Mecklenburg) are improving very fast. We were sorry to hear some short time since, that Baron Biel had offered his stud for sale, but hope such was not the case. It is, we know, a sort of public breeding stud, and we wonder that German noblemen wanting to purchase horses do not avail themselves of the opportunities and advantages it affords, instead of wasting time in coming over here and running great risks in getting their purchases home. The running at Dobberan shows that the Baron's stud is becoming quite first rate, and we sincerely congratulate him upon his success.





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Portrait of Governor ...

GALLERY OF CELEBRATED SPORTING CHARACTERS.

No. IX.

JOHN GULLY, Esq., M.P.

“An honest man's the noblest work of God.”

HERE stands JOHN GULLY,—an admirable specimen, physical as well as moral, of one of the finest objects in the creation—an honest man. Our talented friend S—, who can carry away a man (in his eye) with all the ease that a lion can a lamb, has placed Mr. Gully before the fount in Tattersall's-yard, not for the purpose of conveying an idea that he requires ablution, but by way of adding an appropriate back ground to his sketch.

It would be difficult to select a more remarkable illustration of one of the proudest features of the British constitution, which lays all honours and offices open to worth and talent, without regard to the adventitious circumstance of birth, than is presented in the person of the honourable M.P. Descended from humble life, and having passed through trials and temptations, that in a work of fiction would be deemed preposterous, without drawing even the shadow of a suspicion on his integrity, Mr. Gully has received the highest prize that can be conferred on worth, by being elected the representative in Parliament of a free and unbought constituency in the immediate neighbourhood of his own seat, by men who had had opportunities of knowing and judging of his integrity and talents. We cannot picture to ourselves a prouder position for a man to be placed in; and however it may suit the purpose of envious and ungenerous cavillers to decry him on account of his humble birth, we are confident that all who are acquainted with the high character and gentlemanly deportment of Mr. Gully, will agree with us, that he is now, as respects both his mind and his manners, in the station he was intended for by nature.

Mr. Gully stands nearly six feet high, though from the exact symmetry of his person, his stature is deceptive to the eye. The frank from which our specimen of his writing is taken, was written nearly a twelvemonth ago, and without any idea of its ever falling into our hands; the style is characteristic of the man, bold, free, and distinct, and indicates his ability to act as writing-master to half the members of the House of Commons.

As to his politics, though we like them not, and have no business with them here, we know that he is honest and sincere in his convictions, and we respect him for the pertinacity with which he maintains his opinions,

and whenever that "gay to-morrow (come never) of his mind" shall arrive, that sees his friends the Radicals in power, that party cannot find a more efficient Chancellor of the Exchequer than the honourable member for Pontefract. He will be then, as ever, the Right Honourable John Gully!

As a sportsman, Mr. Gully is quite first rate. There is no better judge of the powers and capabilities of the horse, whether for the field or the turf, than himself; and his performances across country fully entitle him to be ranked among the "Crack riders of England." He is a liberal patron of all field sports, and one of the principal supporters of the Badsworth hunt.

As a turfite he dates his career from 1812, when his name first appears in the books as owner of Cardenio. In the course of his time he has had the following horses either as sole or part owner.

B. f. by Cardinal York, Brutus, Truth, Rigmarol, Forfeit by Woful, Cock Robin, br. c. by Cervantes, b. f. by Ardrossan, b. c. by Cervantes, b. c. by Walton, Mameluke winner of the Derby in 1827, Trample, b. f. by Oiseau, b. c. by Reveller, Baltic, Gameboy, Bunter, br. f. by Centaur, ch. c. by Tramp, Longshanks, Clotilde, Clio, Donzelli, by Orville or Bustard, b. f. by Wrangler, Inexpressible, Tyke, Tramby, b. c. by Wrangler, b. f. by Lottery, Little Red Rover, Floreatine, Margrave winner of the Doncaster St. Leger 1832, Lady Fly, Salate, Hokee Pokee, Mirabeau, Carlton, Ceres, Deceiver, br. f. out of Mustard, Diversity, Spider, Viator, Stapleton.

RAILWAYS V. FOX-HUNTING.—THE COUNTY OF DURHAM.

SIR,

THIS is "the patent age of new inventions" and improvements. Our outward man and our inward man, our senses, all and sundry; every thing that we eat, drink, or wear, stand upon, sit upon, walk upon, or ride upon, from the "sublimest conception of learned seer" to the "nail in the coffin lid," all are partakers of this wonderful march. It annihilates time, confounds space, unsettles rank and distinction, and makes a wicked mockery of the pretensions of learning. Once upon a time there was your scholar, your traveller, your libertine, and a just and proper distinction made amongst mankind. There was no jostling over the lines of demarcation naturally (I may say) drawn between one class and another. But now, Lord save us! since the establishment of the "general-united-imperial-anti-retrogradation-reading-made-easy society," of which my worthy friend Dr. Smoke was some time president—every

barrier which could tend to check the progress of knowledge has been removed. It is not enough, in the eyes of my worthy and revered friend, that your scholar should be a scholar—but he must also “take his tea upon the wall of china;”—he must paint—write poetry—understand all games, and play them well—ride well at a fence, shoot ten brace a day in January—in short, do every thing. I have heard sucking citizens talk learnedly about the characters of fox-hunters. They fancy, with the author of a modern novel, that a country gentleman who is fond of fox-hunting must cry “whoop!” whenever he enters a drawing-room—and crack his whip and say “damme” before he can clear his throat to speak. This “best information upon the subject,” apparently acquired from the before named society in some of its various ramifications, seems to pervade all the acts of the “members.” There is no scheme too wild for their heads or their pockets; no bubble too thin and filmy for their gaping wonder—if it be but called “an improvement.” A most decided “improvement” has led me to trouble you on the present occasion, “albeit unused to the writing mood.”

I am an old bachelor—easy in my shoes, and at peace with my own heart and the world. I had, indeed, a father before me. I keep a horse or two, and I go up and down wherever it listeth me. I hunt a bit with Sir Richard Sutton—with Lord Hawke, and Mr. Lambton—having occasionally a shy at others, whom I need not mention. I know something of the yawners of the fens, and the up and down forty year old quicks of the low lands. I have also got through some queer places in the “canny north:” but I find a tendency to talk long stealing upon me—not that I am any way prosy—but the interest that a man feels in his own acts naturally increases upon him with his years, especially when he has neither wife nor child to tease him.

I have been lately spending a few weeks with a friend in the county of Durham, and looking over the ground of a few glorious runs, which, but a few short years ago, I recollect to have enjoyed with Mr. Lambton. Durham was indeed a glorious county to hunt in. There is a fine spirit of hospitality in its people, and an ever varying interest in its undulating surface. This district is situate between the Tees and the Wear, along the eastern coast, and at the time I am speaking of was one of the best pieces of hunting ground in the county. It was entirely free from the obstructions which the collieries present in the northern part of the county, and the broken and rugged surface of the western part. The collieries, from long date, seemed to claim an exemption from the *good wishes* of sportsmen. They have their locality to themselves—it is known and avoided—and a mutual understanding seems to have been come to between them and the sports of the county. But “improvement” came. The Darlington and Stockton railway broke in upon the

Duke of Cleveland's and the Hurworth ground; then came the Clarence smack across the best lines in the Sedgefield hunt; and now, another and another—

“Will the line
Stretch till the crack of doom?”

In a few years hunting will be a mere matter of history in this county. About three years ago, certainly not more than four (I am never very certain about dates), I was on a tour and met Mr. Lambton, at a bridge near Houghton le Spring, the name of which I do not at present recollect. The name of Mr. Lambton is, I dare say, well known to most of your readers, and to know him is to esteem him. He is a sportsman to the back bone, and has kept up his pack against much up-hill work in a style of excellence that may be equalled, but, I may confidently say, can never be excelled. I say it without prejudice or flattery, that his turn-out was superior in my mind to any thing that I have ever seen in what are called the crack countries, and I hunted in Leicestershire during the days of the “Quorn.” On the day of which I am speaking we were particularly fortunate. In twenty minutes from the time of meeting we were off at a rattling pace up the Eppleton-hills, and fairly in (as every one thought) for Dalton Dene. We had pretty well shaken off the “tail” when we got to Murton cover—but a check of ten minutes brought some of them up to us—and just as the hindmost hove in sight we found again and went away in a new direction. Having run to Easington, about four miles, we made a sharp curve and “described a very straight line” to Pespool and Hare-hill. Here we faced to the right about; and after about an hour's running from the first finding, we ran the old trump into Castle Eden Dene, between Shotton and the sea. The distance might be, as near as one could judge from the pace, sixteen or eighteen miles, and about eight or ten saw the end of it. There might be fifty when we started. We tried again at Edderacres, but there is no getting away from plantations which are little more than underwood; and another long run was not to be “desiderated.” Some of the horses seemed to have had enough.

I pique myself a little upon a “taste for the picturesque.” I am indeed among those who receive no small share of their pleasures through the medium of the eye. Whether it is that there are more defects and disorders of the eyes now a days or not—or whether the increase of steam engines by wrapping the atmosphere in a “murky vapour,” prevents the perfect exercise of this most delicate organ or not, I cannot pretend to say—but of one fact I am quite sure that I do not see so well as I did even four years ago—but I find I am talking again of myself. I have said that I delight in a fine prospect. After a breather, I love to rein up on the side of a gently rising hill and see the pack sweep down

the valley before me. A pause of a minute is all that such a review demands, and from the pace one generally goes after it, the horse seems to enjoy it as much as his rider. That man's wits must be as "thick as Tewkesbury mustard" who places all his hunting enjoyments in "hard going." I do not deny that rapid motion is exhilarating; but for "mine own poor part" I hate a country that affords you no further prospect than the field you happen to be in. The height of sporting pleasure I take to be—a fine morning after a little rain, with a sharpness in the clear air that gives a desire to be doing something, a fine succession of hill and valley, with the hounds at a moderate distance before, and all the fellows behind.

Such was the day—such the country—and such—(but I am a modest man) when last I galloped over the eastern part of the County of Durham. I looked to another day's sport shortly; but events, which even the quiet tenor of a bachelor's life is not free from, occurred to prevent me visiting the place again till now. Instead of the prospect of a day's sport I beheld what are called the "improvement" of the country,—no fewer than three or four new Collieries *located*, as brother Jonathan would say, in this district, with one of those abominable hydras, called a railway, stretching from said Collieries to a little quiet *Fiord*, or inland sea (if I may be allowed so to term it), near the ancient and singular little town of Hartlepool, which these "improvers" talk of making into a busy, bustling, black and beastly sea-port. My friend — with whom I surveyed these changes, spoke of them with a rapture which, knowing his love of field sports, appeared little short of an hallucination. He seemed fairly bitten by an "improver." When I remonstrated with him for allowing them to cut up his fine estate, he answered me like a second M'Culloch, "that it was a great public benefit"—that an inexhaustible supply of "Walls-end" was to be got by it for I cannot say how many years—from a district entirely untouched. And as to the port, it would be, he said, a place of refuge for the storm-tossed mariner upon a coast where no other asylum offered—and that with the merest assistance from Government (I dare say!) they could make it a place to hold in safety the whole of the British navy. He said a great deal more about our future wars with the Autocrat and the necessity of using steam-boats, and of having a harbour for them on the eastern coast, between the Humber and the Forth, where they could get their "Walls-end," &c. &c. My friend was indeed eloquent, and I had almost got the poor old Monk's exclamation out,

"God be merciful to a soul of this gentleman's way of thinking!"

but fearing to offend him on a point upon which he had apparently set his heart, I was silent; and looking over the beautiful Tees Bay, bounded by the Cleveland hills, in the blue haze of a fine summer's evening, I

tried to picture to myself the visions of my friend realized, and for once to find an excuse for an "improvement." But it was a day dream, and I battled with the illusion. My senses demanded of me the purpose for which we are brought into the world. Is it to make money and railways only? Are we to think of nothing but "greatest-happiness-principles," and all the horrid jargon of the "Societies?" Are the manly sports of the British country gentleman to be cribbed, cabined, and confined, by the cold pounds, shillings, and pence calculations of "improvers" and economists? Is the glorious face of nature to be deformed by those unsightly excrescences called Railways, and the pure light of heaven only made to receive the eternal puffing of an itinerant steam-engine? And all for what—why that forty or fifty improvers may sack their 20 per cent. ! This is too bad. The chase is a truly British sport, and with its decline will come squalid cheeks, cadaverous faces, trades' unions, and "improvement."

The number of Railway Bills passed last Session of Parliament is frightful. The country will be literally cut up by them, and a day's sport with fox-hounds almost impracticable in some. I appeal to you, sir, as a friend and well wisher to hunting, to take up this nuisance seriously. Write at it—agitate—and I trust every one who reads you will require a pledge from his representative, before he gives him a vote, to exert himself to put a stop to it. A community of feeling ought to exist among all sportsmen on this point, whatever may be their feelings on others. If country gentlemen will add to this their most uncompromising resistance to every attempt to cross their estates, I think a check at least may be put to this mania, if it cannot be stopped. If it be allowed to proceed much further, no gentleman will be safe from tea-kettle travellers — no retreat be secure from smoke and noise — and "a railway round Windsor-park, with a branch to Virginia Water" may be the next bill submitted to our gracious Monarch for his royal assent.

I am, Sir,

An old sportsman,

DANIEL OLDBUCK.

The Chase.

IN the first part of this number will be found our annual list of fox-hounds, with, as far as we have been able to ascertain them, the names of the huntsmen as well as those of the masters. We think this former highly respectable body of men, to whom the sporting world is so much indebted for the effective enjoyment of this noblest of all field sports, is fully entitled to the compliment of having its members enrolled in the

pages of a sporting publication ; and we trust that by another season, masters of hounds and our friends in the different hunts will enable us to furnish a list of *all* the members of the different establishments, by which means the names of meretorious servants, who remain long in their situations, will be exhibited, and young aspirants for future fame be thus, in after times, traced from their subordinate situations. Gentlemen will oblige us particularly by transmitting these accounts at their convenience.

We have this year attempted to make out a list of harriers ; and though it bears all the imperfections generally attendant on a first effort, we trust that our labours will be so far seconded, that we may every year advance nearer to perfection. The plan is similar to the fox-hound list, and intended to be equally comprehensive.

It is with unfeigned pleasure we record the bright prospects of the season. Foxes are abundant in every part ; and though we do miss some names from the annual list of masters of hounds, whose career has shed a lustre on field sports, we find others starting into sporting life with an ardour and liberality which stamps the national sport with every mark of firmness and stability. Some subscription packs have been converted into private ones, but in every instance that we have heard of the change has been attended with a marked advantage to the country, in the efficiency of the new establishment. In the North, two packs in adjoining countries have become private property ; Sir M. W. Ridley having taken the southern part of Northumberland without any subscription, and Mr. Ralph Lambton having been equally spirited in Durham. Indeed, in this latter county the subscription has so long been wholly inadequate to the expense, that at last, in compassion to the poverty of the land, Mr. Lambton has declined it altogether. Nothing can exceed the efficiency of this establishment, the style of the management, or the liberality of the owner. These hounds go to Hardwicke, near Sedgfield, on the 3rd of November, where new kennels have been built, stabling made, and a club established on a somewhat similar principle to the old one so long held in the town of Sedgfield. The Duke of Cleveland's hounds were never finer than they are this season. The pack has been drafted down to five and thirty couple, presenting the very cream of this long and justly celebrated pack. Those who think that the *best* of every thing finds its way to the south, would do well to take a peep into the little county of Durham, where they will find two packs of hounds that may fearlessly challenge competition with any in the world. Now that we are on the subject (though we hate saying any thing ill natured) we may just add, that if the Duke of Cleveland would give his hounds the free range of the country when he is absent, instead of prescribing a route for each day's sport, it would afford greater amusement to the gentry, and give finer play to his pack.

Mr. Milbank we hear is doing capitally in the Bedale country, and has lately had a visit from his noble father-in-law.

The Marquess of Hastings has commenced the season well, with plenty of foxes and every prospect of sport. The whole stud and pack are in excellent order. His lordship's huntsman, Will Head, was for many years with the Cheshire as huntsman, and formerly whipped-in to the Belvoir, under Shaw, and afterwards to Mr. Osbaldeston.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

Our Leicestershire correspondent's letter, dated 20th October, says—

As our season is about to commence, I send you a few particulars of what may be expected to take place at the merry little town of Melton. Imprimis, we have the spirited proprietor of the hounds (Mr. Goodricke) staying at the George hotel; a splendid entry of hounds and horses, such as have never been seen before at Thrusington; and (what I have the greatest satisfaction in stating) an abundance of foxes, which we are ever likely to have under the present arrangements, Mr. G. keeping his eye on one of the main points—"the farmers."

Our season will in all probability be an early one, the rain having for the last ten days fallen bountifully, previous to which time the ground was in a very hard state. We are having an increase of the fashionables at Melton and the neighbourhood, this season; including the Marquess Waterford, Sir W. Gearey, &c., at Lowesby-hall; Mr. and Mrs. Villiers at Summerby; Duc De Richillieu, Colonel Dundass, &c., in Melton; and many others are spoken of.

I am sorry to say we are for the present to lose Lord Kinnaird and Count Matuschevitz, two leading men here, and good sportsmen. Melton is filling fast with horses, and active preparations are making in the town for visitors.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

A friend from Northamptonshire writes us—

We are anticipating a good season, as the country is said to be well stocked with foxes. Lord Tavistock enters the field again this season, after several years retirement, and also numerous other gentlemen of the county, and the old Oakley hunt I hear will again be revived. The weather has been any thing but propitious for cub hunting, still Jack Stevens has managed to kill sixteen brace; his hounds are as perfect as it is possible to make hounds in the woodlands, and had the rain come sooner they would have done wonders; the young hounds enter most admirably, and all bids fair for a good season in Northamptonshire. On the 15th, the last day but one of leaving for the open, they met at Pipwell-abbey, ran a fox in the woodlands for nearly an hour, and at last forced him into the open and killed him in ten minutes; during that time they ran completely away from every body. On the 16th we had

a good woodland run of two hours, but changed foxes. On Monday, the 20th, met in the open for the first time, a cold bad scenting day, and had a skirting thing and lost. Mr. Wilkins has only been here for a week; he does not appear to take an active part, although he is very steady and quiet in what he does do, and I have no doubt is very fond of the thing. It is said the country is well stocked with foxes, therefore we may anticipate a good season.

SPORTING IN OXFORDSHIRE.

DEAR EDITOR,

It is some months since you received a communication from me, but as the fox-hunting season is now commenced, I hope to renew our acquaintance, but ere I open as to hounds, horsemen, and hunting (not forgetting Reynard and his family), I must give tongue upon a scent of a different description. Thanks to the spirited exertions of one of the best of the new school, supported by an equally sanguine sportsman and neighbour, we have had the gratification of enjoying an entirely new species of sport, in witnessing the difficulties and disasters attendant upon hunting that (in many places) "rough and ready" scarcity, the otter. That indefatigable sportsman, Mr. Henry Peyton (who is now returned to the Drake Country and taken the hunting box at Stratton Audley, recently occupied by Lord Mostyn), with the assistance of Lord Chetwynd, lately introduced into the north of Oxfordshire a pack of otter-hounds, the streams in the neighbourhood abounding with these amphibious animals. The hounds are from the celebrated pack of Mr. Eld of Seighford-hall, and their appearance excited the utmost curiosity. They are not so high on the leg as a fox-hound, but appear much stouter. Their jackets, shaggy and wire-haired, are of an almost impenetrable thickness,—in fact they greatly resemble the real pepper-and-mustard Scotch terriers, with the exception of their being five times as large, and their covering of a dusky hue. As the season was so far advanced (spring being as I am informed the proper time to hunt them) they have not had many opportunities of signalizing themselves, but on each occasion of their going out good sport has been the result. I have been present at two or three of the runs, and will therefore endeavour to put you in possession of the facts of the chase, and give you some slight information as to the minutiae and art attending this species of venery. On the morning about half-past five, found myself at Somerton-mill, on the banks of the river Cherwell, opposite to the seat of Lord Clonmell. Met the master of the pack, Mr. Peyton, duly equipped for the sport, his dress consisting of a short jerkin, plaid trousers, and jack boots, reaching nearly to the middle of the thigh; in his hand his hunting spear, a tough ash pole about ten feet long, answering both the purpose of a spear and an assistant in leaping the

small brooks, one end having a receptacle for the spear head which is made of steel, having a spring barb and sharp as a lancet. At the other end is a spike to prevent it slipping from the sportsman in leaping. Lord Chetwynd was also there, armed at all points; next I observed Thomas the whipper-in, one of Mr. Eld's huntsmen, and after him came his hounds "so gaunt and grim."

The hounds were put in a small tributary stream to the Cherwell—found immediately, the hounds giving tongue in a more bold and deep tone than fox-hounds, and throwing up their heads with a sort of howl. Away we went to Souldern-wharf, thence to Clifton-mill, afterwards to Nell-bridge, and up the Cherwell to King's Sutton, where, some men having commenced cleaning out the river, the scent became defective, and we were obliged to give him up after a run of about nine miles. The manner of hunting is very curious; Mr. Peyton on one side of the stream as huntsman with the whipper-in, and on the other side Lord Chetwynd, walk away at the rate of five miles an hour, the hounds being kept in subjection and under proper controul by an occasional rap on the shins from the spear pole, should they endeavour to get away at a pace which might outstrip the pedestrian sportsmen. On a subsequent day the pack met at Flight's-mill near Kirtlington, and found directly. The throw up of the head and melodious howl of Old Trumper (a sure find) settled all doubts as to a mistake. Away went the party by Gibraltar, Hampton, Kidlington, Islip, and up to Water Eaton, within a mile of Oxford, where, after a run of upwards of twenty-five miles, taking into account the serpentine windings of the Cherwell, the varmint saved his life in his lodgings, from the situation of which it was found impossible to dislodge him.

Lord Chetwynd pursued the chase on foot without the slightest symptom of fatigue.

But a grand day's sport was experienced at North Aston. The hounds finding quickly and setting to in real earnest, went from the mill as if the object of their search had not slipped them long; the chase continued at a quiet rate, when a view holla was heard a-head, and a messenger, in shape of a miller, shortly appeared with the gratifying intelligence that he had seen the otter cross the stream. Tally-ho was the word, and off went the destroyers, when it was soon discovered that instead of an otter, no less a personage than Reynard himself had for a little recreation thought proper to indulge himself with a cold bath. The hounds were consequently taken back and again laid on the scent, which they ran with remarkable precision in direction of Nell-bridge, previous to reaching which he turned into Adderbury-brook, and after a chase of about eight miles the hounds got well up, and some capital fun was the result. Spears were fixed, the hounds bolted into the water, in

rushed Lord Chetwynd, the game was in view, the blubbers tracking its course; Brusher attacking and worrying the varmint in good style, now above water and now disappearing, the hounds all at him, but from the nature of the furry varmint punishing him but little, though receiving punishment most woefully. Again he is disengaged, and Lord Chetwynd makes a shot at him with the spear, which missing its object vibrates in a mud bank. His lordship jumps into the stream breast high to recover his weapon, and at the same moment a heavy pedestrian on the opposite bank is also anxious to assist in recovering the spear; each making a simultaneous jump, a concussion is the consequence; shoulder came in contact with shoulder, and the unlucky fourteen stone pedestrian is turned over on his back into ten feet of water; he is hooked out, and the chase proceeds. Lord Chetwynd has another cast, and the barbed lance is broken by a stone, the hounds are again at him, a small terrier of Mr. Peyton's performing wonders. Nothing could choke off this determined handful of heroism; the hounds fighting away without making much impression on the sturdy frame of their adversary. Mr. Peyton made a drive at him, and succeeded in spearing him through the back, bringing the *fisherman* ashore; upon which arose such a joyous cry, enough to shake heaven and earth. Whoop, long and loud, intermingled with the most discordant screeching, rent the air:

“ Its peal the merry horn rung out,
And fifty voices join'd the shout.”

The *farmer-followers* of the chase were in ecstasies, and quite uproarious at the death of the nocturnal prowler, which proved to be a fine bitch otter of the weight of 20lbs., in fact the whipper-in Thomas declared that he had never seen a larger. Elated with the success attending the death of this destroyer, and in order to please the public, another throw off took place, and again did the howl of Old Trumper give information that more sport was to be expected, and after a short run, not only by the scent but the swaige, and tracking the never-to-be-deterred hounds, arrived at a drain which Thomas immediately announced to be the place of refuge of the varmint; and, accordingly, in a few minutes out one was bolted, which proved to be a fine dog cub, nearly twelve months old, and weighing more than 13lbs. He was, of course, speedily immolated, and the pack succeeded ultimately in killing three others of the same litter, weighing upwards of 11lbs. each. Nothing could satisfy the unbounded joys of the people assembled but allowing one to be mutilated for the public benefit, and, traitor-like, distributing his limbs in divers places. It is a remarkable fact, that these animals when bitten, directly endeavour to attack their opponents in precisely the same spot. All the hounds were more or less injured, but they make no noise, punishment makes no impression on them. Mr.

Peyton's terrier Snarl, only five months old, bred by him out of his old bitch, and got by Will Todd's (late whipper-in to the Beaufort pack, and now Lord Radnor's huntsman) dog Whiskey, which, I believe, is now in the possession of Mr. Thornhill of Wood Seys, out heroded Herod by its game unflinching determination; he fought with downright ferocity. It appears that otters seldom breed more than once in two years, and usually have four cubs. Their dung is called swaige, and their footmarks trackings, and when the hounds speak to the scent and a find is pronounced, that is called in this amphibious hunting phraseology, a drag. Tally-ho is the word when in view, and whoop and screeching like the devil give note that death has done his business. Another peculiarity in the otter species is, that the dog visits his royal consort nightly, no matter how great a distance may divide them in the day, and if the bitch and cubs should be destroyed, he seeks another vixen and decoys her to his accustomed haunt. The hide of the otter is almost invulnerable, and when dead, although apparently torn to pieces by the hounds, scarcely a rent in the skin can be discovered.

Thomas, the whipper-in, who is a very quiet sedate fellow, states that he never saw in the whole of his otter-hunting peregrinations any thing equal to the courage displayed by Mr. Peyton's terrier. The hounds have had other good runs, but as the season is now ended they are gone into winter quarters; and next spring we may expect some capital sport, as the neighbourhood in which Mr. Peyton resides abounds with that (in some places) almost extinct race of vermin. The country is much indebted to Mr. Peyton and Lord Chetwynd for having introduced so great a novelty.

One word on fox-hunting. We have no scarcity of foxes; the Claydon country abounds with cubs, and we hear no complaints from other quarters. The hounds of Mr. Drake are really in beautiful condition, and reflect the highest credit on the managers. I was at Goddington the other day, and had a capital run from Reeve's to Stoke-wood of an hour and twenty-five minutes. In the sporting world, and particularly in the Drake Hunt, "a mighty spirit is eclipsed;" John Harrison, Esq. of Shelswell, has departed from this sublunary world, regretted by every true sportsman. No gentleman could be more respected, "in life beloved, in death regretted." He was a fine specimen of a British sportsman, a beneficent landlord, an excellent friend, and a first-rate sportsman, whether taken across a country or in the cap and jacket. Nimrod has now another subject for his unequalled pen in recording the virtues of his successful opponent in jockeyship over Cottesford-heath on Pantaloon against Nimrod's Welshman. Mr. John Slater succeeds to the property of his uncle, and takes the name of Harrison.

ESAU.

October 23, 1834.

TATTERSALL'S.

DERBY.

SEVERAL horses have been backed for this stake since our last number, and the field has, in consequence, become considerably enlarged. Coriolanus is still first favourite, but he has not been backed of late owing to the appearance in the market of the Marchesa and Young Petuaria colts, both of which belong to the same party. Silenus, on the strength of his half-brother's (Glencoe) excellent running has found favour with many good judges, to whom he is in no slight degree recommended by his appearance, which bespeaks first-rate racing qualities; Ibrahim (in the same stable) is also in some force at 20 and 22 to 1. Brother to Augustus is quoted at 16 to 1, and Angelica at 17 to 1, but not much done about either. The Duke of Cleveland has two in the market, the Pucelle and Bee in a Bonnet colts—the former has been backed at 20 to 1 and the latter at ten points more, on the faith of having been *twice defeated* with very great ease! In an unfashionable stable he would not have been named in the betting. The Darioletta colt has a select party of friends—(those only immediately connected with the stake) who have taken as little as 20 to 1. As the variations since our last have not been very important, we shall content ourselves with a list of the prices up to the 27th ult.—

- 11 to 1 agst. Coriolanus, by Emilius, out of Linda
- 13 to 1 agst. Silenus, by Reveller, out of Trampoline (taken)
- 16 to 1 agst. Brother to Augustus, by Sultan
- 16 to 1 agst. c. by Chateau—Marchesa
- 17 to 1 agst. c. by Reveller—Angelica
- 20 to 1 agst. c. by Catton—Darioletta
- 20 to 1 agst. c. by Memnon—Pucelle (t.)
- 20 to 1 agst. c. by Tramp, or Comus, out of Y. Petuaria
- 23 to 1 agst. Ibrahim, brother to Ishmael
- 30 to 1 agst. c. by Emilius, out of Bee in a Bonnet
- 30 to 1 agst. c. by Emilius—Varenes
- 33 to 1 agst. c. by Middleton—Niobe
- 40 to 1 agst. Stockport, by Langer, out of Olympia
- 25 to 1 agst. colts by Emilius out of Ally and Worthless

- 33 to 1 agst. c. by Lamplighter, out of Spinning Jenny
- 33 to 1 agst. Luminary, by Lamplighter, out of Harriet
- 40 to 1 agst. Welcome, by Luzborough, out of Victoria

The three last have not been mentioned lately; the odds given against them are the last that were offered.

- 4 to 1 agst. Mr. Ridsdale's lot (t.)
- 6 to 1 agst. Lord Jersey's lot (t.)
- 10 to 1 agst. Lord Exeter's lot.

THE OAKS.

THE results of the Clearwell and Prendergast Stakes have established Preserve and Hester as first and second favourites, and driven Eva back two or three points; it is likely to be a good betting race as the three are in crack stables, and belong to gentlemen who are sure to send plenty of money into the market if they fancy their nags; should Martha win the Criterion, Mr. G. will, no doubt, invest largely.

- 11 to 2 agst. Preserve, by Emilius, out of Mustard
 - 7 to 1 agst. Hester, by Camel—Monimia
 - 9 to 1 agst. Eva, by Sultan—Eliza Leeds
 - 15 to 1 agst. Queen of Trumps, by Velocipe out of Princess Royal
 - 15 to 1 agst. f. by Camel out of Martha
 - 15 to 1 agst. f. by Velocipede, out of Miss Garforth.
- The two last are only nominally in the betting.

Newmarket, Monday night, Oct. 27. The Criterion Stakes came off this afternoon as follows.

- Mr. Greville's Preserve, 8st. 8lb.—
- Arnall 1
- Mr. Mills's Hester, 8st. 8lb. 2

Mr. Greatrex's f. by Camel, out of Martha, 8st. 11b. (third); Mr. Grant's f. by Filho, out of Orpheline, 8st. 11b. (fourth); Mr. W. Edwards's f. Burdon, by Camel, 8st. 11b. (fifth); Lord Orford's ch. f. Dorothy, 8st. 11b. (sixth); Mr. Rawlinson's b. f. Reliance, 8st. 3lb. (seventh); Lord Lichfield's f. Gipsy, 8st. 3lb. (eighth); and Mr. Yates's br. c. Clarence, 8st. 3lb. (last); also started, but were not placed.

Betting, 6 to 4 on Preserve, 7 to 2 agst. Burdon, 7 to 1 agst. Hester, and 10 to 1 agst. Martha. Won by half a length. A great many false starts and no tailing.

OBITUARY.

It is with sincere regret that we record the death of Rear Admiral the Hon. George Heneage Dundas, which took place at Upleatham, near Guisborough, in Cleveland, Yorkshire, on Monday, the 6th ult. The Admiral was a member of the Lambton Hunt,

and one of the most intimate friends of the distinguished owner of the pack. His death, which was caused by apoplexy, has cast a gloom over a large circle of friends and acquaintance, by whom he was most justly esteemed and beloved. The Admiral was in his 57th year.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"Deccan" is received, with thanks. Also, "N. W."—"Stephen Oliver" need not hurry himself.—Thanks to our friend of the "R. V. L. Y. C." next season we will take up the Reports. It is too late to begin this year.—If "Wanderer" will call at the Printer's he will find what he wants.

"Mr. Simpson," ou "Nimrod's Condition of Hunters," and "An Old Sportsman," on Second-hand Guns, have been received.

"Mr. Rover," alias "Mr. Sportsman," of Plymouth, is a wag. Not content with seeing Mr. Ackermann's name and address on the wrapper of the Magazine, he must needs have the Editor's too!

Many thanks to "The Salopian" for his kind remembrance. Will he send us an address to which Vol. VII. can be forwarded?

"Junglicus" will please to accept our best thanks. We fully appreciate and are grateful for his exertions. With a few such friends in each county, our List of Hounds would now have been perfect.

To "H. P. Alnwick."—We had previously heard, and were sorry to hear, of the schism among the members and subscribers to the Alnwick Hunt, and that the long able secretary had resigned his situation. Our letter (which was received by Mr. Jorrock, from one of his grocer friends in Alnwick) speaks in terms other than laudatory of that gentleman's services, which we are at a loss to reconcile with the handsome tribute to his exertions and ability that we had on a former occasion the pleasure of recording. We trust that matters may yet be arranged to the satisfaction of all parties, and the long able secretary be induced to resume a situation which (notwithstanding our friend J.'s letter) we believe he is generally admitted to have filled with credit to himself and advantage to the establishment. "This pack," the writer adds, "is no longer an *ouso-wick*' pack, but ranks among the fox-hounds of the day."

To "G. S.," "The Rambler, alias the Rascal in Green," is wholly beneath contempt. We may mention a fact, however, which will put his advocacy in its proper light. When the first of the papers appeared which he now professes to condemn, he told a friend of ours that it was the "best and truest description of the Surry Hunt he had ever read!" And now let Master Dashwood deny that, at the same time that he denies being the "Rambler in Green." It is degrading to literature to see a fellow in the market who will let himself out to lie at so much a page! Let him however be cautious how he proceeds. Much as we have already exposed him, we have yet a *bonne bouche* in reserve which will effectually annihilate any little remnant of character he may have left.

Thanks to "Tom Moody" for "Peat's Saddle Pocket"—only received in time to be acknowledged.

WORKS RECEIVED.

Ackermann's "Forget me Not," for 1835.

Miss Sheridan's "Comic Offering," 1835.

No. I.—Of "Leaves from the Memorandum Book of Alfred Crowquill," a most humorous collection of Caricature Head and Tail Pieces.—"A Tea Leaf," and "Travelling Companions," are admirable.

"Tyney Hall," by Thomas Hood.

"The Book of the Reformed Parliament."

THE New Sporting Magazine.

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FOX AND EGRET.

Engraved by SCOTT, from a Painting by NEWTON FIELDING.

THIS picture tells its own tale—sly reynard has just pounced upon his prey, and in another instant this graceful bird will be borne away to the fox's earth. The little egret (*ardea gazzetta*) is a species of heron, crested, with a white body and black bill; lores and legs greenish, irides yellowish, crest consisting of some short and two long feathers. It is nearly a foot long, and weighs about a pound, and inhabits marshy places, in temperate regions. If we may judge from the bill of fare of the famous feast given by Archbishop Nevil, these birds were formerly plentiful in England, for no fewer than one thousand are found in that list. It is, however, now become a very rare bird in this kingdom. In its habits it resembles the common heron.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE STEEPLE-CHASE.

BY ESAU.

ON my arriving at the George Inn, Aylesbury, on the night previous to the chase, I found that Lord Waterford, Mr. Geary, Messrs. Anderson, Yeasley, and other proprietors of the nags entered, had there taken up their quarters. A great difficulty prevailed in procuring beds, several having been obliged to leave the George and take up their abode in private lodgings, otherwise the town did not exhibit that influx of company which I expected to have seen. The betting too was very slack—one gentleman, Mr. Isaac Sadler, being inclined to bet against all the horses, with the exception of Vivian, about whom he exercised a sound discretion, by barring him. £70 to 10 against Lord Waterford's Lancet were taken by his lordship, who offered to back his nag against any thing in the race for £200. The Flyer appeared to be a favourite with Mr. Anderson, but 7 to 1 were offered against him. A bet upon a double event was made between Mr. Sadler and Mr. Anderson, the former betting £100 to 5, that the latter did not place the first and second horse; Mr. Anderson named The Flyer first, and Vivian second; he subsequently wished to have put Vivian first and his own second. As most of your readers will have seen the names of the horses, and also of their riders, it would be superfluous to enumerate them*. Suffice it to say, that they

* For the convenience of reference we think it desirable to give the list of the horses that started:—En.

Marquess of Waterford's br. f. Lancet Owner
Mr. Geary's br. g. Pickle Owner



W. Scott Smith

FOX AND EGRET.

W. Scott Smith

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R L

all looked in pretty good plight, Lord Waterford's appearing in the best possible condition, and his owner all life and confidence. To my mind Mr. Yeasley's Cantley seemed a likely nag to get across a country, having some good hunting points; his performance was very far above mediocrity, and if a workman like George Edwards had been on his back, there is little doubt, that, if not first, he would have been very handy. The start took place from Waddesdon-mill, over a capital country, to a field adjoining the town of Aylesbury, the ground being chosen by Mr. Henry Payton and Mr. Fielding, and a finer country could not have been chosen, abounding in stiff double fences, a few rasping bullfinches, and a couple of brooks. Before proceeding further it will be proper to remark, that in some reports of this affair great stress has been laid on the supposed unfortunate selection of a brook which was impracticable, and although not in direct terms, yet by innuendos it is hinted that "a river, passable only by immersion," was selected for the purpose of trying the nerve of the riders, or of producing sport to spectators; and one report goes even so far as to state, that a similar selection might deter many first-rate fields-men from entering themselves, or permitting their horses to enter on such a contest. A rebuke, although not in severe terms, is certainly intended for the umpires in choosing the ground which included such a "river." Ere observations of the nature I have quoted are given to the public, every inquiry should be made, every information resorted to, to ascertain the correctness of the intelligence on which they are founded. Knowing the country well, I can have no hesitation in stating that this "river" is jumpable in many parts by common horses—that in the line in which the horses OUGHT to have come (and which is a *direct* one) the stream or brook is not more than sixteen or eighteen feet wide, and in some places higher

Count d'Orsay's b. g. Ace of Trumps.....	A lad
Mr. Bainbridge's w. m. Laurestina.....	Mr. Allnutt
Captain Fairlie's b. m. Norna	Mr. Powell
Mr. Solloway's br. g. Enterprise.....	Owner
Mr. Cowper's b. g. Harlequin	Owner
Captain Sheddon's ch. g. Phipps.....	Owner
Captain Lamb's b. g. Vivian	Mr. Beecher
Mr. Tilbury's ch. h. Prospero.....	Mr. J. Mason
Captain Clitheroe's br. g. Fingal	Owner
Mr. Elmore's g. g. Grimaldi	Mr. Bean
Mr. Bean's b. g. Dreadnought	Mr. Cardale
Mr. Anderson's w. g. The Flyer	Mr. Weston
Mr. Anderson's b. g. The Poet.....	Mr. Rice
Mr. Weston's ch. c. Cottager	Mr. F. Nicholson
Mr. Yeasley's ch. g. Cantley	A lad
Mr. Smith's b. g.	A lad
Mr. Brown's g. m. Confidence.....	Owner
Mr. Scoulard's b. g. Glenartney	Mr. Cartwright.

up not so much, added to which, in the *direct line*—almost as straight as a crow could fly—for those tremendous nags that could not clear sixteen or seventeen feet, there was a ford, which would not soil the knees nor alarm the nerves of the most consummate liquid-shunner, unless labouring under the direful effects of hydrophobia. Enough—the horses all hugged the road, although cautioned not to do so, and instead of keeping their line, they chose for their own gratification to take the brook in almost its widest part. If Captain Lamb be asked the question, I have no doubt that he can give a satisfactory answer as to whether there is a ford, as I have described, or not, and whether the stream higher up was not jumpable? One horse alone went in the line, and if I am not mistaken, it was The Poet, and he came precisely in direction of the narrow part of the brook and ford, but turned away (although hailed by a white handkerchief) to go with the ruck. If in a steeple-chase where parties have an object in view by which to steer their course as in this case, having the steeple of Aylesbury-church right before them, and instead of going straight will swerve to the left or right, far out of their line, and consequently get into difficulties, and after being cautioned too, they must abide by the consequences attendant on indiscretion and want of judgment, and he who has the best head, with equally good hands and seat, must succeed against others who may want such requisites.

A head screwed on the right way in a steeple-chase must be of essential service—it will select a thin place in the fence—it will ease its nag against a hill—hold him hard in the deep—ask itself a question as to where it can save ground, or prudently make running—knowing a brook to be eight feet wider in one place than another, and by reason of its width dangerous to encounter, and being cautioned that a much better place is to be met with—a good head will generally (unless he has some cogent reasons for the contrary) make use of its knowledge-box to assist in a dilemma. Barely sitting upon a horse and riding him to death without looking where he is going will avail little against judgment and discretion; and although in the present case want of cool judgment in not keeping the line may be applicable to all, if Mr. Beecher (who for sometime hunted with the Mostyn hounds, and who must have ere now faced the dreaded doubles of Eythrop, as well as some of the brooks in its neighbourhood), be applied to, he can no doubt solve the difficulty, why *he* kept with the ruck instead of taking his own line. I would put a few interrogatories. Did he conceive that Vivian had not foot enough for Norna—that he was out-paced by Glenartney and several others? Did he fancy that if he took up the line from his supposed knowledge of the country, others would follow him, and be equally benefited? Did he not with the presence of mind of a good general, and the skill of a first-rate tactician, discover that on nearing home, when fences were getting

lighter, and all the heavy doubles diminishing, that he could not go the pace with others, and therefore, that the only way to succeed was, to take his chance at the brook (in following the ruck) where it was impracticable and rely on the chapter of accidents for assistance? Why did he disregard Captain Lamb's signal? Did he prefer relying on his own resources.

The object of these observations is to vindicate two good sportsmen from the charge of having selected a country not come-at-able in the usual mode, one of whom, I can state from my own knowledge, would have made "trifles light as air" of the unheard of "river." But *quantum suff.* The early part of the chase I did not see; but previous to nearing the last brook, for I will not call it a river, the most prominent nag in my estimation was Norna, who seemed to have the speed of all. Cantley, too, was going well. An account of the immersion, &c., as I have before observed, it will be needless to repeat; suffice it to say, that previous to that Lord Waterford's line was too much to the left, and that, on getting to the last brook, his Lordship was the *only one* that attempted to jump it. He came rattling on and took a regular rush at it, without attempting to ford it; and his Lordship's horse's chest came with great force against the opposite bank, which brought him into the stream, from which he could not be extricated without considerable difficulty, and consequently his chance was out, and I am fearful his nag almost ruined. Laurestina was the first landed, and went up the hill at a killing pace, steering her course to the left, near to the turnpike-gate. Vivian was going more straight, and, without one moment impeaching the judgment of his consummate rider, if *he* had not rattled up this choker at *quite* so good a pace, he might have been fresher on attaining the summit; but if there was an error, it was a slight one, and ample amends were subsequently made. On coming to the double into the lane leading to Hartwell, the white mare got over cleverly, as she did also the fence into the next field. On Vivian attempting to jump the double into the lane, he got entangled amongst the briars, and to all appearance was DEAD BEAT; but here the coolness and superior judgment of Mr. Beecher were displayed, instead of spurring and bruising his horse he allowed him a few seconds to get his wind, and waited patiently till Vivian chose to struggle and extricate himself, which he did after a strong effort, and immediately on landing in the lane the quick eye of his wide-awake steersman, discovered a very *thin* place in the next fence, through which his nag walked without difficulty. Laurestina being at that time at least one hundred and fifty lengths a-head, and from the apparently beaten state of Vivian, it was in my opinion poundable, and I made a remark to Mr. Beecher in passing, that I was afraid the game was up; but he replied with great pluck, "*Now I can come again, and win,*" and he

accordingly went to work the right way, by making use of the Northalerton's, at the same time strongly holding his horse and afterwards easing him in the most masterly style, and although fast gaining on the mare he had sufficient discretion not to attempt to lead her, as while he kept his position he had the advantage of seeing what the mare was doing, and in what manner Allnut was working her. Not being able to get across the country so quickly as I could wish, I could only see them over the last fence, which they appeared to take almost simultaneously, and imperfectly observe that the mare appeared to swerve, which I understood was occasioned by her being whipped, but it seems her rider almost instantly regained his self-possession, and rode her remarkably well to the finish—Vivian winning cleverly by three or four lengths—the mare second, and the third place being disputed between Cantley and Prospero. By the bye, the latter is as fine a blood-looking animal as the eye would wish to gaze upon. The distance, it seems, was performed in about thirteen minutes and a-half, which must be allowed, taking into consideration the tremendous obstacles, to be exceedingly quick; and by reason of the deviation from the line, it must have been nearer four miles and a-half than four miles. It is quite a mistake in some of the accounts, that no horse attempted to leap the "river," as I have before stated, Lord Waterford charged it with the greatest intrepidity. Equally wrong is the statement, that "on coming to the lane, which was inclosed by *two tremendous fences*," Vivian got another fall, and that his "rider was up in an instant"—the fences at the lane were *not* tremendous, but on the contrary, quite common-place, and being within five yards of Vivian, I can positively state that he was *not down*, *nor was Mr. Beecher off him*—he was entangled in the hedge, and his rider with great discretion allowed him several seconds to get himself out. It would be too much, perhaps, to say that no other person would have won on Vivian, but it is perfectly true, that few men indeed could have ridden on the whole with more judgment, or made more of his horse than Mr. Beecher. The affair afforded the utmost satisfaction, and from the pluck displayed by the gallant owner of Vivian in matching his horse against the noble marquess for so heavy a stake, he has proved that he was worthy of his good luck. If Cock Robin be, as stated, so much superior to Lancet, Vivian has indeed something to do to carry off the corianders. I saw him at Deakin's stable the day after the chase, and he appeared none the worse for his exertions, and the confidence of his gallant backer appeared not one whit abated.

Reviews.

THE FORGET ME NOT.

ACKERMANN & Co.

WE always hail the appearance of the Forget Me Not, as we would that of an old friend who has introduced us to a pleasant circle of acquaintances. The Forget Me Not, to use a figure in our own line, was first on the course among the Annuals, and for a season or two walked over it without competition. But the stakes were soon discovered to be worth contending for, and with each succeeding year appeared a crowd of competitors, as numerous and various in merit as Derby or Leger horses, jostling and crossing the old Favourite at every turn. Still, it has always maintained a good place, and this year, having increased its size, and exchanged its silken jacket for a more substantial and seasonable suit of leather, comes out with renewed claims on our favour.

The plates, ten in number, from paintings by Lawrence, Westall, Prout, Cattermole, and other artists of eminence, are beautifully engraved, and the names of Miss Landon, Mrs. Lee, Miss Strickland, Mrs. Gore, and Mary Howitt, Chorley, Inglis, T. K. Harvey, William Howitt, and Delta, will sufficiently attest the merit of the contributions. The volume concludes with a just and elegant tribute to the memory of the late Mr. Ackermann.

THE COMIC OFFERING.

EDITED BY LOUISA HENRIETTA SHERIDAN.

SMITH, ELDER, & Co.

THE "Comic Offering" being dedicated to the *ladies* of Great Britain, Miss Sheridan may perhaps think our compliment a doubtful one, when we say it has afforded us many a hearty laugh and broad grin. But as all who read it *must* laugh, and heartily too, we counsel those who fear "sinning against propriety," to enjoy their "Literary Mirth" in private. The frontispiece, typical of the whole volume, is a happy idea;—the "Wag-on of Fun," loaded with puns, jests, and pleasant stories, and (unlike most other wagons) carrying only light and fancy articles, having passed through the towns of Blithe, Rum-say, Brighton, Merry-oneth, &c., running down in its course low-spirits, blues, and fogs, has trotted up again to the "Gen. Wag. Office, of Sheridan and Company." The design is excellent, and admirably executed by Seymour. Indeed (with

a few exceptions) there is a marked improvement in all the plates; we would particularly instance "Short-waits," the "Wet-nurse," and "Tasting the Home-brood."

Of the literary portion of the volume, the fair Editress's contributions are decidedly the best, though, in addition to most of our former favourites, we find several new names of merit, and among them our talented friend Sylvanus Swanquill.

Most of the articles are too long for extract, or our readers should have a sample of *goods* from the Wag-on.

THE COMIC ALMANACK, 1835.

CHARLES TILT.

ONE act, at least, of the Whig Administration will be gratefully acknowledged by all parties,—that to which we are indebted for Tilt's "Comic Almanack." Every page of this rarest of Almanacks is full of amusement and instruction,—from the wrapper, which teaches the number, names, and nature, of the signs of the Zodiac better than all the treatises on Astronomy that ever were written, and the title-page, with its Grimaldi-like letters, as pleasant to look upon as a pantomime, to the valedictory "moral," with its *impressive* gravity. In this little volume will be found a true and correct calendar for every month in the year, with feasts, fasts, festivals, and events duly set forth,—a dozen pages of predictions à la Francis Moore, interspersed with comicalities in prose and verse,—and, to crown all, twelve characteristic illustrations of the months in George Cruickshank's happiest style; and all this for half a crown! It may well be asked, "What has *the* Society done equal to this?" George Cruickshank's is "the only true" cheap Entertaining Knowledge, and Charles Tilt its best diffuser.

OBITUARY.

WE omitted last month to record the death of the Right Honourable the Earl of Derby, which took place at Knowsley-park on the 21st of October, in the 81st year of his age. His lordship was the originator of the celebrated Derby and Oaks Stakes, and was a most liberal patron of all field-sports. His late stag-hunting establishment in the County of Surrey, was one of the most expensive in England, and was of incalculable advantage to the farmers of that district.

The Life and Death of the late John Mytton, Esq., of Halston, Shropshire ;

FORMERLY M. P. FOR SHREWSBURY ; HIGH SHERIFF FOR THE COUNTIES
OF SALOP AND MERIONETH, AND MAJOR IN THE NORTH
SHROPSHIRE YEOMANRY CAVALRY.

By Nimrod.

PART III.

" Ubi plura nitent."—Hos.

I HAD not seen Mr. Mytton for at least two years previously to my quitting England, but I had heard some unpleasant reports touching his pecuniary affairs ; yet it was not until I read the advertisement in the Times of the sale of *all* his effects at Halston, that I found his race was run. As the greatness of every man's fall is measured by the height from which he fell, my heart bled as I waded through the melancholy detail of objects so familiar to my mind, so dear to himself, and also associated with brighter days of my own. " Poor fellow," said I, to a mutual friend who was at my side ; " better he had never lived, than to have to taste those bitter moments which in future must be his portion. He who towered like the cedar will now be trampled upon like the bramble, and perhaps neglected by those whom his bounty once fed." What became of him, however, after the sale of his effects at Halston—for every thing was sold except Euphrates, the race horse—it is not material to inquire ; and I only know that, being in fear of arrest by creditors, he sojourned for some time at a small hotel in Richmond*, from which place are to be dated circumstances and events deeply affecting his future, short, but melancholy term of life.

On the 5th of November, 1831, during my residence in the town of Calais, I was surprised by a violent knocking at my door, and so unlike what I had ever heard before in that quiet town, that, being at hand, I was induced to open the door myself ; when, to my no little astonishment, there stood John Mytton ! " In God's name," said I, " what has brought you to France ? " " Why," he, replied " *just what brought yourself to France ;*" (parodying the old song) " three couple of bailiffs were hard at my brush." But what did I see before me ? The active,

* Before going there, I believe he was a good deal at one of the fashionable bachelor hotels in Bond-street, where he might be seen sitting down to dinner, with bailiffs, money-lenders, and ragamuffins of all descriptions, who haunted and followed him wherever he went.

vigorous, well-shapen John Mytton, whom I had left some years back in Shropshire? Oh, no! compared with him, 'twas the "reed shaken by the wind;" there stood before me, a round-shouldered, decrepid, tottering *old-young* man, if I may be allowed such a term, and so bloated by drink that I might have exclaimed, with Ovid,

"Accedant capiti cornua, Bacchus eris*."

But there was a worse sight than this. There was a mind, as well as a body in ruins; the one had partaken of the injury done to the other, and it was at once apparent that all was a wreck. In fact, he was a melancholy spectacle of fallen man—of one, over whom all the storms of life seemed to be engendered in one cloud.

After drinking some wine, he took his leave of me abruptly, saying he was going in a carriage to Guines, a small town eight miles from Calais, where he had been quartered, when in the hussars, with the army of occupation; but, taking me affectionately by the hand, said, "I shall come to you to-morrow, for I have a great deal to say to you." The morrow came and he himself came, accompanied by Mr. Vaughton†, and I hope neither of us may have occasion to witness such another scene. His pecuniary affairs appeared not to give him a moment's uneasiness. As regarded them, fancy, or something worse, had dressed the future prospect with the gayest colours; he had seventy thousand pounds to receive, he said, after all debts should be paid; had engaged Mc Donald, the jockey, to be his trainer and rider of his new stud of race horses; and he had purchased a capital house in Curzon-street, May-fair, where of course there was a knife and fork for me, and bail for ten thousand pounds! Neither did he appear to care two pence for what had occurred at Halston. It was to be all reinstated in its former splendour, and once more was I to be his guest. It would have been cruel to have undeceived him here. Like the good citizen of Argos, he might have upbraided us for so doing, and exactly in his words:—

"Pol me occidistis, amici,
Non servastis, ait, qui sic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error‡."

But the sore was not yet laid bare. A very elegant writer has observed, "there are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul, that penetrate the vital seat of happiness—and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom;" and this we could perceive was his case. He was writhing under one of them—the *madness of wounded affection*,

* If you had but horns on your head, you would be Bacchus.

† A brother sportsman from Warwickshire, but now residing in France.

‡ It would have been better that you should have destroyed me, my friends, than to have deprived me of the most agreeable delusion of the human mind.

and though vanquished, he would not yield. "I'll have my wife back again, by G—d," said he; "*look at these marks*," pointing to a wound on each wrist, which it appeared he had purposely kept from healing; "*they handcuffed me**; but, so help me G—d, I'll have her yet." Here a violent hysterick affection put an end to the scene; but it was evident that not only had the "iron entered into his soul," but that the foundation of his happiness was sapped, and that, in his then course of life, either his reason or his health must give way.

One week's experience of his proceedings, for he was never sober throughout the day, confirmed me in the above view of his case, and I thought it my duty to take some precautions. The first step was to interrogate his valet, as to what instrument he had in his possession by which he could put an end to what—if he ever suffered himself to take a clear and sober view of it—must have been a barren and cheerless existence; and the next, to inform his friends of my fears. Barring his mother, his uncle, Mr. Owen, of Woodhouse, near Shrewsbury (one of his guardians), was his nearest relation; to whom I stated my apprehensions that his nephew would either go mad, or die, and very shortly too, and wished for his advice as to how I should act in case my suspicions should prove well grounded. His answer as regarded myself was kind, and that of a gentleman; but as concerned his nephew it was conclusive. He had never, he said, taken his advice in any one instance, therefore he declined offering it on the occasion on which I sought it, and much-soever as he lamented the ruin that had befallen him, it was a consolation to him to reflect that he had not in the smallest degree contributed to it. (This letter is dated November 25, 1831, just twenty days after his nephew's arrival at Calais.)

It may be easily imagined that the arrival of my old friend at Calais, in the state in which he then appeared, was any thing but what I could have desired. My pen was at that time employed on a very interesting subject, and I knew, from past experience, how many times in the day I should be interrupted by him. But I had shared his prosperity, and I was not going to desert him in his adversity. He did not, however, want for society at Calais. He gave dinners at his hotel; and as Epicurus's wise man would cultivate friendship, as he would the earth, *for what it produces*, there were plenty such wise men to be found in Calais†.

* He alluded to a desperate attempt he had made to regain possession of his wife, after she had returned to her family at Chillington-hall; when it was found absolutely necessary for the constables to handcuff him, before they could make themselves secure of his person. It has been stated that he knocked down eight persons in the rencontre. No doubt he went "big with daring determinations," but he was foiled by a good look-out.

† Here the character of the man appears in its true colour. One gentleman, pre-

This, however, was not the worst of it. Still wiser men followed him from London, as I shall soon take occasion to show, as also how fortunately their designs were frustrated.

Although my house, with its humble fare, was always open to Mr. Mytton, I never made one of his dinner parties; but one evening, about nine o'clock, he came into my dining room, accompanied by a man, in a rough great coat, whom he introduced as a livery stable keeper in Edgeware-road, but who, in my eye, had every appearance of a London thief. On hearing Mr. Mytton say something of a draft or bill, I asked this person what was the amount of his demand on Mr. Mytton, when he replied, "under £100." To cut this story short then, I shall only state, that I cautioned my friend against giving bills in a foreign country, and also requested his old acquaintance, Mr. Longden, then residing at Calais, to caution him also,—for our suspicions were equally aroused—but we were both equally repulsed with "mind your own business," or words to that effect; and the rascal succeeded, that evening, after he left my house, in getting his signature to a bill for £200!! And even this was nearly being not the worst of it. A gang of swindlers, of which this fellow was one, were in the town with stamps suitable to £5,000, for which amount they *intended* to get him to sign bills, with the promise of remitting him the money for them*.

But this was only the commencement of that memorable evening's work. After repairing to the hotel, where the bill was signed, Mr. Mytton and his friend sallied forth to a "finish," and somewhere about midnight, returned again to the hotel, and now comes the climax.

But, reader, one word with you first. You have heard, no doubt, of many memorable deeds performed by fire. You have read that somebody set fire to Troy, Alexander to Persepolis, Nero to Rome, a baker to London, a rascally Caliph to the treasures of Persepolis, and the proud but brave Porcenna to his own hand and arm to frighten the stubborn Mutius Scævola into a peace; but did you ever hear of a man setting fire to his own shirt, to frighten away the hiccup? Such, however, is the climax I have alluded to; and this was the manner in which it was performed: "D—n this hiccup," said Mytton, as he stood undressed on the floor, apparently in the act of getting into his bed; "but I'll *frighten* it away;" so seizing a lighted candle, applied it to the tail of his shirt, and—it being a cotton one—he was instantly enveloped in flames.

vionally unknown to him, borrowed his coat, with the Anson hunt button on it,—rather unceremoniously, as he said,—to go to a ball. He ordered his valet to line the gentleman's coat sleeves with fish hooks against he called for it, the next day.

* The payment of this bill was stopped by placards in the streets of London, in which the names of other gentlemen who had been swindled by the same party appeared.

Now, how was his life saved? is the next question that might be asked. Why, by the active exertions of his London customer, and of another stout and intrepid young man who was in the room, who jointly threw him down on the ground and tore his shirt from his body, piece-meal. Then, here again comes John Mytton! "The hiccup is gone, by —," said he, and reeled, naked, into his bed.

It is easily to be supposed that the irregular life Mr. Mytton was at this time leading had its due weight with his valet, and, although he had been some four or five years in his service, he had left him that night to his fate, and was pursuing his own pleasures in Calais. The following morning, however, between the hours of seven and eight, he came to inform me of what his master had done, and wished me to come instantly to see him. "What doctor have you got?" said I. "*None*," replied the man. "Send for Dr. Souville immediately," added I, "and I will come to your master as soon as I am dressed*."

Shall I ever forget the scene this morning presented? There lay Mr. Mytton, not only shirtless, but sheetless, with the skin of his breast, shoulders, and knees of the same colour with a newly-singed bacon hog. He saluted me, as usual, with a view holloa, but I told him that was no time for joking, and asked him *why* he committed so silly an act, and one that might very probably be the cause of his death? in fact, had the flames caught his body one inch lower down, his intestines would have been burnt and he must have perished? His answer was—the answer of a madman—that *he wished to show me how he could bear pain*. This scene closed with the arrival of the doctor, who applied the usual palliatives, but whose opinion as to the result, it was then almost useless to ask for.

Any man but John Mytton, would have tried to have aided the exertions of his doctor, to alleviate sufferings which very shortly became severe, but he absolutely added fuel to the fire. The more he smarted the more he drank, but, like the Spartan boy, he never squeaked. "Can't I bear pain well?" he would say to me six times in the day, and in truth he did bear it well. But although it sometimes happens that the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak, here the flesh was the stronger of the two, for the mind of the sufferer very soon became affected. I have, however, omitted to mention one act he committed the day after his accident, which, if committed by any other man but himself, would have been evidence to have shown that he was always mad. "Is not going to dine with you to-day?" said he to me. On my

* Our principal and very eminent English physician, Dr. Bradley, was at this time absent from Calais. Dr. Souville, however, is the principal French physician, and of acknowledged practical ability.

answering in the affirmative, he observed, that I might have asked him to have met him. "It would cost you your life," said I; "you must be stark mad to think of going out in the state you are at present." He gave me one of those looks which generally implied mischief, and which were well understood by his friends; and said no more. Just after we were seated at our dinner, however, in walked John Mytton; but although he sat out the meal and half an hour afterwards, he fainted twice, and was glad to return to his bed. But even this is a trifle to what he did afterwards. He had been five weeks in his bed, when he declared he would dine with me on New Year's day. Nothing but the straitwaistcoat would have restrained him, and he came; and moreover, because there were not four horses to the carriage, to take him back to his hotel—not three hundred yards—he would walk, without even a great coat, but supported by two persons, and although the air was cold and damp he was not a whit the worse for it. What would some people have given for such a constitution as his, and how difficult was it even for him to destroy it!

Of all the uncertainties of our present state, says Dr. Johnson, the most dreadful and alarming is the uncertain continuance of reason; and although there may be "a pleasure in madness madmen only know," it is harrowing to the feelings of others to behold it. My prediction, however, respecting Mr. Mytton was fulfilled; he became deranged in about a fortnight after the burning, and it was quite evident he would very shortly become a maniac. Symptoms at length gave apprehension of his becoming at times dangerous; the straitwaistcoat was ordered, and the men were in readiness in the house to apply it. "Wait," said I, "and let me try, once more, if I can arouse him to a sense of his situation;" and entering his chamber alone, the following conversation passed:—

"Mytton," said I, "I come to tell you that your doctors assure me you will be a corpse in three days, unless you give up drinking brandy." "So much the better," he replied, "I wish to die." "That is not the speech of a man of your good understanding," I observed; "you may yet see happy days if you will give up drinking brandy. Will you promise me you will give it up?" He said he would not; but on my telling him there were six men in the house ready to put his person under restraint, he said he would promise to drink only what his doctors might allow him; and this was all I wanted. The keepers and the waistcoat were dismissed.

His mind soon experienced the benefit of this wholesome change, but the irritation from the burning brought his life into peril. In fact, Dr. Souville told me he did not expect him to live, apprehending typhus would ensue; and, as an old Warwickshire brother sportsman said of

him, "no other man but Mytton would have survived." He would faint on being moved from his bed to his chair, and he had every symptom of sinking nature. Under these circumstances, I had a duty to perform which I did not shrink from, but never should I have dreamt of making public the result, were it not that I consider it honourable to the man, and it cannot fail of being satisfactory to his friends. Sitting opposite to him, then, at the fire, I thus, in pain, addressed him. "I think it right to tell you, your life is in some danger; I know you too well not to be convinced that you will not scoff at what I am going to suggest. Would you like to see our clergyman, Mr. Liptrot? He is a liberal-minded, worthy man, without an atom of humbug about him." "Draw your chair by the side of me," said Mytton. On my placing it on his right, he requested me to place it on his left; and putting his left hand into mine, he struck his breast violently with his right, and with as much vehemence as in his then weak state he could command, exclaimed—"I never intentionally injured any person in my life, and I hope God will forgive me." These words were followed by a flood of tears; and how exactly do they resemble those of Manfred to the Abbot of St. Maurice.

"I hear thee. This is my reply; whate'er
I may have been, or am, doth rest between
Heaven and myself—I shall not choose a mortal
To be my mediator."

Cicero says, no man in his sound mind is destitute of religion; and even unsound as poor Mytton's—to a certain extent—always was, I am quite sure he was not destitute of it, although his proud spirit was loth to own a dread of any thing, either human or divine. But supposing he had never owned it to man, we are not to imply that he did not own it to his God; for although the fall of Solomon is told, we know nothing even of his repentance. I shall have occasion, however, to show that the subject of this memoir was a sincere, though perhaps a late penitent, and I rejoice at having it in my power to do so, as, knowing the man, I should have been sorry to hear that he died and made no sign.

There is a Latin quotation which has often met my eye, and is as often applied to nations as to individuals, but I cannot say I know the author of it. "*Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat*;" which is as much as to say, that those persons whom the Almighty wishes to destroy, he previously causes to grow mad (which is, I believe, the literal and only meaning of *demento*, a word not in use in elegant Latin). I know not on whose authority the conduct of man's Maker is thus, I think, impiously speculated upon; but should a fiat so dreadful have been really pronounced, let us hope it will plead in favour of some of the acts of

poor John Mytton, for which, with a heart like his, nothing short of madness could possibly account for or justify*.

On the morrow of the day on which I had the conversation with Mr. Mytton on the serious condition in which he then appeared placed, he asked me, as he lay in his bed, to get a sheet of paper and write what he dictated. I did so, and it consisted of the following lines:—

“ Condemn’d in youth to meet the grave,
I hope to be received above;
Render my soul to him who gave,
My latest breath to you, my love.”

He then requested they might be placed in his view on the door of his chamber (where they remained for a considerable time); “and,” said he,

* It never before fell to my lot to watch the motions and actions of persons labouring under a temporary aberration of the mind, much more to receive letters from them. Amongst the numerous ones which my poor friend wrote me in that melancholy situation, the following convince me that, however discordant may be the instrument of thought (the brain) at the time—though some keys may jar, there are others which yield the usual tones to the same touch.

“ Dear Ramrod (for Nimrod),

“ You shall not stay longer with old Jack Longden in my sitting room, but come up stairs to see a Hero, late Chillington, die the death of a saint.” Here was the ruling passion, strong even in madness and in death, for he was very ill at the time. Hero was the name of a famous hunter he bought of me, which he afterwards called Chillington; and he married a daughter of the ancient house of Chillington. There were as many as half a dozen dashes under some of these words. Again, there was the following; in which the fatal passion for the Circean cup—that cup which, like Nabal’s, turned a heart of flesh to a heart of stone—too plainly appears.

“ Dear Ram.,

“ Jam satis terris nivis atque diræ grandinis misit Pater, et, rubente” porto. Here goes a bumper to old Ram.”

Signed “ John Mytton.”

This extraordinary production is dated “ the Gallies,” and directed thus:—“ Fall at a rasper! To Mytton’s best friend.” The quotation from Horace is worth notice, inasmuch as every word is rightly spelled, the punctuation correct, and the capital “ P” in Pater, as in the original. There were six dashes under the word “ rubente” and four under “ porto,” but the inverted commas ceased at “ rubente!” The following postscript was added to it.

“ Nummi si nolo custodi rendere vinctus

Præmii num mi (eheus miseri!) restat ahenæ turris !”

“ Prison or not to prison—can it be a debt, as it’s not self-contracted, non sponte suâ, nec voluntate meorum filiorum.” Here it appears his Latin is not quite so correct, but he alludes to the impression, that he was not aware on what account his liberty was denied him. This last was succeeded by another the same day, which shows that the brain became more disturbed. “ Dear Ram. H—I to pay—come here instantly, they are all found out—poison. Ever J. M.” I have a hundred such notes, the dates of all which I marked, and I suppose Mr. Roberts of his hotel had as many. On perusing several of them, I could have exclaimed, with Shakespeare,

“ Oh, what a noble mind is here o’erthrown !”

"when I die, I trust to your sending them to my wife." I told him I would do so; and had he died at that time, I should certainly have complied with the request.

It would be both useless and tedious to describe the various scenes that passed in the chamber of my poor friend, who was guarded day and night by three persons at a time, after he recovered his strength; but some of these scenes indeed would put the powers of description at defiance. Several of them, however, such as his conversation with these persons, who were English smugglers, were ludicrous in the extreme, and highly characteristic of the man*. Previously to this precaution, however, rather an awful scene was witnessed by me. A servant from his hotel came to inform me that Mr. Mytton had got six carving knives in his possession, and was by himself in his room. Mr. Vaughton and myself entered it, and such we found to be the case, with the trifling difference that only two of the six were carving knives, the other four being dinner or case knives. He was lying on his bed with the six knives in his hands, when I placed myself at its side, and Mr. Vaughton—a very powerful man—stood at the foot. "Heyday, Squire," said I, "what are you going to do with all those knives." "Come and lay down by my side," said he, "and I'll show you (of course I begged to be excused); I have made your fortune and old Vaughton's too—a hundred and fifty thousand apiece for each of you—for I have found out that these knives will extract fire from flesh." "Ah," said Mr. Vaughton, "but how much better would they do so if they were warmed at the fire!" "To be sure," replied our poor deluded friend; and giving them into his hands, they were soon put outside the door. It will no doubt appear a mystery in what way these knives could have been procured, and well it may. But will it be credited that they had been given to him by his own servant, of whom I had only a few weeks before required possession of every thing—even to his nail knife—by which a wound to his person could be given. Such, however, was the case; and it is

* There was nothing that medical skill or humanity could suggest left untried to relieve the sufferings of Mr. Mytton. Several of his friends sat up, or lay on a spare bed the whole night in his room, and of course I took my turn. It happened one night, that I was accompanied on my watch by a waiter from some hotel in London, who was sent over to Mr. Roberts's hotel for the purpose of learning the French language. "Nimrod!" cried Mr. Mytton; but I feigned sleep. "Nimrod!" he repeated, "I want to talk to you;" but I was still asleep. "Come and sit by me then," said he to the waiter, "and talk to me. You have heard of my hounds?" "Your hounds, sir," said the man—a thorough-bred cockney; "I can't say as I ever did." "Why, you d—d fool, where have you lived all your life? Did you never hear of Euphrates?" "I can't say I did, sir," replied the man. "What!" said Mytton, "*never heard of Euphrates the race horse!* I'll have you smothered to-morrow, by G—d. Go back to your great chair, and get to sleep!"

scarcely necessary to observe, that the man was from that hour forbidden to come near his person, and soon afterwards was discharged.

The effects of education on first-rate talent shine forth when little expected, as was the case with this extraordinary man, even when his mental aberrations were nearly at their height. In one of his paroxysms he talked eight and forty hours without ceasing, and, as it may be supposed under such violent excitement, a recollection of last year's clouds would not be more difficult than a record of the unconnected jargon which he at that time uttered. But in his calmer moments, when he saw me by his bed-side, he would quote Greek and Latin authors with surprising readiness, and when he found he was incorrect would pause until he recovered the text. In several of these quotations it was beyond doubt apparent, that the bereavement of his family and the desolation of Halston were present to his mind; for in some particular instances I could not be mistaken. In giving that beautiful passage from Sophocles, wherein Œdipus recommends his children to the care of Creon, I am quite certain he was applying it in his mind to the former calamity; and an epigram from the Greek Anthologia, on the fall of Troy and the death of Hector, which he would very often repeat, had a sympathetic allusion to the ruin at Halston and his own fall. But the following criticism could scarcely have been expected from a mind in ruins. In reply to the numerous messages he would send to the bar of his hotel, some answer was generally to be manufactured, and "master has not got such a thing in the house," was by no means an uncommon one. It happened one day, however, that the attendant in waiting brought him what he had sent him for, but delivered it into his hands with the usual announcement—"Mr. Roberts hasn't got no such thing, sir,"—he having procured it elsewhere. "Why," said Mytton, looking the man in the face, in my presence, "you are a Greek." "No, sir, I arnt," he replied. "But I'll be — if you are not," continued Mytton, for in Greek two negatives make the affirmative stronger; and roared into his ear "*χωρίς εμε ου δυνασθε ποιειν οδεν*, says the Bible." The fellow stared, and well he might; and well indeed might Mr. Mytton's uncle say, as he did in his letter to me, when lamenting his nephew's situation and contrasting it with what it might have been—"Heu, ubi lapsus!"

But we will bring this scene to a close. Having reason to believe that, either by his powers of eloquence or by the force of that sympathy in a British sailor for the absence of grog, which is inseparable from his character, and will be a formidable opponent to the Temperance Societies, he had prevailed upon one or two of these otherwise honest guardians to procure him spirits by stealth, it was determined by Mrs. Mytton, his mother,—who had for some time been in painful but unre-

mitting attendance on her son—that I should proceed to London and state his case to Dr. Sutherland, as, in fact, we were making no progress towards recovery. The result was two experienced attendants being sent to Calais, by whose skilful treatment an alteration for the better was soon apparent, and their patient was able to take his airings in a carriage. It is, however, somewhat singular that the only time that it was found necessary to put my poor friend under restraint, was during the time I was absent from him in London, and on my return—John Mytton like—he spoke of it as a very good joke.

The scene now changes again, and somewhat of a brighter prospect appears. Although Mr. Mytton had every comfort, as well as every convenience at the Royal Hotel in Calais,—the landlord of which, Mr. Roberts, is a person of superior education and conduct, and was much esteemed by his unfortunate guest—yet when it is considered that he had been occupying the same apartments so long, in sickness and in sorrow, it was desirable, on the approach of spring, that he should breathe a purer air, and a chateau was looked for in the country. But here arose a difficulty. The few persons who had such things to let were alarmed at the idea of a *gentleman and his keepers*, and fearing the occupation of them by such tenants might leave a stain on their premises, refused to let them on any terms. What then was to be done? His removal to England would have been his removal to a prison; so, at the request of Mrs Mytton, I consented to take a chateau and to receive him as an inmate until his recovery was completed. But I went beyond this: I undertook to make a trial of managing him myself, without the aid of his keepers, and the first ten days bade fair for success. He conformed to regular hours; enjoyed his meals; did not exceed his bottle of wine; was, I thought, never happier in his life, and the recruitment of his health was beyond all expectation. Luckily for all parties, however, at the request of his mother, who was gone to England, his keepers still remained in Calais to await the issue of the experiment, for at the end of a fortnight he stole away to Calais unobserved; got at the brandy bottle, and then it was all over with my “brief authority.” It was with great difficulty that I could prevail on him to return to dinner for three successive evenings, and on the fourth he was outrageous, and threatened to murder a gentleman who had been most kind to him in his illness. It then became necessary to send to Calais for his keepers, and by eight o'clock the next morning, with the advice of his doctors, he was under their care.

Provision was made for this somewhat anticipated change. The chateau afforded ample accommodation for the whole party; but as, in all such cases, it is necessary to separate the patient from persons and objects which are sources of mental excitement, Mr. Mytton and his

attendants had apartments separate from mine, and which were arranged in the most convenient manner for all purposes of safety. The attendance of these young men acted like a charm upon their patient, who recovered his former serenity on being told that he was *again* placed under the surveillance of the police for striking a Frenchman in Calais. But let all those whose constitutions are the worse for wear by indulging in midnight revels, and who may take a glance at the Life of John Mytton, mark and digest what I am now about to state. When he left the town of Calais he was gradually recovering his strength of body and mind, but was very feeble on his legs, and could scarcely enter a carriage without assistance. He had not been at this chateau a month, before, by regular living and daily exercise in sea air, he was able to walk six or seven miles in the middle of the day without the slightest fatigue, and to take a walk in the evening besides. His meals were eaten with a relish, and without the aid of Cayenne pepper, to the use of which he before knew no bounds; and his sleep was tranquil and refreshing. Now methinks it will be asked—how did he employ his time? Why, painful but striking is the answer to this question. He to whom the whole world had appeared insufficient to afford pleasure, and who had spent hundreds of thousands of pounds in pursuit of it, was now completely happy in the occupation of picking up sea shells in the morning and washing them in vinegar in the evening!! So eager was he in this his favourite pursuit, that he would scarcely finish his dinner before he would enter upon the latter office, and would absolutely stand for two or three hours at a time brushing shells with a nail brush dipped in vinegar! They were then laid with great precision in drawers, which he would never suffer any one but himself to open. This, with the perusal of the Morning Herald, the Age, and the Calais (French) Journal, formed the business of the day.

It is almost needless for me to state that, at this period, the intellect of my friend was in a state of great imbecility—the consequence of extreme exhaustion, produced by extreme excitement. Nevertheless it was the opinion of his attendants, as well as of Drs. Souville and Winder, who saw him two or three times a week, that, by pursuing the plan they were then acting upon, he would in time recover his strength of mind as well as that of his body; and there also was a chance—as his old friend and neighbour, Colonel Proctor, then at Boulogne, observed—of his altering his former course of life, from the experience he might have of the benefits arising from temperance and exercise. But alas, poor man, this chance was denied him. At the end of the second month he was, by false representations made to his mother, once more let loose, and from that hour to the last of his life his poor shattered bark was never out of a sea of troubles. He had nearly been suffocated with

brandy on his voyage to London, by the steamer, the day after he left the chateau; and, as was evident to all parties, so soon as he was caught in England he was in a jail! Why then was he taken to England? and why was his life thus suffered to be sacrificed? Why, merely to enable him to sign deeds conveying away the last remaining acre of his unentailed property, which he could not do when in the situation from which he was taken! He did sign them, and his own death warrant by the same act and deed. There might be other reasons for getting him to England, which it may perhaps be unsafe for me to commit to paper; but to my mind they are conclusive.

I shall take but a bird's eye view of his career in England, but, carrying on the allegory, we may compare his situation to that of small birds pursued by hawks. Every bailiff in London was on the look out; and, above all places in the world, he went to Halston to avoid them! Oh, what must have been his feelings on the first view of his deserted hall—the scene of all his former splendour! They must have somewhat resembled those of "The Last Man," when viewing the capitals of the world, and himself alone left to mourn over them; but as they are incommunicable by words, I leave them to the imagination and likewise to the sympathy of the reader.

("Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him.")

Let us hope, however, that he was neither sober nor in his senses—at all events, that some respite was in mercy granted to his intellectual faculties, as a guard to his heart, from the assaults of sufferings that might otherwise have been beyond man's nature to endure! But his stay here was short, he was hurried off to Shrewsbury jail, whence, in the course of time, he was removed to the King's Bench prison, in London.

But here again comes John Mytton! During his sojourn in the former prison he was visited by several of his old friends,—influential gentlemen in the county—who offered their services in arranging his difficulties, provided he would put his affairs into their trust, but he rejected all their overtures. Either Cæsar or nobody he was resolved to be so long as he was above ground, and how exactly did he come under that denomination of persons of whom Horace speaks,

"Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent;"

and how plumply did he give the lie to the adage, that adversity is the school of reform. The toad was ugly and venomous; but he saw no "precious jewel in his head."

But there was something savouring of the romantic in Mr. Mytton's being placed in durance in the prison of a town with which the deeds of his ancestors were so deeply and brilliantly associated—in a town in which his word would but a short time before have been good for ten thousand pounds, and in which he once sat high in the people's hearts; and also in relation to the altered situation in which he himself once stood towards the keeper of that prison. The governorship becoming vacant, the contest for it was a severe one, and it was solely by the influence of Mr. Mytton that the present person fills it. He, however, not only has done credit but honour to his benefactor's choice,—as no man in Shrewsbury is more respected, neither can any man exceed him in the various and arduous duties he has to perform, tempering mercy with justice; and although Shakespeare says, "seldom when the steeled gaoler is the friend of man," Mr. Griffiths was unceasing in his kind attention to his patron, now become his prisoner. Indeed Mr. Mytton not only acknowledged this to me, but told me he was very comfortable in Shrewsbury goal!

On a writ of certiorari being executed, my poor degraded friend was conveyed to London in the custody of Mr. Griffiths, and transferred to that of the Marshall of the King's Bench, where I saw him for the first time since he left the chateau in France. But what a change for the worse was here! He was the same bloated, unhealthy-looking, son of Bacchus that he appeared on his arrival in Calais, and he had a leg in a state nearly approaching mortification. In fact, his surgeon told me he would owe his life—at all events the preservation of his leg—solely to the kindness of a fellow prisoner, who prevented his drinking spirits, and such no doubt was the case.

I am not able to say how long he remained in the Bench, but on his exit John Mytton—*unus ex omnibus*—appears again; but to what account shall we place the act I am about to mention, for it appears to me to want a name? It is not, however, without a plea. The heart of man has been elegantly compared to a creeping plant, which withers unless it have something around which it can entwine; but towards what a frail trellage did that of this extraordinary man yearn for its support. Walking one day over Westminster-bridge, the following dialogue occurred between himself and a female of a class which the reader will not be at a loss to name, but on whom he had never before set his eyes.

Mr. Mytton. "How do ye do?"

The Female. "Very well, I thank ye; how do you do?"

Mr. Mytton. "Where are you going?"

The Female. "I don't know."

Mr. Mytton. "Then come and live with me; I'll settle £500 a year upon you."

Here was no law's delay; no worm in the bud; no concealment feeding on the damask cheek, but love at first sight, if any love there was! The bargain being struck, the broomstick jumped over, the happy couple soon afterwards arrived at Calais, at the Crown hotel; Mr. Roberts, under such circumstances, being compelled to decline the honour of their company. But the strangest part of the affair is to come. This young woman, then only in her twentieth year, whom no doubt some scoundrel had seduced and abandoned, was not only possessed of considerable personal charms, but proved to be very respectably connected*, and conducted herself towards her protector so much better than could be expected, considering whence she was imported, and that his lusty love had gone "in quest of beauty" and not "in search of virtue," that I saw a letter to her from his mother acknowledging her kindness towards her son. But wife or mistress made no difference with Mytton. If he were not, generally speaking, a madman to a certain extent on the subject of a woman, *and, above all, of a woman he loved*, he was a monomaniac, and some extraordinary scenes were the fruits of this extraordinary connexion. The green-eyed monster played his part as usual, and at times a nod or a look was suspicion strong as holy writ.

I must hark back here for a moment. On the morrow after Mr. Mytton arrived from London, he was arrested for £25 at the suit of the holder of one bill out of four for £25 each, which he had been most improperly induced to accept in favour of a person resident in Calais, and conveyed to the prison of the town. His solicitor being then with him, there was no difficulty in releasing him to the extent of that individual sum, but it was considered expedient to detain him in custody until it could be ascertained what was become of the three other bills; when it was at length agreed that two of them should be given up, and that his liability only extended to £50. Here then appears the character of the kind hearted John Mytton, in its true light. Any man but himself would have been outrageous at this breach of confidence and good feeling, but not so John Mytton. The first step he took after his release from the prison, was to call upon the person who had caused him to be thus disgraced, and to walk arm in arm with him on the market place—lest, as he said, the affair might injure his character in the town, he being a professional man. Reader! I'll bar you from one book, and one book alone; you shall then search the pages of ancient and modern history, and I challenge you to produce me a nobler instance of a nobler heart than the one I have now given you.

* Lord Arundel, who was at this time sojourning at the Royal hotel, on his road to Italy, confirmed the respectability of her connexions on hearing their names mentioned.

But the storm soon gathers again. After sojourning a certain time at the Crown hotel, in Calais, with a score to his name of a thousand francs, he came to my house in the country to inform me he should go to England on the morrow. It was in vain that I told him he could not do so without first paying his bill, which I knew he had not, at that time, the means of doing. He, however, put himself into the Boulogne coach the next afternoon, meaning to embark from that town—having, perhaps fortunately, informed the barber who shaved him of his intentions, which intentions the barber of course conveyed instanter to the landlord—and the following day found him in Boulogne jail. Also luckily for him, his agent arrived the same day, but his creditor had previously agreed to release him, on an undertaking from Mr. Roberts, of the Royal hotel, and myself to bring him back to Calais. The landlord has since paid the debt of nature; but he was quite free from blame with regard to the steps he pursued; and Mr. Mytton was kind as usual to him on his return.

Shortly after this, Mr. Mytton and his chere amie took their departure for Lisle; and what they did at Lisle I did not trouble myself to inquire. But their return to Calais forms another interesting scene in this—I know not what to call it, but perhaps the Greeks would have called it—*δράμα re βίη*, or *comedy of life*. Just as I was sitting down to dinner one evening of a very hot day in August, I espied a person at the bottom of my avenue, approaching my house on foot. “Is it possible,” said I, “that person can be Mytton?” Mytton, however, it was; and shall I ever forget the state he was in—shirtless, waistcoatless, neckclothless, with his trousers and coat stained with blood, as well as in a state of very great exhaustion from fatigue? Now then for his account of himself. He had set forward, it appeared, in a diligence from Lisle to Calais, but had quarrelled with Susan (his chere amie’s name) at St. Omer, and refused to proceed in her company any further. When she left him behind at St. Omer to proceed to Calais, he had nearly four napoleons in his pocket; but getting into a street-row in that town, he had been well licked and robbed* of all save three Belgic sous. With this small sum he started to walk to Calais, twenty-seven long miles, and under a burning sun; but becoming dead beat before the sun set, he put up at a small public house, or cabaret, by the road side, and the account he gave of his proceedings in it was a most ludicrous one. He wheedled the old woman, he said, out of some supper; but then what was to be done for something to drink? “Why,” continued he, “I can leave my clothes in pawn in the morning, so got two glasses of gin and water, gin being cheaper than brandy.” On refreshing himself at

* I should rather say he had lost this money out of his pocket.

my house, and putting his person into something like a decent condition, he walked into Calais, and made it up with Susan.

The comedy is now at end—at least for the present—and something like a tragedy succeeds to it. Poor Mytton was, a few days after, again arrested for £200, being the amount of the score he had run up at a certain French hotel in London, where himself and his partner had been sojourning after the bargain had been struck on the bridge, and from whence he had been obliged to bolt in a hurry, as the bailiffs were in the house in pursuit of him. But the landlord, being a Frenchman, had recourse to the privileges of a Frenchman, and I once more was pained by seeing my friend looking through the bars of a French prison window. Here he was suffered to remain—the why and the wherefore can only be answered by his solicitors in London, as the sale of his estates had been completed—for *fourteen days*; on the thirteenth day, I thought it my duty to inform his mother of his situation; and in four days from the date of my letter she was in Calais. It would be painful to me to relate, as well as to my readers to be made acquainted with, a detail of the acts and deeds of this unhappy man during the rest of the time he spent in Calais, where his mother remained to protect him as far as it was in her power to do so. But it was brandy, brandy, brandy, morning, noon, and night, which of course drove him to madness; and a disposition to insult the French people made it necessary to remove him. England was again determined upon, where not only a prison, but the grave, yawned to receive him, and in a prison he died. Thus fell John Mytton—by nature, what God must have intended every man should be; by education, or, rather, from the want of *proper* education, nearly at last what man should not be. The seed was good; but it fell among thorns and was choked.

So soon as I was informed that Mr. Mytton was once more within the walls of the King's Bench Prison, I felt assured he would never quit them but on his bier, neither did he. But as the poet says—

“ Better to sink beneath the shock,
Than moulder piece-meal on the rock; ”

and I was happy when I heard the fatal subpoena had arrived, for adversity had exhausted her phial, and it was evident that, with the exception of the unsubdued affection of his mother, there was, for him, no balm in Gilead. It appeared that in about three weeks after his incarceration, he was siezed with paralysis of the extremities, which bade defiance to the treatment of Doctor Maton and Mr. Brodie, who indeed from the first considered it a case without hopes. It may be, however, a consolation to those who had a regard for him, to learn that his sufferings were not severe; that his mother was by his bed-side at the last, and that as

he had been conversing rationally with his medical attendants within half an hour of his decease, his life must have departed like the lamp which goes out by the last crackle. But it is astounding to think that, from the rapidity with which his lamp of life must have burnt, that he lived to complete his thirty-eighth year, As I said of him before, *Nil violentum est perpetuum*. Phaeton's car went but a day !

A brother sportsman and a brother prisoner (well known at Melton Mowbray) who, as I have before mentioned, had been extremely kind to my poor friend during his first and second incarceration, and who was a constant attendant on his sick bed, wrote me—unsolicited—some interesting particulars relating to his illness and the last scenes of his eventful life, which it gives me pleasure to make known. The “virtue of suffering well,” which Johnson allowed to Savage, could by no one be denied to Mytton, whose bearing and forbearing are perhaps not exceeded by any man's ; but in the opinion of his friend he took much to heart this second confinement in the King's Bench, although his proud spirit would not suffer him to acknowledge it ; and he thought it hastened his end. As to his dying in peace with all mankind, how could he die otherwise who never attempted to revenge himself on any human being, but who—though his “communication” was not “Yea, Yea, or Nay, Nay”—so far from demanding the eye for the eye, and the tooth for the tooth, would have actually given his cloak to him who stole his coat—whose heart was as warm as those of half the world are cold ; and whose warmth of heart had brought him into the prison in which he died ! And how did he die ?—As he *appeared* to live—in dread of nothing human or divine ? Certainly not ; although it may, tauntingly, be said, he trusted to the delusive support of a death-bed repentance. Let no man, however, venture to pronounce sentence here, but leave it to that bar at which justice will be tempered with mercy ; where, unless I have formed a very erroneous opinion of Mr. Mytton, and a still more mistaken one of the attributes of Him by whom he will be judged, he will find acceptance before many who have carried a much fairer face to the world. Few receive the white garment and carry it without a stain before the judgment seat. John Mytton certainly did not : it was soiled and stained with the impurities of our nature—and with even more than can be placed to that account—and the world has no proof that they were attempted to be washed out by his tears ; but I appeal to my own experience of him—to that of his brother prisoner and friend who attended him in his last days—in the hour indeed when the heart knows no guile, and in which the tongue seldom hazards an untruth, whether he did not then own to man, what he had previously only owned to his God. Although it appears he did not consider his life in imminent danger, he had the church service read to him nearly every day, and more particu-

larly on Good Friday, when he held a long conversation with his brother prisoner on the sacrament, but which, although he expressed himself very properly in his allusions to it, it does not appear he partook of. Of both his wives he spoke in the tenderest terms of affection, as also of his children by each, and expressed a strong desire to see his present wife and *all* his children together—but alas! that wish was a vain one. Immediately after his decease, a cast was taken of his features by the celebrated phrenologist, M. Deville, in the Strand, at the express request of his mother, in which it is said the character of the man is very clearly developed.

The first public notice of his decease that reached this country was contained in a very neatly written paragraph in the *Globe*, in which the following short, but just character was given him:—"His princely magnificence and eccentric gaieties obtained him great notoriety in the sporting and gay circles, both in England and on the Continent. His failings, which leaned to virtue's side, greatly reduced him, and he has left numerous friends to lament the melancholy fact of his dying in a prison, which, contrasted with his former splendour, furnishes a striking illustration of the mutability of mundane affairs." This account went the round of the papers, with the exception of *Bell's Life in London*, which inadvertently stated that he had spent the fortunes of two wives, but which the editor immediately contradicted on my authority.

It is too much the practice of the world—at least so says the satire—to adore the rising sun, and to condemn him when going down; but neither errors nor crimes (if such, reader, you will have them) nor adversity, could chill the grateful recollection of the splendour that had once illumined Halston, and of the many, otherwise, perhaps, sad hearts which had been warmed by its genial rays. But even independent of this, there was a tenderness and compassion of nature in both the sayings and doings of poor John Mytton, which had fixed him firmly in the hearts and affections of the people within many miles of his house, and there he remained fixed to the last. In proof of this, his funeral excited very general, indeed, I might say, almost unequalled, sympathy. The amazing number of three thousand persons were present at it—several appearing unable to stifle their feelings, and only obtaining relief by their tears. And what brought together this assemblage of persons of all conditions, even to the poorest? Not, as Shakespeare says, to

" ——— tender down

Their services to Lord Timon; his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging."

No—but to shed a tear on the bier of a man whose "large fortune" and whose "gracious nature" were no more; of a man who had died in a

jail, but of one who, with "all his imperfections on his head," would never die in their hearts or memory! But no more of this. The subject is too painful to dwell on; and I should be untrue to myself if I did not admit, that my own tears would have mingled with those shed over the grave of John Mytton, and that they have more than once mingled with the ink which has traced his devious course and marked his miserable end.

The following account of the funeral appeared in the Shrewsbury Chronicle:—

FUNERAL OF THE LATE JOHN MYTTON, Esq.

We last week announced the death of this gentlemen. His body was conveyed from London, where he expired, to this town, with all solemnity. On passing through the town, many of the shops were closed; and crowds assembled to take a last look on his bier, and pay the homage of a sigh to the memory of John Mytton. We rejoice to say that, before his death, the consolations of religion had been eagerly resorted to, and afforded him both comfort under affliction, and hope in the prospect of eternity.

A hearse with four horses (driven by an attached servant of the deceased), a mourning coach and four, and another carriage, formed the melancholy cavalcade through Shrewsbury. On the road to Oswestry, every mark of respect was paid; and at the Queen's Head, the corpse was met by a detachment of the North Shropshire Cavalry (of which regiment the deceased was Major) who escorted them to the vault in the Chapel of Halston, where the remains were deposited at three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. The procession was exceedingly well arranged under the direction of Mr. Dunn, of London, assisted by Messrs. Hanmer and Gittins, of this town, and entered the domain of Halston in the following order:

Four Trumpeters of the North Shropshire Cavalry.

Capt. Croxon and Capt. Jones.

Thirty-two Members of the Cavalry.

A Standard of the Regiment covered with Crape.

Forty-two Members of the Cavalry.

Adjutant Shirley and Cornet Niccolls.

Mr. Dunn (undertaker) and Mr. Gittins.

Two Mutes.

Carriage with the Revds. W. Jones and J. D. Pigott.

Two Mourning Coaches and Four, with the

Pall-Bearers.

Hon. T. Kenyon.

R. A. Slaney, Esq. M. P.

J. C. Pelham, Esq.

A. W. Corbet, Esq.

J. R. Kynaston, Esq.

Rev. H. C. Cotton.

The Hearse, drawn by Four Horses, with
THE BODY,

In a Coffin covered with Black Velvet, with massive Handles richly ornamented,
the Plate inscribed

" JOHN MYTTON, Esq. of HALSTON,
" Born 30th of Sept., 1796,
" Died 29th of March, 1834."

(The Hearse was driven by Mr. Bowyer, the Deceased's Coachman, who, with Mr. M'Dougal, another Servant, attended him in his last moments). Mourning Coach with two Mourners, the Rev. E. H. Owen (Deceased's Uncle), and the Hon. and Rev. R. Noel Hill.

Mrs. Mytton's Carriage.

Lady Kynaston's carriage, with Mr. W. H. Griffiths and Mr. Cooper.

Carriage of A. W. Corbet, Esq.

Carriage of the Rev. Sir Edward Kynaston, Bart.

Carriage of the Rev. E. H. Owen.

Carriage of R. A. Slaney, Esq. M.P.

Carriage and Four of the Hon. Thomas Kenyon.

J. Beck, Esq. in his Carriage.

Dr. Cockerill and Lieut. Tudor, in Carriage.

Carriage of T. N. Parker, Esq.

Carriage of W. Ormsby Gore, Esq.

Carriage of the Viscountess Avenmore.

Several Cars, &c. with Friends.

Mr. Broughall, Agent.

About One Hundred of the Tenantry, Tradesmen, and Friends on Horseback, closed the procession. Among these were Messrs. Longueville, Cartwright, Bolas, Hughes, J. Howell, S. Windsor, J. Williams, Morris, Griffiths, Venables, D. Thomas, W. Francis, R. Edwards, Farr, Blandford, Rogers, Davies, &c. &c.

The mutes were old men, brothers, John and Edward Niccolas, of Whittington; the latter was mute at the funeral of the deceased's grandfather; John was mute at the grandfather's funeral, the father's funeral, and at that of Mr. Mytton.

A mourning peal was rung at Oswestry, and the bells of Shrewsbury, Ellesmere, Whittington, Halston, &c. tolled during the day. The number of spectators was immense, and the road along which the procession slowly moved was bedewed with the tears of thousands who wished to have a last glance. Everything was conducted with the greatest order; but there was a great rush to enter the chapel on the body being taken out of the hearse. The body was placed in a shelf in the family vault, under the communion table of Halston Chapel, surrounded by the coffins of twelve of his relatives.

The family of Halston is an ancient one; and the inhabitants of Shropshire and Wales are attached to it from many old historical, personal, and feudal recollections.

Halston is called in ancient deeds *Haly Stone* or *Holy Stone*. Near it stood the abbey, taken down above a century ago. Meyric Lloyd, Lord of some part of Uwch Ales, in the reign of Richard I. would not yield subjection to the English government, under which the hundred of

Dyffryn Clwyd, and several others were then; and having taken some English officers that came there to execute the law, killed several of them. For this fact he forfeited his lands to the king; fled, and *took sanctuary* at Halston, where he was taken to the protection of its possessor, John Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel. In the Saxon era, the lordship of Halston belonged to Edrio; at which time there were on it two Welshmen and one Frenchman. After the Norman Conquest, Halston became the property of an Earl of Arundel, and was given by that family to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.—In the 26th of Henry VIII. the commandry was valued at £160 14s. 10d. a year. Upon the abolition of many of the military religious orders, Henry VIII. empowered John Sewster, Esq. to dispose of this manor to Alan Horde, who made an exchange with Edward Mytton, Esq. of Habberly; which alienation was afterwards confirmed by Queen Elizabeth. The church or chapel of Halston, is a donative, without any other revenue than what the Chaplain is allowed by the owner, and is of exempt jurisdiction. Halston was the birth-place of the famous General Mytton.

The heir of the name of Mytton, an infant ten years of age, now resides with his mother at Chillington.

Immediately after the funeral his last will was read, in which he had bequeathed all that he had to leave equally amongst all his children, and to which the Hon. Thomas Kenyon, of Pradoc, near Oswestry, and R. A. Slaney, Esq. M. P. for Shrewsbury, were appointed Executors. He had previously, at Calais, made a will to which Sir Edward Smythe, Mr. Owen, of Woodhouse, Shropshire, (his uncle,) and myself, were appointed Executors, in which his *all* was left to his only child by his first wife. The alteration, however, was immaterial, his all, poor fellow, being nothing; but it is consoling to think that estates amounting to £4,500 per annum were out of his reach, by entail, and still remain to his family. Thus is it possible, that by the aid of a ten years' minority, and, *barring another John Mytton*, Halston and its oaks may yet flourish. *Florescant!* say I.

One question may very naturally be asked—Why was not that substitute for the law of Corinth, the High Court of Chancery appealed to, to endeavour to stop the final destruction of the unentailed portion of this fine property, since it is quite evident that for the last several years the unfortunate proprietor was not equal to the management of it—no, not more so than a child of six years old? This question is answered in many ways, Mr. Mytton's nearest connexions appeared to leave him to his fate, their endeavours to save him from ruin having always been rejected by himself. That he was half mad without drink, and rendered quite mad with it, no man who knew him latterly can for one moment doubt; and a waggon load of evidence could be produced to prove that fact. But let us suppose a commission of inquiry, a writ *de Lunatico*

inquirendo to have been issued! Why the result would have been this:—he would have kept himself sober for two days, and, like Sophocles before the Areopagus, would have dumb-founded his opponents. I am, however, quite certain that from the time he arrived first at Calais to the day of his death, bordering on three years, he had not the slightest insight into his own pecuniary affairs, nor did he know, to thousands, how he stood in the world; and moreover, if he had had ten thousand pounds put into his hands any one day, he would not have had a shilling of it left by that day week!! I can bring a host of evidence to back me in this assertion; and it was in vain that his friends asked him to call for something like a statement of his cash account from those who received his purchase money, for estates sold for upwards of fifty thousand pounds, subsequently to his arrival in Calais.

Having now traced this extraordinary character—this anomaly in human nature—this mixture of very right and very wrong—this strange compound of contradictory qualities—through the various stages of his eventful life, over which he may be said to have posted with the rapidity with which he travelled on the road, or, rather, with which he crossed a country after his hounds—knocking down every thing before him, I shall bring his memoir to an end; and if I have followed him through a long train of errors or follies, which mark his eventful course, it has not been for the purpose of exposing but of accounting for them. If I have bared the sore with one hand I have found a balm for it with the other, and it would be needless to demand of me—"who hath required this at your hands?" I had the concurrence of those most nearly and dearly connected with him, one of whom observed, with no less feeling than truth, that the task I have undertaken would "do the living service and rescue the character of the dead." The man himself has passed away, but his good deeds remain; as to his follies, we will cast them to the winds; but

"There is a lust in man, no charm can tame,
Of loudly publishing his neighbour's shame:
On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born and die."

He has been represented as a monster for acts he has never committed, and why should the sun be permitted to go down upon his shame? It is true, there is one mournful blemish on his character which I wish could be washed in Lethe and forgotten, as I can offer no extenuation for it but insanity. But if I have given the lie to one single calumny which an ill-natured world has cast upon him unjustly, I shall be satisfied. He is the best man, says one of the best judges of mankind, that has the fewest faults; but he that has none is not to be found

on this earth*. Poor Mytton's faults were the faults of the head, not of the heart, than which no man had a sounder or a kinder. They were numerous, I admit; but let not their number be augmented, neither let his many virtues be forgotten—and above all, remember the years in which he suffered adversity! This part of his history, however, cannot be without a useful moral. The contemplation of distress, no matter how created, corrects the pride of prosperity, softens the mind of man, and makes the heart better. Indeed, it was by such representations to the public eye that the nature of man was first polished and refined †.

The service done to the living then only commences here. By pointing out the fatal rock on which Mr. Mytton struck, a beacon is erected which might warn others—if they would see it—who are entering now on the voyage of life, and the vicissitudes of his latter days and the melancholy circumstances of his death are fearful lessons to the present possessors of what he was once master of—namely, *all that might make life desirable and happy*. That memorable position then, that good is often the consequence of evil, is once more illustrated; and, as the poet says, it often happens, when they little dream of it, that

“The sons of men may owe
The fruits of bliss to bursting clouds of woe.”

Let me indulge in a few more moral reflections, as such themes do not often present themselves to my pen. Man has been represented the miracle of nature, and truly John Mytton does not give the lie to this. Perhaps no character in modern times can be found as a parallel to his, which is on one side dark and desolate; but if we turn the reverse, it is not difficult to determine on which side the balance inclines. But in human nature beauty and deformity are so closely linked, that in my opinion the character of no man can be very nicely weighed. Not only

* *Vitiis nemo sine nascitur; optimus ille
Qui minimis urgetur.*—Hor.

† I one day told Mr. Mytton, in jest, that I should write a history of his life, if I survived him. “I shall write it myself,” he replied, “like Antoninus’s *καὶ ὁ ζῶντων*!” It will be remembered that I wrote his epitaph some years since at Halston, and it was, I am sorry to say, prophetic. It ran thus:—

“Here lies John Mytton; his short career is past,
The pace was quick, and therefore could not last,
From end to end he went an arrant burst,
Determined to be nowhere, or be first.
No marble monument proclaims his fate—
No pompous emblems of funereal state;
But let this simple tablet say,
That, upon a much lamented day,
There went to ground, beneath this mould’ring sod,
An honest man—the noblest work of God.”

are there vices and virtues which bear so strong a resemblance to each other, that it is not easy to determine where the former end and the latter begin; but the virtues of some are so obscured by their vices, and the vices of others so softened down by their virtues (as in both respects was the case here) that it is next to impossible to separate the chaff and cockle from the good grain. As for reconciling such contradictions as we have here recounted, it would be vain to attempt it, unless, as Johnson, with his usual force, says, "by those inconsistencies which folly produces and infirmity suffers in the human mind." At all events, an analysis of such a character as that now in our view can only be effected by a sort of debtor and creditor account of good and evil, holding the balance with a charitable hand. But it must be said of Mytton, what Clarendon said of Cromwell, and what had been said of another more than a thousand years back, that his enemies (if he have any) cannot condemn him without commending him at the same time. His cardinal virtue was benevolence of heart; his besetting sin, a destroying spirit, not amenable to any counsel, and an apparent contempt for all moral restraint. In fact, like Charles the Fifth, who impiously asserted "there was but one Charles and one God," Mytton appeared to aim at similar notoriety, and every man pays a dear price for that. To a prodigality of heart, he added a prodigality of hand which no such fortune as his could suffice, and I am very much of Tom Penn's opinion, that "if he had had two hundred thousand a year he would have been in debt in five years." But although his extravagance might have reduced Mr. Mytton to want, he would have remained a man of unblemished integrity in rags, and nothing would have engaged him in dishonest practices. Oh, no! He had a spirit, which, it is true, was "marred in its beauty," but, in this respect, never forgetful of its own nobleness. He was faithful to his friends, an indulgent landlord, and a most kind master; and, last but not least in the novelty, with all this consideration for the happiness of others, he appears to have possessed very little for himself.

But he is now—much lamented man—safe in his urn, and let no one attempt to throw any more stones at his monument. There are specks in the sun, and straggling weeds amongst the choicest flowers; and until the sons of Adam cease to be the sons of Adam, perfection must not be expected from them. But from a retrospect of his career, let this one moral be drawn:—Life resembles wine; it must not be drawn to the dregs; and all those who, like the subject of this memoir, have it in their power to drain nature to satiety, will find out at last—as I myself have at last found out—that tranquillity of mind and health of body, which form the happiness as well as the security of life, are not to be found under the tyrant rule of passion, and *nowhere* without something like discretion to guide and direct us in our ordinary concerns and pursuits.

THE OLD ENGLISH FOX-HUNTER :

A SONG ;

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE READERS OF "THE NEW SPORTING MAGAZINE,"
BY THEIR OLD FRIEND,

SYLVANUS SWANQUILL.

TUNE.—"The Old English Gentleman."

I'll sing you a good Old English song, to a good Old English chime,
Of the good Old English Fox-hunter that liv'd in the olden time.
Oh ! there never were such times as those, and ne'er will be again !
For he kept the country all alive with his horses, hounds, and men ;
Like a fine Old English Fox-hunter, all of the olden time.

His stables ope'd their doors to none but the good Old English steed,
And his gallant hounds were ev'ry one of the good Old English breed.
His pack was seldom seen at fault, and seldom lost its prey,
And one good horse would carry him ev'n through the longest day,
Like a fine Old English Fox-hunter, all of the olden time.

At early morn his voice was heard at the merry cover side :
Old Stormer hits upon the drag, and tells it far and wide.
Through wood and plain they're streaming now, at a good old hunting
pace ;
And if the burst is not so quick, why, longer is the chase,
For the fine Old English Fox-hunter, all of the olden time.

Two hours they've now been running, and the fox is sinking fast ;
Old Stormer's close behind his brush—he pulls him down at last.
The joyous field come rushing in, a gay and sturdy troop—
What music now of hound and horn ! and hark, the glad whoo-whoop
Of the fine Old English Fox-hunter, all of the olden time !

But times—and men—are changed since then ! we've other fashions
now,
Though not a one of them more wise or sportsmanlike, I vow !
We laugh at the old fashioned days—the horses, hounds, and men—
But oh ! I'd give a thousand pounds to see those days again,
And the fine Old English Fox-hunter, all of the olden time.

Racing.

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.

WITHOUT taking the trouble to "Telegraph" my valuable person to head quarters *via* Cambridge, and to "alight from my chaise" at the turnpike, as some of the high-flying *genus* affect, I must apprize you in plain prose (*my* Pegasus having had a hard summer of it, is on the look out for a loose box, and wont "come" poetry) that my "medium of communication" was the *Newmarket* Telegraph, which I take to be the shortest, cheapest, quickest, and most simple way of getting here. Some folks are shockingly given to circumlocution and romance, as well in travelling as in describing their travels,—now as it is *my* plan to take the shortest road in both, I shall, without trespassing upon Lord Byron (who is sadly knocked about), proceed at once to the "subject matter" of the meeting, first stating, once for all, that the weather was fine, the company average, and the racing moderate.

Monday.—The first race was for a handicap of 10 sovs. each.—D.M. Yet notwithstanding the smallness of the sum, the weights were so unsatisfactory, that only three of them came to the post, viz., Mr. Gardnor's Messenger, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 1lb., Mr. Yates's Ince, 3 yrs. old 6st. 1lb., and Mr. Greville's Gondolier, aged, 7st. 9lb. Messenger, ridden by that prince of dandy-jockies, Pavis, won in a canter. 5 and 6 to 4 on him.

The second event was a sporting match, over the same course, between Lord Uxbridge's Baleine, 4 yrs. old, 8st., and Mr. Yates's Sensitive, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb., for a hundred each. Baleine made the running and won cleverly by half a length. 6 to 5 on Sensitive. Boyce rode the winner.

A scanty day's sport was brought to a close with the great trial race for two year olds, the result of which proved beyond the possibility of doubt the Clearwell and Prendergast stakes were "quite correct,"—indeed, the extraordinary truth of the running of the twos and threes at Newmarket, throughout the present season, is a striking feature in the details of the campaign. Of thirty-nine entries, nine came to the post, their weights, and respective positions at the finish, being as follows:

Mr. Greville's ch. f. Preserve, sister to Pickle, 8st. 8lb.—Arnull.... 1

Mr. Mills's br. f. Hester, by Camel, out of Monimia, 8st. 8lb. 2

Lord Lichfield's f. Gipsy, by Young Tinker, 8st. 3lb.; Mr. Yates's br. c. Clarence, 8st. 3lb.; Mr. Rawlinson's br. f. Reliance, 8st. 3lb.; Mr. Greatrex's b. f. by Camel, out of Martha, 8st. 1lb.; Mr. Grant's b. f. by Filho da Puta, out

of Orpheline, 8st. 11b.; Mr. W. Edwards's f. Burden, by Camel, 8st. 11b.; and Lord Orford's ch. f. Dorothy, by Whisker, out of Elizabeth, 8st. 11b.; also started, but were not placed.

The odds at the start were, 6 to 4 on Preserve, 4 to 1 agst. Burden (t.), 7 to 1 agst. Hester, and 10 to 1 agst. any other. The starting, as usual, was execrably managed,—what with the restiveness natural to two year olds,—the anxiety of the jockies to overreach each other, and the exquisite stupidity of the *old woman* appointed to start them, there was as much time wasted as for the Clearwell in the second meeting. First Gipsy would not tramp, then Burden “put in her spoke,” and these two amiable creatures contrived to keep us all on the fidget for three parts of an hour; at length, by some miraculous effort of old Birchley's, they *did* get off, and at a pace which was especially favourable for the heavy weights. The appearance of the race was odd enough; one half of them running on the upper side, near the rails (this lot consisting of Preserve, Orpheline, Dorothy, and Gipsy), and the rest close to the path on the lower side; from an order of running so curious, it was no easy matter to say which was making play; all that could be gathered from the early part was, that Dorothy had the most forward place up to the Duke's stand, where Hester went a little in front, Preserve lying at her side, and forcing the running; about two hundred yards from home, Hester looked so well, that the backers of Preserve were shaken in their faith; it was only for a moment, however, as Old Bill brought his mare up immediately after, defeated her as soon as they got within the cords, and won cleverly by half a length. Martha was beaten further from Hester than when they ran for the Clearwell at even weights, much to the chagrin of Mr. G., who, *malgré* the odds, thought he should make a better race of it. W. Edwards's mare, which had been cracked up as a second Camarine, ran in cheek-by-jowl with the Orpheline filly, the rear being brought up by Clarence, Gipsy, and Reliance. The winner is a remarkably racing-like mare, of a good average size, with powerful limbs, and fine slashing action, and more likely to improve than any two year old winner I have seen out for many seasons.

Tuesday.—One Hundred Pounds, handicap.—D.I.

Duke of Portland's c. by Lottery, out of Pledge, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 4lb.

—Nat	1
Mr. Biggs's Little Red Rover, aged, 8st. 6lb.	2
Lord Berners's Malvina, by Oscar, out of Spotless, 4 yrs. old, 8st. ...	3
Mr. I. Day's b. g. Burgomaster, 5 yrs. old, 7st. 12lb.	4
Mr. W. Smith's Denbies, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 4lb.	5

13 to 8 agst. Malvina (t.), 3 to 1 agst. Pledge, and 4 to 1 agst. Rover. This was quite a sporting race between the *little* Rover and the *great* Pledge; the former, like a gallant little fellow, took the lead, and, not

over-weighted, as has so frequently been the case, rattled them along at a good pace, Pledge hanging on till about fifty yards from the chair, where he pounced upon him; both were "at it" for the short remainder of the distance, but in making the dip, the superior stride of the duke's colt overpowered his diminutive opponent, who, losing all "save honour," was beaten only by a head. Pity that so resolute a spirit should be shut up in so small a frame! I beg to congratulate the noble duke on the success (late as it is) of his colt, and on his having the still greater good fortune to pick up a purchaser (a foreigner of course) at £300! I should be sorry to *redeem* such a *pledge* at any price.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for two year olds.—T.Y.C.

Mr. Mills's Lurcher.—Nat. 1

Mr. W. Edwards's b. f. Chatterbox, by Filho da Puta—Zariffa 2

Sir Mark Wood's Lilka; Mr. Pigott's c. by Partisan, out of Flounce; Mr. Nevill's f. Amadou, by Bobadil, out of Zoe; Duke of Grafton's Emu; and Lord Egremont's Redleg; also started, but were not placed.

7 to 4 agst. Lurcher, 2 to 1 agst. Redleg, and 4 to 1 agst. any other. A good start with all save Lurcher, who, shut out, was forced to play a waiting game, and *lurch* in the rear; at the cords the ragged ones dropt off, and, an opening being thus made for him, he darted through, joined Chatterbox, Redleg, and Emu, and won by a neck, after a short but highly interesting struggle; of these four there was not a length between the first and last.

Match, 50 sovs.—Last half of Ab. M. Lord Chesterfield's f. by Partisan, out of St. Julien's dam, 2 yrs. old, 7st. (Nat), beat Lord Stradbroke's Begum, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb., by half a length. 3 to 1 on the three year old, which was looked upon as safe to win, but when called upon "would not come."

Fifty Pounds, for two year olds and upwards.—Last three miles of B.C.

Mr. Turner's Lady Albert, 2 yrs. old.—R. Perren 1

Mr. Ridsdale's Veronica, by Velocipede, 2 yrs. old. 2

Mr. Hunter's f. by Tramp, out of Ridotto, 2 yrs. old 3

Mr. W. Smith's Denbies, 4 yrs. old. 4

Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. Bucephalia, 2 yrs. old. 5

Mr. Forth's Robinson Crusoe, 3 yrs. old. 6

Mr. I. Day's Burgomaster, 5 yrs. old. 7

7 to 4 agst. Robinson Crusoe, 9 to 4 agst. Bucephalia, and 6 to 1 agst. Veronica. After running about a dozen strides in the rear, Lady Albert shot through the lot of horses before her, mastered the boy, and got such a tremendous lead, that nothing could get up, and she won by nearly a dozen lengths; although without a chance for the plate, the urchins on Veronica and the Ridotto filly, made a smart race for second place, greatly to the enjoyment of the juvenile squad collected at the weighing place.

Wednesday.—Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for two and three yr. olds.—T.Y.C.

Lord Chesterfield's f. by Pantaloon, out of Vexation, 2 yrs. old.—Nat 1
 Mr. Thornhill's Hasem Scarum, 3 yrs. old 2
 Mr. Yates's Clarence, 2 yrs. old 3
 Mr. Farrell's f. by Figaro, out of Canopy, 3 yrs. old 4

11 to 8 agst. Vexation, and 6 to 4 agst. Clarence. A smart race in the cords, and won by half a length. A very so-so lot.

Fifty Pounds for two and three yr. olds.—T.Y.C.

Col. Peel's b. f. by Partisan, out of Henrica, 2 yrs. old.—Pike 1
 Mr. Hunter's Sister to Forester, 2 yrs. old 2

Mr. Nevill's Amadou, 3 yrs. old; Sir F. Johnstone's f. Trinket, by Godolphin, out of Filagree, 3 yrs. old; Mr. Goddard's f. by Emilius, out of Sketchbook's dam, 2 yrs. old; Mr. I. Day's b. f. by Godolphin, dam by Moses, out of Calendulæ, 2 yrs. old; Mr. Grant's f. by Filho da Puta, out of Orpheline, 2 yrs. old; Mr. Shard's gr. c. Vault, by Reveller, out of Vaultress, 2 yrs. old; and Mr. Knight's c. by Camel, out of Friar Tuck's dam; also started, but were not placed.

7 to 4 agst. Orpheline, 5 to 2 agst. Amadou, and 7 to 2 agst. Sister to Forester. Trinket, Henrica, Sister to Forester, and Orpheline, lay together in front till within a few strides of the "Bricklayer's Arms," where Henrica and Sister to Forester got clear of the other couple; a short race between the two proved the superiority of the Henrica filly, which won easily by a length. She was claimed in the last meeting for forty sovereigns!

A match for 25 sovs.—T. Y. C. Between Captain Rous's Ophelia, 3 yrs. old, and Mr. Forth's ("worse than") Pagan, 4 yrs. old, at even weights, was won in a canter by the mare; ridden by Robinson. 6 to 4 on Pagan, who has dropt "The Victim."

Fifty Pounds, handicap.—A. F.

Mr. W. Edwards's Prince Llewellyn, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 3lb.—Robinson 1
 Lord Verulam's Little Cassino, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 12lb. 2
 Mr. Forth's Louisa, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 10lb. 3
 Duke of Portland's Cacus, by Tiresias, out of Agatha, 3 yrs. old,
 7st. 4lb. 4
 Lord Exeter's Cactus, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb. 5

6 to 4 agst. Cactus, and 2 to 1 agst. Cacus, who were the last two, so much for the knowing ones! The two C.'s made the running for about four-fifths of the distance, and then declined; Louisa, now in front, was joined in a few strides by the Prince and Little Cassino, and speedily cut down. An indifferent race between the other two was won by the Prince a good length.

A match for 200 sovs. each.—D. M. Between Colwick, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb., and Nonsense, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 3lb., led to a good deal of betting, as, independent of the doubt as to the superiority of speed, there was the additional uncertainty as to which would "cur it," to speculate

upon; the first question was not decided, for Nonsense having sprung off with a good lead, the old horse cut it instanter, and suffered his more youthful opponent to trot in six lengths a-head. 6 to 5 on the winner, who was jockeyed by Pavis. As Colwick is so little to be relied upon, I would recommend his noble owner to look out for a purchaser; anything will do for Paria, which, luckily for this country, is as completely the refuge for worn-out racers as Boulogne is for broken down swells.

Thursday.—A Rubbish Stake of 5 sovs. each for two yr. olds, was won easy by Mr. Greville's Pat (Nat), beating Mr. Newton's Heberle, Mr. Pigott's Flounce colt, and Lord Egremont's f. by Greyleg, out of Rectory; 6 to 5 on Pat. Little fish are sweet, or Mr. Greville would scarcely have condescended to 15 sovs., the net profit of this stake, after such a nibble as the Criterion.

After this interesting affair came a match for 300 sovs.—T. Y. C. Between Preserve, carrying 9st., and Sir M. Wood's, Camellina filly, 8st. 2lb., which ran second to Hester for the Prendergast. The betting was heavy at 2 to 1 on Preserve, and she fully justified the confidence grounded on her previous running, by winning in a canter, notwithstanding the weight, which is seven pounds heavier than we like to see on the back of a two year old. Lucky little Nat rode the winner.

A shy day's racing closed with a handicap plate, D. I., which was contested by Messenger, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb., and Chantilly, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 4lb.; a good race from the Duke's stand, the horse winning by a neck only; ridden by Pavis. 5 to 2 on the winner.

Friday.—The Nursery Stakes for two yr. olds.—D. M.

Mr. Grant's Knobstick, 8st. 6lb.—Conolly..... 1

Gen. Grosvenor's f., by Bizarre, out of Y. Mouse, 6st. 10lb. 2

Lord Egremont's Ethilda, 8st. 7lb.; Mr. Sowerby's Constantia, 7st. 12lb; Mr. S. Chifney's f., out of Dromedary's dam, 7st. 12lb.; Duke of Rutland's Flame, 7st. 4lb.; Mr. Forth's c., by Lottery, out of Pimlico, 7st. 4lb.; Col. Peel's Weathercock, 6st. 12lb.; and Lord Lichfield's Cajeput, 6st. 12lb.; also started, but were not placed.

Betting:—3 to 1 agst. Ethilda, 4 to 1 agst. Knobstick, 5 to 1 agst. Flame, and 10 to 1 agst. Y. Mouse. The running was made by Weathercock and Cajeput till within a hundred and fifty yards of the chair, when the two horses placed and Ethilda went in front; these three and Weathercock kept company till about three strides of home, where Knobstick broke away from them and won cleverly by a length.

A match for 25 sovs. between Pat and a yearling Bedlamite filly of W. Edwards's, at 28lbs; first half of Ab. M. was won easy by Pat, rode by Nat; 6 to 4 on him.

A handicap of 15 sovs. each.—T. Y. C., was won easy by Baleine, 4 yrs. old, 8st. (Boyce), beating Rosalie, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb.; Zulima,

3 yrs. old, 7st. 9lb.; Cactus, 4 yrs., 8st. 2lb.; Colwick, 6 yrs. 9st. 2lb.; and Ophelia, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 3lb.; there was a pretty struggle for second place between Rosalie and Zulima, which the former won by a-head, about the same difference that resulted from the match between them last meeting at even weights.

100 sovs.—T. Y. C. Sir M. Wood's, The Glama, 2 yrs. old, 7st. 11lb., (Pavis), beat Lord Exeter's Ayesha, by Sultan, out of Marinella, 3 yrs., 8st. 7lb, by a length easy. 11 to 8 on The Glama.

The meeting and the season terminated with a splendid race over the first half of Ab. M., between the following two yr. olds:—Mr. Mills's Camlet; Lord Lowther's Coquette colt; Mr. Copeland's c., by Blacklock, or Langar; Mr. J. Day's Zelinda filly; and Sir M. Wood's Lilka. They set off at a rattler, kept head and head throughout, and made so close a finish that it was heads and tails for choice between all except Lilka, until the Judge pronounced Camlet to have won by a head—he was unable to say which of the other three had second place.

Your's, &c.

W. G.

Newmarket, Nov. 5, 1834.

SPORTING IN INDIA.

[WE are indebted for the following extracts from the spirited and amusing letters of a young Etonian, now stationed at Madras, to the kindness of the friends to whom they were addressed. They were written, as appears by the originals, *literally currente calamo*, and without the slightest idea that they would ever "appear in public," and are, in our opinion, the more welcome on that account—exhibiting the writer in his true character of an enthusiastic sportsman—one equally able to do and to describe, to get "first spears," and

"Tell of the dangers he has shared,
And the tusks that he has won."]

Tanjore, Dec. 5, 1833.

When we were at Vellum we went to pay our respects to the Rajah of Tanjore on the occasion of the Dussorah Feast: I need not describe it to you, as it is so exactly detailed by Captain Hall in his last series, in his account of the same feast in Mysore.

The Rajah was splendidly dressed—(the brute actually nets and shoots hog in some of our best country!)—there were bull-fights—tiger-fights—jettirs—a sort of Nigger prize-fighters, who take precious good care never to hurt each other—fire-works, which nearly set the great Bazaar in a blaze, &c. &c.: and the god was carried into the middle of the tank

and washed and made comfortable, he was then driven to his zenanah, and afterwards went quietly back to his pagoda, where he will remain till the same time next year.

Shortly afterwards a large party of us, *i. e.* about twenty, with a small sprinkling of ladies, went on a hunting and shooting expedition to the Rajah Tondimar—an independent Rajah—quite a different style of fellow. Poodecottah, his capital, is about thirty-five miles from Vellum, but he has a regular English establishment about two miles further on; of course those who rejoiced in spouses took possession of the house, the jolly bachelors hanging out in tents, and most splendid ones they were, all of them (sixteen or eighteen) belonging to the Rajah; I had a double-poled one, with glass doors, and most beautifully fitted up. We arrived on Thursday, and spent that day in paying and receiving visits to and from the Rajah, who is a most jolly fellow and a regular trump. He sent us elephants for our accommodation—and in the court-yard was a magnificent turn out of troops, officers of state, elephants, dancing-girls, horses, &c. &c. He received us in Durbar, with all his viziers, sons-in-law, and learned men; he was most superbly dressed, and had on a pair of diamond bracelets more splendid than you can possibly conceive, they belonged formerly to the celebrated Tippoo; his turban was covered with jewels, and had twelve rows of pearls hanging over one side.

After all the ceremony of rose water, &c., was over, we departed, and he came in state to us in the evening; on the other evenings, however, he came in private, took off his turban, and played at chess, cards, or any thing else; he talks English capitally—is very fond of sporting—is an excellent shot, and goes out hog-hunting, but of course he cannot ride up to pork, considering that he weighs about twenty stone, and the native trappings of his horse weigh five or six more at least.

Friday was a shooting day—Saturday, hog-hunting—when I made my debut at it—Sunday was a day of rest—Monday, hog-hunting—and on Tuesday the party broke up. On the first day only five went out hunting and two or three more on the second day, but all top-sawyers, “and no mistake:” it certainly is a most noble sport, and I think fully equal to fox-hunting, though so totally different; it is much more dangerous; but no earthly pen could describe the glorious excitement of it; the waiting by the jungle side all in a knot, grinding your teeth with suppressed anxiety, your spear all ready, bridle-hand well forward, your heels ready to dig in at the first tally-ho!—and away you go as hard as ever you can split, no holding hard and riding neat, but slap-dash, neck or nothing—and whoever draws first blood is the victorious hero, provided, however, that the boar is killed—it is nothing if he is only scratched and gets away. Drawing first blood is called getting first spear, and after that it does not signify who kills him, which only counts

second. Oh! the cramming at a nullah—four in a row, and two a little behind (two having been already puled)—three over—two in—and one horse refusing it—then dashing through thorns, which, without joking, pin your toes to your boots and tear your clothes to rags and your leathers to shivers—then coming right on a blind nullah, fifteen feet broad, twenty deep, and a bad take off—no time to turn—only two over—then comes the tug of war—I have actually ridden to get first spear with one fellow close alongside of me, and neither knowing, till after the death of the hog, who was near him—the very thoughts of it almost make me mad.

To be a good spear you must be perfect master of your horse, and a fellow on a well-broken one has the chances ten to one in his favour, as the hog sometimes turn like hares when very closely pressed.

The management of the spear is very difficult at first, so as not to spear your own horse or any of your particular friends; there are two ways of spearing, one called *jobbing*, which is digging it in overhanded, much the most difficult, but you are obliged to do so if there is more than one person at a hog, so as to give the other a chance; but if six or seven break at once and you have a hog all to yourself, as sometimes happens, you may what is called *poke*, with your spear under your arm like a lancer; but the fun is when they charge; that is the time to show your horsemanship, as they rip up a horse in no time, and the rider too if he is not sharp.

K. is a most excellent horseman, and one of the boldest I ever saw; he beats me now with the pigs, having had so much more practice, but I hope he will not do so long, when I get my fist in a bit; he is a living example that sporting men need not be bad civilians; he is acknowledged to be one of the best collectors, most hard-working and cleverest men on this side of India, and yet nobody in this world is a more thorough sportsman.

* * * * *

We are going next week into old Tondiman's district on a hog-hunting party. The Rajah meets us at a place called Warapoor, where I have never been yet, but I believe it is capital ground—he is a real trump—Tondiman; you cannot imagine the joys of hog-hunting—the agonizing excitement of it—and oh! the ride for first spear—I don't believe the Duke of Wellington could have felt happier after the battle of Waterloo, than a fellow who has taken the spear from a hard-riding worthy antagonist, or antagonists “as the case may be.” The beauty of hog-hunting, is, that you have an enemy that fights for his life, and is on something like an equality with one; to stand the charge of the fierce, grey-tusked, four year old boar, requires pluck and nerve and hand—which distinguishes the man from the spoon. It is a glorious

sport, but the increase of cultivation is playing sad havoc with it, and in a few years, I am afraid that hog-hunting will live only in history: when the old hog hunter will sit by his fireside and pour into the wondering ears of his sons and his grandsons, how that in former days on the burning plains of Hindostan, gallant bands mounted on the high-bred sons of Nejid, or Dgehar did take the field, and did rouse from his lair the foaming boar; and he will tell of first spear gained, and horses ripped, and ghastly wounds, of nullahs crossed, and thundering purls.

* * * * *

Quorndon Hall, Tanjore,
Jan. 30th, 1834.

I have just returned (*i. e.* last night) from a two days' hog-hunting expedition at a place called Warapoor—fifteen miles from this; the second was the most splendid day's sport I ever enjoyed, and I am happy to say I was instrumental in killing the hugest boar K—y ever saw. I'll tell you all about it; the first day we were horridly disgusted (you must know that the riding portion of our party consisted of only three, K—y, a fellow named S—tt, and myself), there were lots of hog but they would not break though there were a thousand men beating the jungle, and I am sorry to say three were very badly hurt by the hog charging back; Tondiman, whose country we were in, and who was there himself, was also very sorry; they told him it was of no use without lots of muskets (loaded with powder only, of course), so he sent over to his capital for a hundred muskets, and squibs, and other things, and although we intended to stay only one day, we waited for another, and amply were we repaid by the finest sport ever known. The first day only one lame hog was killed, by S—tt; K—y and I did not even have a gallop as we would not ride at a lame one. Well—the second day, the first hog that broke I lost by his turning back into the cover; the second broke between K—y and S—tt, we were placed in this way,

jungle	jungle	jungle
K—e	K—y	S—tt

hog

I had an immense way to make up; however, I rated away as fast as ever I could spin, and caught up K—y, but by that time it was *bellows to mend*; so I lost the honour of first spear, but gave him the death poke after receiving his charge. As we were going back to the jungle to look for more hog, we saw S—tt's horse skivering away towards the tents minus rider. K—y had two gallops, one after a squeaker, which he lost, the other after a tremendous boar, which got into the jungle by his horse being dead beat; I did not ride either of them, as my horse, which had been very ill from being put into an exposed stable on a journey, was not in good condition, and was blowing away at no allowance, and

my other was not come up. On joining Tondiman we found that S—tt had had rather a severe fall, and were obliged to send him to the tents in a palanquin, so only K—y and myself were left, who were determined to have that *big-un* K—y had lost; so as soon as the beaters were ready in the jungle he had gone into, we posted ourselves both on fresh horses (I on my favourite Spinello, which I told you of before, I had sold him, and bought him back when the fellow who had him went for his health to N. S. W.), determined to do or die; Tally-ho! and away broke the same brute on the other side of K—y, who had, in consequence, a tremendous start of me again; however, my gallant Spinello carried me superbly, clearing nullahs, and banks, and hedges, in his stride, and brought me alongside of K—y after the best run ever seen; K—y got first spear again, when it broke off with the point in him; his death then depended upon me, and as we were now close to the jungle, it was not very easy, so I rode at him and received his charge three times before I could kill him; but the third thrust went right into his heart, luckily, as my spear broke off, and he died instantaneously; every poke made him fiercer, and if my horse had not behaved most beautifully, it would have been rather ticklish. K—y was looking on, cheering me, not being able to do anything himself, and I confess I was glad when the brute was dead; we had him carried to the tents with the two spear heads in him, and we were obliged to cut away for three inches before they could get at mine, so if that last one had not killed him, he would have got away, as we were both without spears; of course he would have died afterwards, but we should not have bagged him. He was the largest K—y ever saw, and that's no few; his tusks measured six inches above the gum, and he was larger round the girth than a horse, so you may fancy what a monster he was: I ate some of him at breakfast this morning with great *gout*—wild hog is splendid eating, as tender as lamb, but such a beautiful jungly flavour, and the fat delicious. I certainly do glory in his death; and although I say it, if I had not handled my spear well in his charges, he would have ripped up Spinello and then me; and I do not know which I should have cared for most—that darling, darling horse—how truly and fervently I do love him! It is only when the jungle is very large, we are posted along as I showed you; in small jungles we are all in a lump, which is certainly fairer for riding; but yet, in the other every one has the same chance of their breaking near him. Yesterday will be a *dies notanda* with me as long as I live.

THE DECOY.

THERE are two decoys near me; the one at Home, near Stilton, in the County of Huntingdon; the other in Borough Fen, on the borders of Lincolnshire. They are both admirably situated, the former on the confines of the Mere; and the latter, close to the banks of the Welland, which during the winter months, constantly irrigates the surrounding country for twenty miles. To so broad an expanse of water, which is presented either by the river when at flood, or the Mere, with its hundred tributary streams and winding reed shoals, wild-fowl will always resort in vast numbers, and as they are scared from thence by the gunners, naturally fly for refuge to the quietude of the decoy. Besides, amidst the barren solitudes of the fens, without a tree or shade, it can be no matter of surprise that the decoys should be sought out by the fowl for a hiding place, surrounded as they are with deep screens of willow, osier, and sallow, stored amply with food, assiduously guarded, and protected by the law from molestation.

The birds which chiefly frequent the decoy, and which are made the subjects of its operation, are the duck, widgeon, and teal. All other wild-fowl occasionally resort there, and the hooper, the heron, the bittern, wild-geese, pochard, coot, and many others, are found within its boundaries. Pheasants too abound amidst its thickets, and foxes are the constant tenants of its banks. The last time Earl Fitzwilliam's hounds went to the Borough Fen decoy, which was in April, for the purpose of driving the foxes up into the country, at least fifty brace of pheasants were seen: and at the Home decoy and its environs, a much greater number might be brought to bag, supposing (which can never be the case) that a gun could be used in the decoy during the pheasant season. The reason that pheasants are more plentiful here is from its proximity to the woods, which when the late Captain Wells preserved Home, were well stocked with game, which naturally fled more or less to the decoy, when they began to beat the covers. It will naturally be supposed that with such a stock of old birds, shielded from interruption, and placed amid ample cover, that pheasants would increase fast in a decoy. They do not, however, and amongst the reasons to be assigned why such is the case, are the numbers of hawks and kites with which the fens abound; to say nothing of stoats, weasels, and other vermin of a like kind, which are also to be found in plenty. As it matters little to the proprietor whether these are destroyed or not, they have the full range of the decoy during the breeding season, and hence, in a great measure, no doubt, the pheasants are prevented from increasing so fast, as otherwise they must. The pheasant, it is well known, strays far and wide, and I have known them leave the decoy in considerable numbers, during the months of November and December, and have shot them in the Cole

seed, to which they had fled, on many occasions. From this we may be led to suppose, that although pheasants will at all times be found in decoys, still the air, food, or locality, are so far at variance with their natural wants and habits, as to induce them to stray in search of the woods, and to prevent their breeding and continuing in the lowlands, to any considerable extent.

Snipes may in general be found in great numbers near to a decoy, and when the wind lies over the decoy, so as to drown or drive away the report of the gun, I have shot up to within half a mile of the Home decoy, and had the finest shooting a man could desire. The feeding grounds round the decoy are very extensive, and as they uniformly lie quiet, from their near neighbourhood to it, while the birds are shot at and harassed on the surrounding moors, they naturally enough resort to these grounds for food and shelter. I have had better shooting here than in any other country I know, and have often said, and heard it remarked, that if one possessed an air gun that would carry an ounce and a quarter of shot, and kill at thirty yards, a man might at *any* time bag from fifteen to twenty couple of snipe, with ease to himself, and without annoyance to Mr. Skelton, the proprietor of the decoy. I have considerable doubt whether such a gun is to be met with, and as I should wish to possess one, for the purpose of snipe-shooting near the decoys, any of your correspondents would confer a favour on myself, and several of my sporting friends, in this "land of fen and bog," by communicating through your pages where such a gun is to be purchased, supposing, as I before said, that it exists.

It is now high time that something should be said on the subject in hand—the decoy itself. The decoy is a large pond or lake, in some remote and unfrequented spot, surrounded with willows, poplars, and other trees which thrive best in the marshes; with reeds and sedge round the margin of the pond, for further shelter, and small islands of osiers and flags scattered thinly over it, for the fowl to hide or plume in at pleasure. It is during the day only that the birds resort to the decoy, they feed chiefly in the night, and for the purpose of repose fly back to the decoy at day-break, where they remain inactive until dark, unless incited by hunger, or allured by the manœuvres of the decoy. The neighbourhood of the decoy presents a stirring scene, both at morning and at evening—at day-break, the fowl may be seen in all quarters, from the rapid ducks to the eddying widgeon, and darting teal, returning from their feeding grounds to the decoy. Nor is the scene by night less animated to the ear, than by day to the eye, for after the decoy *rises*, the fowl are heard whirring through the air, and uttering their low monotonous notes, which in the stillness of the night are clearly audible, until lost in the distance. It is a common practice in the fens, to shoot wild-fowl by moonlight, and I have more than once become the silent occupant of a reed hut, quietly waiting their approach to some pool or pit to which they

were wont to resort. I was fortunate enough on those occasions to meet with sport, and not the ague, although the latter, to any thinking being, was of the two, far the likelier to be caught. As only one shot is to be had at a place one night, it is material to wait until as many birds have got together in the water as you may reasonably suppose will come; or at any rate to insure, what is well enough understood, as "a good family shot"—then fire: I fired, and having shot two couple and a half of whole birds, was not slow in bagging them, and exchanging the reed hut for the comforts of the chimney corner.

But to return,—from the pond in the centre of the decoy, are several cuts or creeks, to suit the purposes of the decoy in all winds. Over each of these creeks, is a strong net-work, which gradually lessens towards the top of the creek, and ends in the diameter of a common bow-net. By the sides of the creeks, or *pipes* as they are called in the decoy, is a fence or screen of reeds, behind which the man passes, when the decoy is at work, which I shall speak of presently. The decoy ducks are of the same colour as the wild ones, and being kept with other tame ducks in the pond, naturally come to the call of the decoy-man, generally: a low whistle, or to any seeds or corn which he scatters, from behind the screens, to allure them. The mode in which the decoy is worked, is simply this. Having first ascertained from the quarter of the wind, which pipe can be used with the greatest advantage for the day, the decoy-man, placing himself to leeward of the fowl intended to be caught, commences calling the attention of the decoy birds, by either of the modes mentioned above, and, drawing them towards him, they contrive to draw the wild ones after them. Whether they follow from curiosity, instinct, or for food, or amusement, matters little—they *do* follow. The decoy-man goes on behind the screen, and at intervals sprinkles a quantity of corn to entice the decoy-birds forward. A little dog, which is trained for the purpose, becomes a very important actor in this part of the scene; he has a run prepared for him, between the screen and the margin of the creek, along which he goes, seen at times and then invisible, a small piece of cheese being laid or thrown for him, at different parts of his track, to keep him steady to his work. The wild-fowl, tempted by curiosity to discover what this can mean, and allured by the decoy-birds, which swim quietly onward, and of course from long habit shew no signs of fear, have by this time got so far up the pipe, that their doom may be said to be well nigh sealed. The decoy-man now appears from behind the screen, and on seeing him the fowl, with one wild rush, fly forward to the top of the pipe, where they are one and all made captive. The decoy-birds, upon the appearance of the man, and the rush of the wild ones, very coolly turn round and swim down the pipe into the pond.

Great nicety and caution are required in doing all this, and in the general management of the decoy. During the winter, when the decoy

is being worked, no one enters it without having a piece of lighted turf placed before his mouth, to prevent the effluvia arising from his breath reaching the fowl; and when the wind is over the decoy, the managers, in the dead of winter, have no fire in the house for days together, and are obliged to go to the house of a neighbour or to an inn for food, not only that they have no means of preparing it at home, but dare not bring it within the decoy, for fear the birds should become alarmed, and leave in consequence, at a time when in town they are worth ten shillings a couple. No one knows with certainty the total head of fowl taken in one season at either of the decoys I have mentioned; but a man who had worked for the owner of the Home decoy, told me that they sometimes took from forty to fifty dozen birds in a day, for a week or a fortnight in succession.

There is no objection made to any one visiting the decoy during the summer months, say from May to July; but when the birds begin to arrive and especially during the season, it is not to be seen by a stranger for love or money. Such being the case, it is but natural that the proprietors of decoys should be very jealous of the approaches of sportsmen towards the haunt of their fickle visitants.

The general opinion amongst the gunners is, that no one may lawfully fire a gun within a mile of a decoy; but inquiry so often explodes the too common received opinion on popular subjects, and sets one right upon them, that I am induced to subjoin the following authoritative information*, which may be useful to some of your readers, as elucidating the point in question.

A person is not only liable as a trespasser for entering the decoy and killing the fowl, but an action also lies against him for discharging guns near the decoy, with intent to frighten the wild fowl away from it, and whereby they are in fact driven away, and the owner damnified. And where one fired off a gun for this purpose, from on board a boat on a public river, where the tide ebbd and flowed, and about two hundred yards distant from an ancient decoy on the shore, but so near as to make the birds take flight, when he killed several on the wing; this was held to be evidence of a wilful disturbance of, and of damage to, the decoy, though there was no evidence of his having fired into the decoy itself. A man has a right, however, to set up a decoy on his own ground, notwithstanding it is near to another in his neighbour's land; and though his neighbour is thereby damaged, by the birds leaving his decoy and resorting to the new one, still no action lies in this case; for the owner of the old decoy had only a transient property in the birds while they continued in his pond, and the moment they voluntarily depart from it, this qualified property ceases.

Peterborough.

N. W.

* Deacon on the Game Laws, p. 63.

TALLY-HO!

THE late fire at Westminster has been truly a god-send to the newspapers. In addition to the particulars of the conflagration itself, it furnished them with an excuse for discussions on subjects incidentally and accidentally, and, in some instances, not in the remotest degree, connected with the disastrous event.

Antiquities and architecture, and any thing relating to the two Houses of Parliament, were natural and legitimate topics, but how they could connect with it fox-hunting, or aught relating to the noble science, it would probably puzzle most of our readers to discover. They did, however, do so, and for a week and upwards we had a correspondence in one of the daily papers—the *Times* too of all others—on the derivation and use of the sporting phrase, “Tally-ho!”—The discussion arose out of a remark in a long and learned letter which appeared in the *Times* of the 1st of November, on the subject of Exchequer Tallies, and which the writer (after giving the preference to the Latin *talis* over the French *taille* as the origin of the word Tally) concludes as follows: “illustrations of the subject are less exhaustible, perhaps, than a good-natured reader’s patience: yet one word more—tally-oh!”

We shall give the “Tally-ho” correspondence entire, and then add a few observations of our own, as to what *we* conceive to be the origin of the word and the occasion when it should be used.

The dates are those of the paper in which the letters appeared.

(To the Editor of the *Times*.)

SIR,

Nov. 3, 1834.

Your sporting correspondent, who gives so interesting an account of exchequer tallies, concludes his interesting disquisition with a word that by no means tallies with his subject, “Tally-oh!” (as he writes it) has nothing to do with tallies; we hear of hounds being on good terms with their fox, but none of the cloth that I am acquainted with would wish to see them on *even* terms with him. This well-known cheer is a corruption (or rather improvement) of the old French cry “*est allé hors!*” indicative of the game having left the wood.

As from the pace at which you are just come from Glasgow, you evidently “know something of business,” I hope you will insert this for the honour of fox-hunting.

DORMIN.

SIR,

Nov. 4, 1834.

It is well known that many hunters after derivations are as fond of the offsprings of their fancy, let them be ever so preposterous, as some pa-

rents are of their mis-shapen children. As I am not, however, now about to advance one of my own, I shall need the less apology for this intrusion on your columns, inasmuch as my judgment will not lie under the imputation of that species of partiality.

Your correspondent in to-day's paper, "Dormin," who appears in the double capacity of derivator and fox-hunter, has, I confess, surprised me by the air of authority with which he has produced his *est allé hors*, by way of the true derivation of tally-ho! With every deference to his knowledge in a province so peculiarly his own, I cannot bring myself to consider his so probable a derivation as that which I thought was heretofore generally received, namely, *au taillis*, "to the covert." In this last case, the circumstance of the *au* preceding the *taillis*, is but a slight objection, as in the rapidity of repetition these words would naturally be transposed for the sake of a more easy enunciation.

I am far from contending that this is the true derivation of the huntsman's cry, tally-ho! but I think it at least as likely as any I have yet seen advanced.

I am, &c.

F.

IN RE TALLY-HO!

SIR,

Your would-be-knowing correspondent "Dormin," is quite "at fault" in saying that the cheerful "tally-ho!" is a corruption of the French *est allé hors*. On "trying back" he will "find that the cry is derived from the old Norman hunting call *au taillis*—to the wood or cover side.

NIMROD*.

SIR,

Nov. 5, 1834.

I am not sorry to have brought on the discussion respecting the cheer "tally-ho," but I did not expect to have incurred the censure of your correspondent "F," for my definition is any thing but "preposterous," and I am certainly *not* a "hunter after derivations."

I am not convinced by any of the arguments against me, and till I see better shall adhere to my own story, and I would ask "Nimrod" two questions. Does he use the cheer to encourage his hounds to go into cover? and does he *not* use it when he sees the fox break? I, too, could bring authorities, but I will intrude as little as possible on your valuable columns.

SCARLET (late Dormin.)

What does "Scarlet" say to the suggestion of a correspondent, that "tail-ho" may have been the cry, the brush or tail of the fox being the

* Not our friend Nimrod.—[ED. N. S. M.]

great prize? But the controversy about words is endless.—(*Ed. of the Times.*)

SIR,

Nov. 6, 1834.

In reply to the questions put to me in your paper this day by the *ci-devant* "Dormin," who now sports his "Scarlet" (to give his argument a better colour, I suppose), I beg to tell him, what he no doubt would have learned before the close of the present season, if he intends to mount his scarlet regularly, that the cheer "tally-ho!" is used when the old or leading dogs in the pack "open" in cover, or place frequented by foxes; and that when the game breaks cover, the cry is "stole away," "hark-away," "hark-forward," &c.

NIMROD.

SIR,

Your correspondent's suggestion, that by "tally-ho!" is implied "tail-ho!" is certainly humorous, but will not hold water, simply because, though the brush may be, and is, the main object of the sportsman, it most assuredly is not that of the hounds, to whom the cheer is addressed, and who would think it but sorry fare after a hard run.

SCARLET.

Our correspondents should inquire when the phrase first came into use, and whether at that time fox-hunting was known. We do not say that the subject is worth a further pursuit; but we suspect all our sporting friends are "at fault." We think "tally-ho!" is a mere exclamation of encouragement and incitement, compounded of the common interjection "ho!" and the old adverb *tally*, which, as our lexicographers tell us, means "*stoutly—with spirit*," and they quote Beaumont and Fletcher as their authority.—(*Ed. of the Times.*)

SIR,

Nov. 7, 1834.

"A tall fellow of his hands," "done like *tall* fellows," "*tally* and well done," "gallantly and *tally* acted," with the numerous similar passages that must occur to a reader of our old writers, show distinctly that your own version of the phrase is the true one. "There's the fox! to him, to him! tally-ho, tally-ho!" Tally is also shapely, or in form fitted for the purpose.

Your's truly,

TROT.

SIR,

"One word more," as your first correspondent said. Nimrod's answers to my questions fail in establishing the correctness of his definition, for supposing the cheer to be used (which I do not controvert) when the fox is viewed in covert, yet, most unquestionably it is also used when he breaks, and therefore it cannot be derived from "*au taillis*." The

cheers he enumerates I should rather call echoes, than original cries, when the fox is first viewed, at least the two last named certainly are.

I still see no reason to doubt my own derivation, in which some high authorities coincide. I will not intrude on you further, however, my main object having been to show the inconsistency with which the word was appended to a disquisition on tallies, a point in which the discussion fully bears me out.

SCARLET.

The derivations suggested by the editor of the *Times*, and his supporter, "Trot," we think will not do at any rate—neither is Nimrod much nearer the mark. "Dog-language," as our hunting readers well know, varies in different countries, but in none that we have ever hunted in do we remember to have heard the word "tally-ho!" used at the time mentioned in the letter of the 6th of November, viz. "when the old or leading dogs (or *hounds* as we should call them) in the pack, open in cover" or, as we should say, "feather on the scent." A screech, or whoop, or blast of the horn, as far as we have observed, is the usual mode of drawing the hounds to the spot where the scent or drag is discovered, then comes the *have at him there!* yooi, push him up! yooi, wind him! and though "*stole away*," may be very good hare-hunting phraseology, we suspect that "gone away!" and "tally-ho!" are much better and more sporting terms to use on a fox breaking cover. "Hark forward," is a term, we believe, used almost indiscriminately while hounds are running, also on recovering the scent after a check, and our Yorkshire readers will remember a certain nobleman who in his zenith used always to be crying, *forward! forward!* in chase, even though his hounds might be running away from the whole field.

The true and correct derivation of the term "tally-ho!" we believe, will be found to be the Norman *taillis hors!* or, "out of cover." All, or nearly all, our hunting phraseology is derived from the Normans, who, indeed, formed both our hunting code and hunting vocabulary. We find it even where we should be least inclined to trace it to such a source. Thus the cry of "yoicks, yoicks!" used by us in trying a cover, is nothing else but the Norman *illocques, illocques!* or "there, there!"

PEAT'S HUNTING SHOE-CASE.

THE curious in hunting tackle we think will be gratified by the inspection of the above invention of Mr. Peat's, of Piccadilly, which contains, in the small space of five inches square, by one inch thick, a liquor flask, sandwich or cigar case, a spare hunting shoe and nails, and can be attached to any saddle.

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LEAR.—A CELEBRATED RETRIEVER.

Engraved by DUNCAN, from a Painting by DALBY, of York.

LEAR, the property of Edward Howard, Esq., was bred by the Marquess of Carmarthen, and was got by his Lordship's famous dog Turk. As our friend Tattersall would say, he is a remarkably clever animal, a very good retriever, and a good water dog. Duncan who, we think, has displayed him to advantage, has taken a little liberty with the painting, by breaking the back ground from a square subject into a vignette, and by selecting a pheasant from amid a heap of game that lies before Lear's nose, instead of giving the whole group. The owner of the painting we trust will excuse the liberty.

APPROACH OF THE HUNTING SEASON.

The leaf is red, the leaf is sear,
The sunbeams early die;
The swallow leaves her dwelling here
To seek a warmer sky.

Then mount and away for the forest glen,
I hear its echoes ring;
When Winter falls on other men
It is the hunter's Spring.

The leaf is red, the leaf is sear,
Then brim the bowl with wine:
What care we for the closing year
Or early eve's decline?

For blithe the vigil hunters keep,
Nor heed the daylight gone,
The crimson drops alone shall weep
For joys that blest the morn.

Oh, then we'll ride by the cover side
When the gallant fox steels by;
And give at view the wild halloo,
And hear the opening cry.

The trophies dear of that career,
With lightsome spirit bring;
No fading scenes of life are here,
It is the hunter's Spring.

October 31, 1834.

The Chase.

As might be expected, we have some additions and alterations to make in our list of hounds, published last month, particularly in the harrier, beagle, and otter-hound department. When, however, our readers consider the difficulty attending a first effort in a field never before attempted, we feel assured that they will rather give us credit for what we have accomplished, than censure us for what we have not been able to do. The fox-hound list is, we believe, tolerably accurate, though we were not able to obtain the names of some of the huntsmen. We see however by our contemporary Bell's Life in London Sunday newspaper, who copied our list, that we were wrong in stating that Mr. Bolton King had taken part of Warwickshire, Mr Viner being the gentleman who has done so. He hunts his hounds in person, whipped in to by George Gardner. Mr. Bolton King we believe keeps beagles in the county of Warwick. We also learn from the same authority, that the name of Col. George Wyndham's huntsman is Sharp, and not Thorpe, and that Mr. Leche has commenced hunting his bounds himself, Will. Head having left him to go to the Marquess of Hastings. Head stands in our list as serving two masters, the noble marquess and Mr. Leche, a thing that has always been held to be an impossibility. By the way, we may observe that whoever corrected the misstatement for Bell's Life, acted the part of a very injudicious friend towards Mr. Leche by stating that "he hunts his own hounds admirably;" for though Mr. L. is entitled to every credit for keeping the establishment, and hunting a contracted country, in the manner he does, yet it is too much to expect him to hunt his hounds "admirably," all at once, and those sort of eulogiums only tend to excite invidious criticism, and to detract from the merit of the old and scientific sportsman, without adding a permanent feather to the cap of the young one. That Mr. Leche will not make a good huntsman, is what we by no means intend to insinuate, but we say it is quite impossible for a man to be an *admirable* huntsman with only a few days' practice, which, if we are not much mistaken, was all he had had when that statement was put forth. He is, however, a spirited, popular man, setting a good example to all gentlemen of fortune, by residing on his own estate, exercising hospitality among his friends and neighbours, and promoting their amusement by keeping a pack of fox-hounds as well as harriers. With the former he takes the field, attended by three whips, old Joe Sinclair, huntsman to the late Mr. Leche, having been unshelved again, and put in the first place, though the second whip, Gaff (son of an old Cheshire huntsman), is the main-stay of the administration, old Joe being a turn too slow for the dash of modern times. Gaff they say is a very excellent whipper-in, and a bold dashing rider.

In this part of the country there is also a pack of hounds that we omitted in our list, called the Wynnastay hounds, the property of Sir Watkins W. Wynn. We believe they hunt both hare and fox, and have been showing some good sport this season. There is a pack of fox-hounds in Herefordshire called the Mathon and Colwall, of which Messrs. Cliffe and Giles are masters, William Birchley, huntsman, and William Bruton, whipper in.

The Hambleton hounds, late the property of Mr. Bell of Thirak, appear to be still in existence; and there is a pack called the Eddlethorpe fox-hounds, advertised in the York papers, that we have not in our list. We shall feel obliged to any gentleman who will send us the particulars of these. Mr. Frederick Brockman is the master of the East Kent fox-hounds, and not Major Deedes.

By a mistake at the printer's, the Morpeth harriers are put in Monmouthshire, instead of Northumberland, and the Wallsend are placed above Captain Potts's name, instead of parallel with it. Mr. Watson of North Seaton ought also to have been in the Northumberland list, he having, we understand, a very large pack. Captain Dinsdales celebrated and beautiful pack in Durham are also omitted, and we hear that another pack is in the course of formation, a little further to the west of him, in what is called the Cutherstone country, which will have to be added next year. The Craven harriers in Yorkshire, Mr. Scarisbrick's, and the pack belonging to that excellent sportsman Mr. Farrington of Shaw-hall, also the Union pack, near Preston, all in Lancashire, are also omitted. The Marquess of Westminster has a pack at Eaton-hall, in Cheshire; and there is a pack called the Woodfold in the same county. At Lymington, on the borders of the New Forest, is a pack kept by Messrs. St. Barber and Dennett, which shew great sport in that neighbourhood.

In Berkshire there is a splendid pack kept at Waltham St. Lawrence, called the East Berks harriers, hunted by Mr. Henry Smith, Jan.; and Sir Edward Deering has a pack in Kent called the Surrenden harriers. Mr. Orton keeps a pack called the Doddington in Cambridgeshire. Mr. Mathews hunts them, and the kennel is at March, Isle of Ely. There is also a pack at Amersham in Bucks, hunted by J. Cortes. The following should be added to the county of Devon. The Messrs. Cockburn's—Hunted by themselves; first whip, Jack Horlington. Lord Rolle's—Hunted by Beavis. Mr. Mathews—Hunted by himself. Sir William Pole's—Hunted by Joe Parsons. Mr. Cross's—Hunted by himself.

In Pembrokeshire, Capt. Boven, Messrs. Swan and Biddulph, and Mr. Pugh have hounds, whether fox-hounds, harriers, or a mixed pack we do not know, but the first turns out in scarlet, the second in green, and

the third in black. In Carmarthenshire, Mr. Lewis, Major Rice, and Mr. Chambers, have harriers; and in Cardiganshire, Mr. Lewis Lloyd, Major Parry, and Mr. Hughes.

Mr. Eld has a very superior pack of otter hounds at his residence, Seighford-hall, near Stafford; and Mr. Bell, the late master of the Hambleton hounds, has a similar establishment at Thirsk in Yorkshire. The Canterbury harriers, it seems, have been purchased by Count de Narbonne, to hunt either in or near the Forest of Fontainebleau, in France. There is a pack kept at Dover we believe, which is not in our list. The papers say, that Sir Clifford Constable has got a pack of blood hounds for the purpose of hunting stag, twenty-two of which latter have arrived at his seat, Burton Constable.

Will any gentleman inform us in what countries Mr. Fane's, Mr. Greenhill's, the Evesham, the Whitfield or Whitefield, Mr. G. L. Coham's, Captain Weir's, the Newent, and Gen. Finch's harriers hunt?

The commencement of the season, we are sorry to say, has been marked by a more than usual number of sporting accidents. Lord Radnor had a very bad fall towards the close of October, in which two of his ribs and collar bone were broken; and Sir Andrew Barnard broke his collar bone while hunting with the King's harriers in the same month, though both, we are happy to state, are now rapidly advancing towards convalescence. That beautiful horseman, "Tom," second whipper-in to Mr. Ralph Lambton, met with a similar accident at Elenore-hall, just before the commencement of the Sedgefield meeting, by which it is feared the pack may be deprived of his services for some time. These hounds had a brilliant run in the home country just at the end of October. The Hardwicke club we are happy to hear is flourishing. Several strangers have either arrived or are expected at Sedgefield, among the number Mr. Spiers, with a magnificent stud—Lord Dorchester—Mr Langham—Captain Richardson, and others.

All good sportsmen and lovers of fox-hunters will rejoice to hear that Mr. Boag is doing capitally with Sir Matthew White Ridley's hounds, and that they have already killed more foxes, only hunting two days a week, than they killed during the whole of last season, hunting three days without intermission.

The Duke of Cleveland's hounds, we hear, had the *eating* of a very fine fox *dug* from an earth, near Whitworth, in the early part of last month! To save trouble, he was thrown among the hounds.

To continue the chapter of accidents, our readers will be sorry to hear that Tommy Fretwell, honourably mentioned in Nimrod's "Characters of Hunting Countries" (Lord Segrave's)*, met with a sad accident lately,

* Vol. vi. p. 108.

while returning from hunting. His horse fell with him, we believe, and fractured his knee-cap, which, it is feared, will incapacitate him from hunting again this season, at all events. We hope, however, that things are not so bad as they are represented, for it would be an evil day indeed that deprived Tommy of his hunting.

Tom Arnold, the huntsman to the East Kent hounds, broke his collar-bone while cub-hunting, and the last accounts we had from that quarter informed us that Mr. Brockman was still obliged to work on without him, notwithstanding which, however, and some illiberal opposition that we are sorry to hear he encounters, Mr. B. is showing very fair sport. Kent is a country that requires harmony and the united influence of good fellowship to keep fox-hunting flourishing, and we trust that all little differences may be amicably arranged.

The sport, since the commencement of the season, has been various. In Scotland, and down to nearly the midland counties, the weather has been tolerably favourable, and the ground, generally speaking, sufficiently moist. The high winds and heavy rains just at the close of October, shook off the leaves and washed out the ditches in grand style; but in the south there has been a great want of rain, which continues up to the present writing, Nov. 25. As yet there has been very little frost—nothing, we believe, to stop hounds beyond an hour or so in the morning. The Cheshire hounds had a tremendous run of eighteen miles, during the Tarporeley meeting, to the severity of which five horses are said to have been sacrificed. Maiden, we understand, says it was the hardest thing he ever rode to, and he knows what a hard thing is as well as any fellow. Talking of him, reminds us that we saw a very fair likeness of this superior sportsman in a little work, called "Hunting Songs," lately published by Baldwin and Cradock, the joint production, we believe, of two distinguished sportsmen in Cheshire—one of whom, we hear, furnished the letter-press, the other the embellishments. Not having received a copy, we are not prepared to speak to the general contents of the volume; but we were surprised on taking it up one day in a bookseller's shop, to see a song that we had purchased as the original composition of a certain individual, and published in this Magazine. We do not say this with a view of making any fuss about copyright, for we should be sorry to throw any frivolous impediment in the way of gentlemen making a fair use of their contributions; but as we happen to know that there are other productions of a similar nature hawking about town, the real authors will do well to be before hand with the pirates, and publish them themselves. The "Hunting Songs" that we allude to were published for the benefit of a charity bazaar, and we are happy to hear that the work had an extensive sale. The members of the Cheshire hunt built a set of new kennels in the course of last

summer, near the old site, at Sandaway Head. The establishment is in a most flourishing condition.

Mr. Wilkins, we are happy to hear, has made a very fair start in Northamptonshire, and with the exception of the men not being quite so well mounted as such a fast bruising country requires, there is nothing wanting to complete the efficiency of the establishment. The sport indeed, we hear, has been *first rate*, and the hounds have killed their fox or 'brute' of foxes nine days out of ten. Jack Stevens hunts the hounds, whipped in to by Tom Webb (formerly with Mr. Conyers, in Essex) and John Ball, a lad who was put up by the Hon. Grantley Berkeley last year, when that gentleman had the Oakley country. We hear indeed, though we do not vouch for the truth of the report, that Mr. Berkeley has something to do with the Pytchley hounds. The following account, sent us by a friend, of a run on the 17th ult., reads well, and will be appreciated by sportsmen who know the country, which is, without any exception, one of the finest and severest in England.

"Monday last we had one of the severest days ever known, from the new cover, at Winwick-warren, killing our first fox, after a burst of twenty-five minutes, at Hemplo-hill, and our second fox also, from the same gorse, in two hours and twenty-eight minutes; over the best of Northamptonshire, running by Crick, and killing in the open near Waldegrave, sixteen miles from point to point, and the places where each fox was killed twenty-one miles apart. All the horses were beaten, and a finer day was never seen; the brooks were full of gentlemen, and many horses were left out at farm-houses all night."

The following sporting letter from the sister isle shall lead off the dance this month, and we are sure our readers, with ourselves, will hope that the author may not forget his promise of letting us hear from him again. We want sporting news from Ireland particularly, and, please God, will have a trip over there ourselves ere long. We give the letter which accompanied the article (suppressing the name); for it is just the sort of one we like to receive—"short, sharp, and decisive," what a fox-hunter's letter ought to be.

MR. EDITOR.

HAVING been an old subscriber to your Magazine, I now take the liberty of subscribing to its contents. I send you a "plain unvarnished tale" of an Irish fox-chase; if it is worth your notice, you will oblige me by inserting it. The County of Wexford, where the aforesaid took place, is one of the first in Ireland for breeding hunters, and good'uns to go. We rejoice in two well kept packs of fox-hounds, with innumerable "fox-hunting harriers," and other nondescripts. The Wexford Club-hunt hounds are kept by Colonel Pigott, of Slevoy-castle, yielding in

blood and condition to no pack in Ireland; but, their country, which is the southernmost part of this county, is extremely close and intricate; however, they have many crack runs during each season, and if you think it worth while, I will occasionally tip you a line. The huntsman is John Batterton, who is always anxious to show sport, and generally successful, except when too much interfered with by some of the gallant gentlemen topsawyers of the hunt, who sometimes want to hunt the fox themselves. The whipper answers to the name of John Doyle, and I only wish you could see him ride at a few of our break-neck fences. The fox-hounds on the north side of the county are kept by Mr. Bolton, of the Island, and called the Island hounds, divided into two packs, bitches and dogs. Their country is extensive, and superior to most parts of England. We Irishmen, with all our faults, are true sportamen, by nature: lovers of the chase; the poorest peasant is seldom heard to grumble at the damage done to his corn or fences, or that sustained by the robberies of the fox. I regret you do not occasionally give us ample details of the sporting in these parts, though from the impartial tenor of your work, I conclude, you are one for a clear stage and no favour, and therefore humbly offer my service, and am,

Mr. Sporting Mag., your's till death do us part.

19th Nov. 1834.

BRILLIANT FOX-CHASE.

Colonel Pigott's hounds (The Wexford Club Hunt) had a splendid day's sport on Monday, the 17th Nov. The meet was Harperstown-wood, where a chosen few assembled at the wonted hour. The hounds were hardly thrown into cover, when away went a gallant fox, followed by the deadly pack in double quick time, to the furthestmost part of the mountain of Forth, near four Irish miles, without a check. Reynard here saved his bacon, by taking refuge in one of the crevices of the Three Rocks, celebrated in days of yore. The hounds were drawn off, and after a lapse of half an hour, thrown into the gorse cover of Farlongstown. A moment's pause—hark! to Jesabel,—Pilgrim, my boy!—no mistake—gone away! As noble a fox and as gallant a pack start together as ever met. “When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war.” Across a fine grass country, with racing speed, they make for the farm of the Cools—the thoro’bred and old-hands-to-go have enough to do. Here a slight check ensued, the hounds being too much pressed, which brought up some of the “Tail,” (no offence to you, Sir,) when “Away, away, to the mountain’s brow,” was the cry. Reynard, closely followed by the “varmint” pack, but, as bad luck would have it, only by a few of the red coats (the rest having, in parliamentary phrase, “paired off,”) tried his old haunts, the entire range of the mountain almost impassable to horses. Too closely pressed, he made for the

cover of Newbay, thence traversing through Mr. Leased's farm, at Newtown, and crossing to the rear of Bettyville on to the Windmill hills, almost into the town of Wexford, where, being headed, he ran back again, and leaving Little Clonard on the left, again tried Newbay, facing towards the mountain, afterwards running through Roseville, Great Clonard, and Rathaspeck, and finally yielding his life to his determined pursuers at Mr. Cooney's farm, Ballinagee, having run full thirteen Irish miles, almost without a check, over a stiff and intricate country. Amongst the few who were in at the death were Messrs. Pigott, Redmond, and Hore, with the Huntsman and Whip.

Melton, Nov. 22, 1834.

SIR,

NEVER did I so unwillingly take up my pen to address you at this season of the year, having so little to communicate owing to the very unfavourable state of the weather. The ground is so hard, that I fear it will require a great quantity of either rain or snow to render it in a fit state for riding. Our first Monday's meeting in November took place at Kirby-gate as usual, and a very thin muster we had. We found a gallant fox, however, at Cream-gorse, which went away towards Gaddesby, then to the left for Thorpe Thrussels, from thence for Kirby-lodges and Gaudslope, crossed the canal, leaving Kirby-park on the left, then to Sir Harry Goodricke's cover, which he did not stop in, then crossed the Nottingham road at Lord Plymouth's lodge, and was killed between the latter place and Scalford-gorse, after a good run of one hour and five minutes. The greatest praise is due to Mountford for his exertions during the run.

Nov. 13.—At Allextion, had a good hunting thing of one hour and a quarter, and killed near to Dean, in Northamptonshire.

We have certainly had good sport, considering the unfavourable state of the ground, but nothing more that I consider particularly worth notice. The Belvoir and Cottesmore hounds are of course similarly situated to our own.

We are getting a very fair show of scarlets in the town, amongst whom are, Lords Rokeby, Gardner, Macdonald, Darlington, and Duc de Richelieu; Sirs J. Musgrave, F. Johnstone, and Count Batthyany; Messrs. Goodricke, Gilmour, W. M. Stanley, Errington, L. Stevens, Moore, Maher, J. Drummond, Wharton, Normanby, Gascoyne, White, Col. P. Dundas, &c. &c., with Lords Waterford, Glandine, and Alford at Lowesby-hall. We have had some very good pigeon shooting during the present week, between the Duc de Richelieu, Lord Macdonald, Messrs. Stanley, Gilmour, &c. &c., and from the three latter few birds escaped destruction.

THE OAKLEY AND MR. WILKINS'S HOUNDS.

SIR,

I HAVE great pleasure in forwarding to you a slight sketch of the sport we have had with Mr. Dansey's and Mr. Wilkins's hounds. The former entered the field for the first time in public on Tuesday, Nov. 11, at his mansion, Milton-house, where he liberally entertained the gentry of the county and the highly-respected tenantry of Bede. His hounds are in fine condition, and his horses and men looked equally fit to go. They found in Twin-wood, and after a splendid run of one hour and seven minutes, killed him between Shornbrook and Odell, to the great delight of all present. Lord C. Russell had decidedly the best of it amongst the scarlets, and Mr. S. Rogers amongst the green-coats. Mr. Dansey enters well among us, and from his kind gentlemanly manners all anticipate a prosperous season. The sport in Northamptonshire has been most brilliant, and, I may almost say, unprecedented in any county. To enumerate the whole of the month's sport would occupy too much of your interesting work.

In the early part of the month they met at the kennel, and drew Moulten-gorse, a cover that has been made within these few years, and in a situation that is almost sure of affording a run. They found soon after Jack put his hounds in, and away they went through Mr. Wood's park, in Brixworth, and over the most beautiful part of Northamptonshire, killing their fox in that favourite cover Blueberry-gorse. They then returned to the same cover, and crossed the brook at the bottom, and ran over a strongly enclosed country to Overstone-park, the seat of L. Loyd, Esq., where the fox went to ground, in twenty-five minutes; they bolted him, and had another burst for twenty-seven minutes, and left him to fight another day.

On the 17th, they met at Winwick-warren, one of the best meets in the hunt, and a part of the country where foxes are valued by the yeomanry. They found in Winwick-new-cover, and after a smart burst of twenty-five minutes, killed him at Hemplow-hills. Jack set his head straight for the New-cover again, and found a fine old dog-fox, who went straight away for Crick, but soon turned for Walford, Haddon, and Ravensthorpe, over Guilsborough-field, through Cottesbrooke-park, jumping the brook and setting his head for the kennels at Brixworth, but crossed the turnpike road, as if he intended to make Sywell-wood; but fearing that large woodland cover, he bore to the left, and they ran into him in a field near Walgrave, after an excessively severe run of two hours and twenty-seven minutes. It would have amused many of your sporting readers to have seen the numbers who took a cold bath at Brixworth-brook: out of the many who attempted it, no one got fairly over but Major Hankey and a farmer. Such a string of tired horses has not

been seen in Northamptonshire for many years, and many were obliged to seek a stall or a box at the different farm-houses on the line; a few game-uns got through with one horse, whilst several who had two stopped by the way. The distance from point to point was nearly twenty miles; and some of the old sportsmen who had lived in Dick Knight's time say they have not seen so good a run for years. I assure you, Mr. Editor, these hounds can do the thing cleverly, and with J. Stevens's management, they will doubtless have a splendid season: they have already killed twenty-four brace of foxes.

A LOVER OF FOX-HUNTING.

The South Wold hounds, under the able direction of Mr. Parker, who hunts them admirably, have commenced their season with sport equal to any hounds in England, by running into their foxes (nine brace) in gallant style. These hounds are truly of the racing sort, and for symmetry, size, and condition, we scarcely know their equals. We understand that Sir Richard Sutton, with kind and marked liberality, has presented to Mr. P. eight or ten couple of superior hounds from his own pack, and that the South Wold hunt can now boast of having seventy or eighty horsemen frequently in the field, who seem determined and well qualified to estimate Mr. P.'s judicious management and qualifications as a master of fox-hounds; and we hope that the subscriptions will be such as to enable him to hunt three days a week.

In Oxfordshire the want of rain is spoiling sport sadly. Our able and excellent contributor, "Esau," in his postscript to his account of the steeple-chase, says, that "little sport can be expected until the ground gets well soaked. Mr. Drake's hounds are really in beautiful condition, light of flesh, full of muscle, with wind of steam-engine power, and will, no doubt, realize all the expectations formed of them from their last season's work." The same report will suffice for the other packs in that district, though the Duke of Grafton, we hear, had a brilliant thing about the middle of the month. [We may here mention that Mr. Ackermann has just produced No. 10 of his "Sporting Anecdotes." "The Sporting Parson's energetic Hunting Lecture," in which a well-known and justly popular clerical sportsman of Mr. Drake's hunt is admirably depicted. He is in the attitude of remonstrance, beseeching some hot-headed youths to refrain from over-riding the hounds, who have just thrown up.]

DORSETSHIRE AND THE WEST.

As you have numerous correspondents, I shall confine myself to Dorsetshire and the Western Counties, where I am likely to be the greater part of the hunting season. Within a few years three packs of fox-hounds have been established, in addition to Mr. Farquharson's, and I have the

satisfaction to add, that it is confidently reported that there will be another pack before Christmas in the Mendip country, with a promising young sportsman at the head. I am likewise happy to say, that at Blandford it was yesterday announced that Mr. Farquharson had made concessions of country to Mr. Portman and to Mr. Drax, which will give satisfaction to all parties connected with that division of the county. As it is drawing towards the end of the month, I will reserve all observations and details for a future communication. The sport upon the whole has been of an average nature. Mr. Farquharson has hitherto been unsuccessful, in some measure arising from the loss of the under whip, who met with a serious accident in September, when charging some iron rails; he being the only servant of the establishment who can ride and get to hounds in an enclosed country.

Mr. Codrington has had very good sport, considering the immense tract of woodlands he is confined to, and has killed a great many foxes. In Hampshire the hounds have not tasted quite so much blood.

Mr. Portman has a most brilliant pack of hounds, but they are already beginning to show the want of proper assistance, Atkins having only his son, a lad of fourteen years, to whip in to him.

On the 30th of October they found their fox at Rokesmoor, and after a beautiful burst of thirty-five minutes, lost him at Fifehead in some dry fallows. They found again in Stock-wood, and after a very fine run of one hour and five minutes, across a grass vale, ran him to ground at Wolland.

On the following day Mr. Yeatman's harriers found a fox in a grass field, and going away close at his brush, run into him in twenty-five minutes, beating every horse out of sight.

I will, early in the ensuing month, give you a general outline of the sport in the west, and hope, through the medium of your Magazine, to collect the proceedings of other counties.

LECHMERE.

From another friend in the same quarter we hear that Mr. Portman is doing capitally; "Kit Atkins and the whole turn-out," he says, "bear the character of *quick*, horses all but thorough-bred," and he adds, that "the worthy master has just entered his eldest son, a fine promising lad, only five years old, to the chase, observing that he is well bred for it, being from hunting stock on both sides."

WINNERS OF TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES, 1834.

BY ACTÆON (a chestnut horse, foaled in 1822,) son of Scud, out of Diana, by Stamford.

ARIEL, dam by Reveller, out of Lisette, Duke of Leeds's, a sweepstakes of 75 sovs. at York Spring Meeting, beating Mr. Smith's c. by Memnon, out of Chorister's dam.

BAY FILLY, dam by Thunderbolt, out of Monkey's dam, Duke of Leeds's, a stake of 150 sovs. at Stockton-on-Tees, beating Mr. Bowes's c. by Actæon, out of Remembrance, Mr. Attwood's Adrian, by his Grey Arabian, Mr. Jackson's Tormentor, by Figaro, and Mr. Chilton's f. by Velocipede, out of Fisher Lass.

BURLEITA, out of Comedy, Mr. Jaques's, a stake of 225 sovs. at Catterick, beating Mr. T. Dundas's Weldare, by Langar, Lord Eglington's Rectitude, by Lottery, Sir J. Boswell's Actæonides, by Actæon, Lord Chesterfield's filly, by Malek, out of Tourist's dam, Mr. S. L. Fox's f. by Waverley, out of Britannia, Mr. Metcalf's Miss Frill, by Actæon, Duke of Leeds's Ariel, by Actæon, dam by Reveller, and Mr. Scott's Itinerant, by Tramp.

MISS FRILL, out of Giglet, Mr. Metcalf's, stake of 150 sovs. at Newcastle-on-Tyne, beating Mr. Smith's Margaretta, by Actæon, Mr. Orde's Lord Collingwood, by Shamrock, Mr. Attwood's Adrian, by Grey Arabian, and Lord Eglington's Rectitude, by Lottery.

THE STRAG, out of Palmflower's dam, Mr. G. Crompton's, stake of 355 sovs. at Liverpool Spring Meeting, beating Mr. Robinson's Stockport, by Langar, Col. Crauford's Freckle, by Swiss, Mr. Beardsworth's c. by Canteen, out of White Cockade, Mr. Thompson's c. by Predictor, out of Fenella, and Mr. Bower's c. Bucephalus, by Timour.

By BAY MALTON (a bay horse foaled in 1826) son of Filho da Puta, out of Racket, by Castrel.

WILDON, out of Polly Oliver, Sir J. Gerard's, 50 sovs. at Burton-on-Trent, beating Mr. E. Peel's c. Tony Lumpkin, by Bedlamite, and Mr. Beardsworth's c. by Canteen, out of White Cockade.

By BATTLEDORE (a chestnut horse, foaled in 1824,) son of Sir Oliver, out of Racket, by Castrel.

THE MAGNATE, out of Archduchess, Mr. Mostyn's (now Sir M. Wood's) stake of 175 sovs. at Chester, beating Mr. Nanny's Friar Tuck, by Emilius, Earl of Derby's Verbena, by Velocipede, Lord Westminster's b. c. by Peter Lely, out of Larissa, Mr. Bower's br. c. Tom Basford, by Timour, Mr. E. Yates's Wildfire, by Cain, and Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. by Velocipede, out of Rose.

By BENEDICT (a bay horse, foaled in 1826,) son of Whalebone, dam by Frolic, grandam by Selim, out of Maiden, by Sir Peter.

KATE KEARNEY, out of Bravura, Mr. Petit's, the July stakes of 1040 sovs. at the Newmarket July Meeting beating Mr. Hunter's Sister to Forester, by Gustavus, Sir M. Wood's c. the Glama, by Camel, Col. Peel's c. by Filho da Puta, out of Young Rhoda, Sir S. Graham's f. Sister to Zulima, by Sultan, Mr. Wilson's f. Sister to Saraband, by Tramp, Mr. Pettit's Ibrahim, by Emilius, Mr. Isaacson's The Brigand, by Emilius, out of Sontag, Mr. W. Chifney's b. c. by Whisker, out of Pigmy, Gen. Grosvenor's f. Constantia, by Camel, and Mr. Greatrex's f. by Camel, out of Martha.—Stake of 150 sovs. at Newmarket First October, carrying 8st. 7lb. beating Lord Egremont's Redleg, by Greyleg, 8st. 11lb., Mr. Newton's Heberle, by Emilius, 7st. 6lb., Mr. Yates's Adana, 8st., Gen. Grosvenor's f. by Bizarre, out of Young Mouse, 7st. 12lb., Sir S. Graham's Mobair, by Camel, 7st. 10lb., Mr. Wilson's f. Sister to Saraband, by Tramp, 7st. 9lb., and Mr. Turner's f. Lady Albert, by Langar, 7st. 6lb.

By BLACKLOCK (a brown horse, foaled in 1814,) son of Whitelock, out of Theodore's dam, by Coriander.

SISTER TO BUBASTES, dam by Whisker, Mr. Watt's, stake of 40 sovs. at Stockton,

beating Mr. Walker's ch. f. Alice, by Langar, Mr. Wilson's c. Winkley, by Velocipede, and Mr. Jackson's Tormentor, by Figaro—100 sovs. at Northallerton, beating Mr. Fox's f. by Memnon, dam by St. Patrick, Mr. Jacques's f. Burietta, by Actæon, Mr. Powlett's Crotchet, by Roller, and Mr. Garforth's f. by Lottery, out of Laura.

By **CAIN** (a bay horse, foaled in 1822,) Son of Paulowitz, out of Fille de Joie's dam, by Paynator.

VAGARY, out of Gabrielle, Col. Peel's stake of 50 sovs. at Huntingdon, beating Duke of Grafton's Florin, by Sultan.

By **CAMEL** (a brown horse, foaled in 1822,) Son of Whalebone, dam by Selim, out of Maiden, by Sir Peter.

CAMLET out of Will Scarlet's dam, Mr. Mills's, 40 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton, beating Mr. Copeland's c. by Blacklock or Langar, dam by Abjer, Mr. I. Day's f. by Fungus, out of Zelinda, Sir M. Wood's Lilka, by Emilius, or Lamplighter, and Lord Lowther's c. by Figaro, out of Coquette.

THE GLAMA, out of Aspasia, Sir M. Wood's, the Chesterfield Stakes of 560 sovs. at Newmarket July, beating Sir M. Wood's f. by Emilius or Lamplighter, out of Leila, Mr. Pettit's Kate Kearney by Benedict (7lb. extra), Gen. Grosvenor's Symmetry, by Phantom, Mr. Spalding's Lady Albert, by Langar, Mr. S. Stanley's c. by Buzzard, out of Clansman's dam, Mr. Bloss's Matilda, by Shakespeare, and Mr. Goodwin's f. by Camel, out of Galatea.

HESTER, out of Monimia, by Muley, Mr. Henry's, the Prendergast Stakes of 870 sovs. at Newmarket Second October, beating Sir M. Wood's f. by Bustard, out of Camelina, The Glama, Lord Orford's c. by Tramp, out of Medina, Gen. Grosvenor's Nautilus, by Skiff, Mr. Ridsdale's Veronica, by Velocipede, Mr. Pettit's Kate Kearney, by Benedict, and Mr. Stonehewer's Sister to Zulima, by Sultan.

By **COMUS** (a chestnut horse, foaled in 1809,) Son of Sorcerer, out of Houghton Lass, by Sir Peter.

BAY FILLY, dam by Raphael, Sir E. Dodsworth's, walked over for a stake of 20 sovs. at Lancaster.

By **EDMUND** (a bay horse, foaled in 1824,) Son of Orville, out of Emmeline, by Waxy.

TRIM, out of Mary, by Friday, Mr. Bristow's, stake of 75 sovs. at Abingdon, beating Mr. Biggs's De Beriot, by Longwaist, out of Prima Donna.

By **EMILIUS** (a bay horse, foaled in 1820,) Son of Orville, out of Emily, by Stamford.

BAY FILLY Sister to Cornelia, Mr. Thornhill's, walked over for a stake at Oxford.

CORIOLANUS, out of Linda, by Waterloo, Mr. Ridsdale's, the Champagne stakes of 950 sovs. at Doncaster, beating Mr. Fox's Nymphalin, by Langar, Mr. Walker's Curtius, Duke of Leeds's c. by Actæon, out of Gin, Mr. E. Peel's Cyrus, by Camel, Mr. Attwood's Calista, by Velocipede, Mr. Mostyn's, The Magnate, by Battledore, Major Yarbrough's Miss Bell, by Lottery, Mr. Houldsworth's Felix, by Sultan, Mr. Houldsworth's Hectic, by Sultan, and Mr. Skipsey's Violante, Sister to The Saddler, by Waverley.

CURTIS, out of Quadrille, Mr. Walker's, the Hornby Stakes of 350 sovs. at York August, beating Mr. Houldsworth's Felix, by Sultan.

KNOBSTICK, out of Ally, by Partisan, Mr. Grant's, 40 sovs. at Newmarket Second October, beating Lord Lowther's b. c. by Figaro, out of Coquette, Sir M. Wood's Lilka, by Emilius or Lamplighter, Gen. Grosvenor's f. by Bizarre, out of Young Mouse, and Mr. Newton's Heberle, by Emilius.—The Nursery Stakes of 200 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton, beating Gen. Grosvenor's f. by Bizarre, out of Young Mouse, Lord Egremont's Ethilda, by Skim, Mr. S. Chifney's f. by Whisker, out of Dromedary's dam, Mr. Sowerby's Constantia, by Camel, Duke of Rutland's Flame, by Lamplighter, Mr. Forth's c. by Lottery, out of Pimlico, Col. Peel's Weathercock, by Whisker, and Lord Lichfield's Cadjeput, by Emilius.

PRESERVE, Sister to Pickle, out of Mustard, by Merlin, Mr. Greville's, the Clearwell Stakes of 760 sovs. at Newmarket Second October, beating Mr. Mills's Heater, by Camel, Mr. Greatrex's f. by Camel, out of Martha, Mr. Sowerby's, Constantia, by Camel, Mr. Grant's Knobstick, by Emilius, Sir M. Wood's Splinter, by Partisan, Duke of Grafton's Emu, by Cannon Ball or Buzzard, Lord Lichfield's f. by Sligo, out of Ina, Mr. Bloss's Matilda, by Shakespeare,

Mr. Yates's Clarence, by Camel, and Mr. Wreford's Free Will, by Saltan.—The Criterion Stakes of 810 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton (carrying 7lb. extra), beating Mr. Mills's Hester, by Camel, Mr. Greatrex's f. by Camel, out of Martha, Mr. W. Edwards's Burden, by Camel, Mr. Grant's f. by Filho da Puta, out of Orpheline, Lord Orford's Dorothy, by Whisker, Mr. Rawlinson's Reliance, by Fungus, Lord Lichfield's Gipsy, by Mr. Beat's Tinker, and Mr. Yates's Clarence, by Camel—300 sovs. carrying 9st. and beating Sir M. Wood's f. by Bustard, out of Camelina, 8st. 2lb.

BUCEPHALIA, out of The Odd Trick, by Quiz, Mr. Gardnor's stake of 40 sovs. for two and three-year olds, at Newmarket Second October, beating Mr. Forth's c. by Lottery, out of Pimlico, 2 yrs. old, Mr. Thornhill's Harum Scaram, by Bedlamite, 3 yrs. old, Mr. Sowerby's Catalina, by Skiff, 2 yrs. old, and Lord Lichfield's Altamont, by Sligo, 3 yrs.

By **FILHO DA PUTA** (a brown horse, foaled in 1812) Son of Haphazard, out of Mrs. Barnett, by Waxy.

HUMPHREY, dam by Smolensko, out of Zoraida, Mr. E. Peel's, stake of 175 sovs. at Litchfield, beating Mr. Nanney's c. by Banker, out of Racket, (who ran Humphrey a dead heat for the race, and was beat in the second contest), Sir G. Pigot's c. by Sligo, out of Columbia, Mr. E. Yates's Irwell, by Battledore, and Mr. Beardsworth's c. by Truant, dam by Filho da Puta.

PURITY, out of Rachael Ruysch, Mr. West's, stake of 45 sovs. at Cheltenham, beating Mr. White's f. by Harry out of Miracle—Stake of 175 sovs. at Warwick, beating Mr. Bristow's Trim, by Edmund, Mr. White's f. by Harry, out of Miracle, and Mr. I. Day's f. by Fungus, out of Zeliada.

By **GREYLEG** (a chesnut horse, foaled in 1822, Son of Phantom, out of Bronze, Sister to Castrel, by Buzzard.

REDLEG, out of Pinwire's dam, by Gohanna, Lord Egremont's, stake of 120 sovs. at Epsom, beating Mr. Ricardo's Bracelet, by Mameluke, Mr. Robinson's f. by Langar, dam by Gohanna, and Mr. Martyn's c. by Mameluke, dam by Comus.

LURCHER, out of Harpalice, by Gohanna, Mr. Mills's, stake of 60 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton, beating Mr. W. Edwards's Chatterbox, by Filho da Puta, Lord Egremont's Redleg, by Greyleg, Duke of Grafton's Emu, by Cannon Ball or Buzzard, Sir M. Wood's Lilka, by Emilius or Lamplighter, Mr. Pigott's c. by Partisan, out of Flounce, and Mr. Neville's f. by Bobadil, out of Zoe.

By **HELENUS** (a chestnut horse, foaled in 1821), Son of Soothsayer, out of Zuleika, by Gohanna.

MARNOSSET, out of Dandizette, by Whalebone, Mr. Greville's, match for 25 sovs. at Goodwood, beating Duke of Richmond's c. by Mameluke, out of Loo, 8st. 4lb. each; and at the same Meeting, carrying 8st. 6lb. won another match, for 25 sovs. beating again the Duke of Richmond's c. by Mameluke, out of Loo, 8st. 2lb.

By **JACK SPIGOT** (a brown horse, foaled in 1818), Son of Ardrossan or Marmion, out of Sister to Bourbon, by Sorcerer.

ROSAMOND, Sister to Richmond, dam by Wanton, Mr. Edmundson's, stake of 40 sovs. at Middleham, beating Lord Eglintoun's Rectitude, by Lottery.

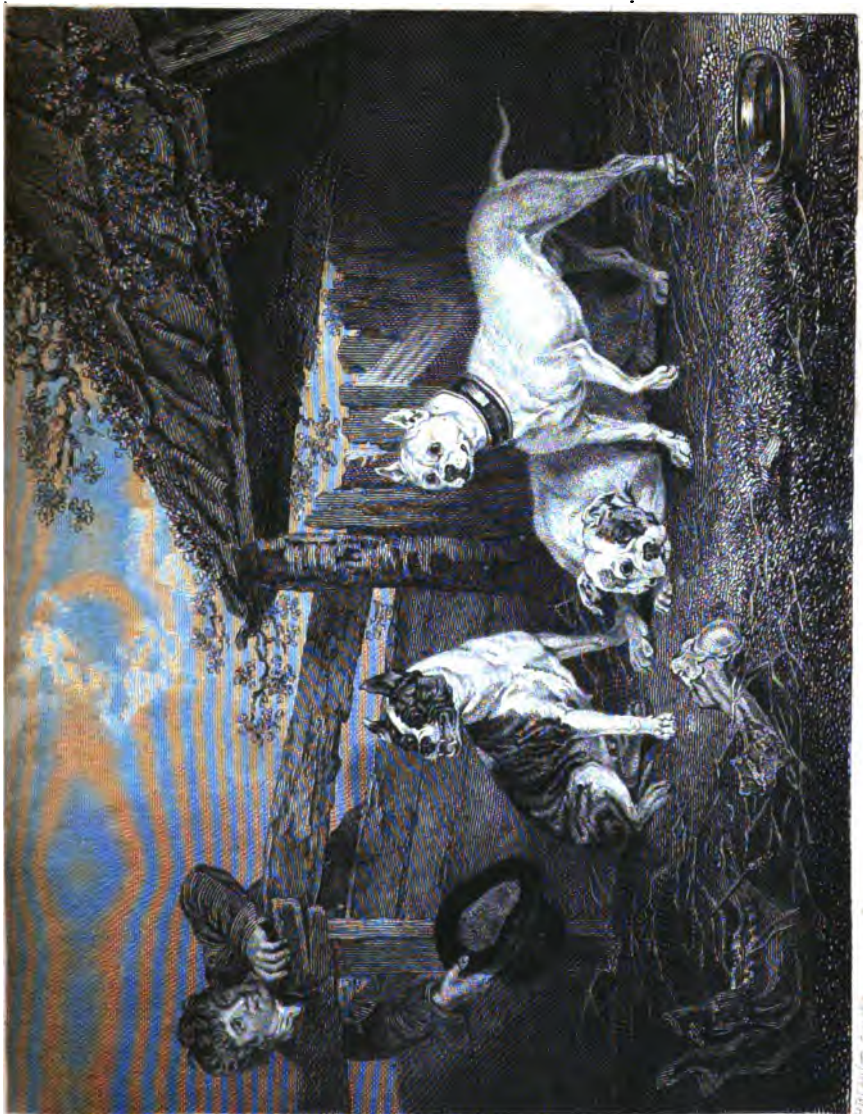
By **LAMBTONIAN** (a bay horse, foaled in 1825), Son of Filho da Puta, out of Leopaldine, by Walton.

TAUNTONIAN, out of Deposit, by Blacklock, Mr. Holdsworth's, 140 sovs. at Bath, beating Mr. Biggs's c. De Beriot, by Longwaist, Mr. Harris's f. Duverney, by Rossini, Mr. Sadler's ch. f. by Defence, dam by Don Cossack—Mr. Tobins's recd. both 75 sovs. and 45 sovs. at Bamford.

By **LAMPIGHTER** (a bay horse, foaled in 1823), Son of Merlin, out of Spotless, by Walton.

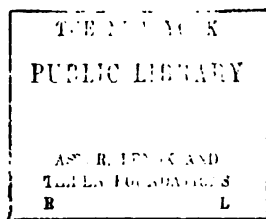
FLAME, dam by Orville, Duke of Rutland's, 100 sovs. at Newmarket First October, beating Lord Orford's f. by Lamplighter, out of Spavina.—Ran a dead heat for a match of 100 sovs. at Newmarket Second October, with Sir M. Wood's Lilka, by Emilius or Lamplighter.

By **LANGAR** (a chesnut horse, foaled in 1817), Son of Selim, dam by Walton, out of Young Giantess.



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LADY ALBERT, out of Lady Easby, by Whisker, Mr. Turner's, 50l. three miles, at Newmarket Houghton, beating Mr. Ridsdale's Veronica, by Velocipede, Mr. Hunter's f. by Tramp, out of Ridotto, Mr. W. Smith's Denbies, by Filho, 4 yrs., Mr. Thornhill's Bucephalia, by Emilius, Mr. Forth's Robinson Crusoe, by Heleus, 3 yrs., and Mr. I. Day's Burgomaster, by Brutandorf, 5 yrs.

NYMPHALIN, out of Lady of the Tees, Mr. S. L. Fox's, stake of 60 sovs. at Stockton, beating Mr. Watt's Sister to Bubastes, by Blacklock, Mr. Johnson's Venus, by Langar, and Sir E. Dudsworth's c. by Mulatto, out of St. Patrick's dam (Nymphalin died a few weeks ago).

PILGRIM, dam by Blacklock, grandam by Knowsley, out of Surveyor's dam, by Drone, Col. Hancock's, 440 sovs. at York August, beating Mr. Ridsdale's c. by Chateau Margaux, out of Marchesa, Duke of Leeds's c. by Actæon, out of Gin, Duke of Leeds's c. by Longwaist, out of Young Duchess, Mr. Fox's Nymphalin, by Langar, Mr. Dundas's Weldare, by Langar, Mr. Watt's Sister to Bubastes, by Blacklock, Mr. Mills's gr. c. Plantagenet, by Falcon, Mr. M. Foulis's br. c. De Roos, by Velocipede, Lord Kelburne's f. by Actæon, out of Georgiana, and Mr. Garforth's f. by Lottery, out of Laura.—Mr. Mr. Walker's, 620 sovs. at Doncaster, beating Mr. Watt's Sister to Bubastes, by Blacklock, Mr. Powlett's c. by Langar, out of Giovanni's dam, Mr. E. Peel's Cyrus, by Camel, Mr. Barrow's c. by Langar, out of Alecto, Mr. Fox's c. by Bustard, dam by Comus, Duke of Leeds's c. by Longwaist, out of Young Duchess, Duke of Leeds's c. by Actæon, out of Gin, Duke of Leeds's Ariel, by Actæon, Lord Kelburne's c. by Jerry, out of Purity, Mr. Marson's The General, by Confederate, and Mr. G. Compton's The Stag, by Actæon.

VENUS, out of Vesta, by Governor, Mr. T. Johnson's, 190 sovs. at Manchester, beating Mr. Heldsworth's Turban, by Sultan, Mr. Peel's Fury, by Bedlamite, and Lord Westminster's c. by Peter Lely, out of Larissa—60 sovs. at Newcastle-on-Tyne, beating Mr. Jaques's Burietta, by Actæon, and Mr. Rayne's Virago, by Velocipede.

WELDARE, dam by Orville, out of Heliantha, Mr. T. Dundas's, 62l. 10s. at Richmond, beating Mr. Metcalfe's Miss Frill, by Actæon, and Mr. Jaques's Burietta, by Actæon.

By **LOTTERY** (a brown horse, foaled in 1820), son of Tramp, out of Mandane, by Pot8os.

BUTTERFLY, dam by Comus, out of Arabella, by W.'s Ditto, Lord Eglintoun's, 40 sovs. at Edinburgh, beating Mr. Meiklam's c. by Percy, out of Maria, and Mr. Ramsay's Hampton, by Waterloo, 3 yrs. old—175 sovs. at the Western Meeting (Ayr), beating Lord Eglintoun's Rectitude, by Lottery, Sir J. Boswell's Viola, by Canteen, and Mr. Alexander's f. by Monreith, out of Fair Helen—80 sovs. at Carlisle, beating Mr. Attwood's Calisto, Lord Kelburne's f. by Actæon, out of Georgiana, and Mr. Armitage's Van, by Velocipede.

By **LUZBOROUGH** (a brown horse, foaled in 1820), son of Williamson's Ditto, dam by Dick Andrew, out of Eleanor, by Whiskey.

WELCOME, out of Victoria, by Tramp, Mr. Wreford's, 310 sovs. at Ascot Heath, beating Col. Peel's c. by Filho da Puta, out of Young Rhoda, Lord Chesterfield's Witless, by Wamba, Mr. Gratwicke's Margravine, by Partisan, Lord Exeter's Sister to Cactus, by Sultan, and Gen. Grosvenor's Symmetry, by Phantom.

By **MAMELUKE** (a bay horse, foaled in 1824), son of Partisan, out of Miss Sophia, by Stamford.

BAY COLT, dam by Comus, out of Norna, Mr. Martyn's, received 50 sovs. at Ascot Heath.

BRACELET, dam by Skim, out of Luss's dam, Mr. Ricardo's, 45 sovs. at Epsom, beating Mr. Grant's f. by Tramp, out of Valentina.

By **MERLIN** (a chestnut horse, foaled in 1815), son of Castrel, out of Miss Newton, by Delpini.

TWO RUSSIC, out of Specie, by Scud, Mr. Etwall's, 120 sovs. at Salisbury, beating Mr. Herbert's Forward, by Cadiz, and Mr. Harrison's Duvernay, by Rossini.

By **MIDDLETON** (a chestnut horse, foaled in 1822), son of Phantom, out of Web, by Waxy.

- BAY COLT**, out of Niobe, by Sir David, Lord Warwick's, 250 sovs. at Wolverhampton, beating Mr. Mott's f. by Pantaloon, out of Vexation, Mr. Cooke's Fop, by Stumps, Mr. Price's Ludford, by Wamba, Mr. Giffard's Presto, by Pantaloon, Mr. Nanney's Friar Tuck, by Emilius, Mr. Thorne's c. by Rcasini, dam by King of Diamonds, and Mr. Crompton's Regret, by Woful.
- By PANTALOO** (a chestnut horse, foaled in 1824), son of Castrel, out of Idalia, by Peruvian.
- BAY FILLY**, out of Vexation, Mr. Mott's, 50 sovs. at Lichfield, beating Mr. E. Peel's Tony Lumpkin, by Bedlamite—Lord Chesterfield's, 30 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton, beating Mr. Thornhill's Harum Scaram, 3 yrs. old, Mr. Yates's Clarence, by Camel, and Mr. Farrell's f. by Figaro, out of Canopy, 3 yrs. old.
- By PARTISAN** (a bay horse, foaled in 1811), son of Walton, out of Parasol, by Pot8os.
- BAY FILLY**, out of Henrica, by Woful, Lord Jersey's, 70 sovs. at Newmarket Second October, beating Mr. Yates's Adana, by Sultan, Sir M. Wood's The Magnate, by Battledore, Sir M. Wood's Lilka, by Emilius, or Lamplighter, Lord Lichfield's Ileen, by Sligo, Lord Chesterfield's f. by Partisan, out of St. Julien's dam, Col. Peel's Weathercock, by Whisker, and Lord Egremont's Redleg, by Greyleg—Col. Peel's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton, beating Mr. Hunter's Sister to Forester, by Gustavus, Mr. Neville's Amadou, by Sultan, 3 yrs. old, Sir F. Johnston's Trinket, by Godolphin, 3 yrs. old, Mr. Goddard's f. by Emilius, out of Sketch-book's dam, Mr. I. Day's f. by Godolphin, dam by Moses, Mr. Grant's f. by Filho da Puta, out of Orpheeline, Mr. Shard's Vaultier, by Reveller, and Mr. Knight's c. by Camel, out of Friar Tuck's dam.
- FILLY**, out of St. Julien's dam, by Clinker, Lord Chesterfield's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket Houghton, beating Lord Stradbroke's Begum, by Partisan, 3 yrs. old.
- By PATRON** (a chestnut horse, foaled in 1826), son of Partisan, out of Augusta's dam, by Rubens.
- CHANCE**, out of Ramona, by Whisker, Mr. Marson's, stake of 100 sovs. at Newmarket Craven, beating Mr. G. Edwards's Wellington, by Cannon Ball.
- By POLLIO** (a bay horse, foaled in 1823), son of Orville, out of Blue Stockings, by Popinjay.
- GRIZELDA**, own Sister to Pussy, Mr. Cosby's, stake of 70 sovs. at Egham, beating Mr. De Burgh's Jacopo, by Magnum Bonum.
- By PRIME MINISTER** (a brown horse, foaled in 1810), son of Sancho, out of Miss Hornpipe Teazle, by Sir Peter.
- BAY FILLY**, Mr. Allison's, 50 sovs. at Lincoln, beating Mr. Skepper's f. by Prime Minister.
- By ROSSINI** (a chestnut horse, foaled in 1819), own Brother to Langar, by Selim.
- DUVERNAY**, dam by Cannon Ball, Mr. Harris's, the Westbury stakes of 50 sovs. at Clifton and Bristol, beating Mr. Houldsworth's Tauntonian, by Lambtonian, Mr. E. Allies's Miss Witney, by Swap, and Mr. Williams's Speck, by Swap.
- By ROYAL OAK** (a brown horse, foaled in 1823), son of Catton, dam by Smolensko, out of Lady Mary, by Benningbrough.
- OAK APPLE**, out of Mona, by Partisan, Lord Tavistock's, 200 sovs. at Newmarket Second October, beating Gen. Grosvenor's Nautilus, by Skiff, and Lord Southampton's f. by Bizarre, out of Young Barrosa.
- By SKIFF** (a bay horse, foaled in 1821), son of Partisan, dam by Gohanna, out of Kezia, by Satellite.
- NAUTILUS**, out of Icaria, by The Flyer, Gen. Grosvenor's, walked over for a stake of 100 sovs. at Newmarket Second October.
- By SKIM** (a grey horse, foaled in 1813), son of Gohanna, out of Grey Skim, by Woodpecker.
- ETHILDA**, out of Elfrid, by Wanderer, Lord Egremont's, 200 sovs. at Newmarket Second Spring, beating Mr. Pettitt's Kate Kearney, by Benedict, Duke of Cleveland's c. by Emilius, out of Bee-in-a-Bonnet, Lord Lichfield's Cajeput, by Emilius, Mr. Yates's Vagary, by Cain, Mr. Ridsdale's Veronica, by

Velocipede, Mr. Pigott's c. by Partisan, out of Flounce, and Mr. Marson's Chance, by Patron—Received forfeit of 75 sovs. at Goodwood—Won 50 sovs. at Brighton, beating Mr. Ricardo's c. by Camel, out of Mirandola.

By STUMPS (a grey horse, foaled in 1822), son of Whalebone, out of Scotina, by Delpini.

FIDELIO, out of Lady Caroline, by Partisan, Mr. Smith's, 150 sovs. at Worcester, beating Mr. Bristow's Trim, by Edmund, Mr. Beardsworth's c. by Truant, dam by Filho da Puta, Mr. E. Peel's Fury, by Bedlamite, Mr. Thorne's c. by Rossini, dam by King of Diamonds, Mr. White's f. by Harry, out of Miracle, and Mr. Baxter's Lichfield, by Lottery.

By ST. PATRICK (a chestnut horse, foaled in 1817), got by Walton, dam by Dick Andrews, grandam by Trumpator.

PAT, dam by Master Henry, grandam by Precipitate, Mr. Greville's, a stake at Newmarket Houghton, beating Mr. Newton's Heberle, by Emilius, Mr. Pigott's c. by Partisan, out of Flounce, and Lord Egremont's f. by Greyleg, out of Whale's dam—A match for 25 sovs., h. st., half of Ab. M., carrying 8st. 8lb., beating Mr. W. Edwards's f. by Bedlamite, dam by Woful, a yearling, 6st. 4lb.

By SULTAN (a bay horse, foaled in 1816), son of Selim, out of Bacchante, by Williamson's Ditto.

EVA, out of Eliza Leeds, by Comus, Lord Chesterfield's, 300 sovs. at Newmarket July, beating Mr. Spalding's Madame de Jeck, by Langar, and Duke of Grafton's Florin, by Sultan—The Lavant stakes of 475 sovs. at Goodwood, beating Mr. Yates's Clarence, by Camel, out of Moses's dam, Mr. Rawlinson's Reliance, Sister to Revenge, by Fungus, Mr. Gratwick's c. by Emilius, dam by Phantom, and Mr. Kent's Mischief, by Reveller, out of Lamia—The Hopeful stakes of 580 sovs. at Newmarket First October, beating Mr. Spalding's Madame de Jeck, by Langar, Mr. Wreford's Waresti, by Sultan, out of Liverpool's dam, Mr. Sowerby's Catalina, by Skiff, Mr. Greville's Medea, by Merlin, out of Esprit, Lord Lichfield's Cadjaput, by Emilius, Mr. Grant's f. by Filho da Puta, out of Orpheline, Sir S. Graham's Mohair, by Camel, Mr. Yates's Vagary, by Cain, Mr. Mills's Camlet, by Camel, Mr. Pettit's Kate Kearney, by Benedict, and Mr. Isaacson's The Brigand, by Emilius, out of Sontag.

FLORIN, Sister to Fidalgo, by Sultan, out of Tontine, by Election, the Holt stakes of 240 sovs. at Newmarket First October, beating Lord Orford's Dorothy, by Whisker, out of Elizabeth, Sir M. Wood's f. by Whisker, out of Dromedary's dam, Duke of Rutland's Flame, by Lamplighter, and Gen. Grosvenor's Symmetry, by Phantom.

FREE WILL, out of Mr. Fellowes's Escape, by Colossus, Mr. Wreford's, 275 sovs. at Stockbridge, beating Lord Chesterfield's Drab, by Reveller, out of Ambiguity—The Buckenham stakes of 700 sovs. at Newmarket First October, beating Lord Lowther's c. by Figaro, out of Coquette.

HEOTIC, out of Flush, by Blacklock, Mr. Houldsworth's, 80 sovs. at Nottingham, beating Mr. Meynell's Regret, by Woful, out of Serf's dam, and Mr. Lacy's f. by Filho da Puta, dam by Waverley, out of Garcia's dam.

TURBAN, out of Tiara, by Soothsayer or Castrel, Mr. Houldsworth's, 40 sovs. at Derby, beating Sir J. Gerard's Wildon, by Bay Malton, and Mr. Crompton's Regret, by Woful.

WARESTI, out of Liverpool's dam, by Whisker, Mr. Wreford's, 750 sovs. at Goodwood, beating Mr. Yates's Adana, by Sultan, Mr. R. Price's c. by St. Patrick, dam by Master Henry, Mr. Mills's Lurcher, by Greyleg, Mr. Cosby's Griselda, Sister to Pussy, Mr. Forth's c. by Mameluke, out of Maiden, and Capt. G. Bulkeley's Bucephalia, by Emilius.

By Mr. BEST'S TINKER (a bay horse, foaled in 1824), son of Tramp, dam by Remembrancer—Loom, by Shuttle.

GIPSY, out of Consol's dam, Lord Lichfield's, 50 sovs. at Newmarket Second October, beating Gen. Grosvenor's Sister to Dick, by Lamplighter.

By TRAMP (a bay horse, foaled in 1810), son of Dick Andrews, dam by Gohanna—Fraxinella, by Trentham.

DIMBER DAM, out of Lady Paul, Stotforth's dam, Mr. Gully's, 140 sovs. at Pontefract, beating Capt. Taylor's Ainderby, by Velocipede, Mr. Marson's Lotto, by Lottery, Mr. Wilson's Winkley, by Velocipede, and Mr. Gill's c. by Waverley, out of Elastic's dam, by Thunderbolt.

LUCK'S-ALL, out of Flora, by Camillus, Mr. Ridsdale's, 350 sovs. at York Spring, beating Duke of Leeds's f. by Malek, out of Rhodacantha; Mr. S. L. Fox's Nymphalin, by Langar, Mr. Edmundson's Rosamond, by Jack Spigot, Mr. Wilson's Winkley, by Velocipede, Deke of Leeds's c. by Actæon, out of Gin, Mr. Jacques's Burietta, by Actæon, out of Comedy, and Mr. Powlett's c. by Langar, out of Giovanni's dam.

By **VELOCIPEDE** (a chestnut horse, foaled in 1826), son of Blacklock, out of Velocity's dam, by Juniper.

AINDERBY, out of a sister to Nonplus, by Catton, Captain Taylor's, 60 sovs. at Malton, beating Mr. S. King's gr. f. by Falcon, dam by Don Juan, and Mr. Marson's b. c. Lotto, by Lottery.—40 sovs. at Beverley, beating Captain Thompson's b. f. Everilda, by Young Phantom.

BAY COLT, out of Matilda, by Comus, Duke of Cleveland's, 50 sovs. at Durham, beating Mr. Wormald's ch. c. by Velocipede, out of Sister to Bullet.—600 sovs. at Doncaster, beating the Duke of Leeds's ch. f. by Malek, out of Rhodacantha, Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Jerry, out of Purity, Mr. Walker's ch. f. Alice, by Langar, and Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Caliph, by Sultan.

CHESTNUT FILLY, out of Miss Garforth (Nonplus's dam), by Walton, Mr. Armistage's (sold to Lord Chesterfield), 250 sovs. at Catterick Bridge, beating Mr. Jacques's ch. f. Burietta, by Actæon, out of Comedy, Mr. Heseltine's b. f. Violante, by Waverley, Mr. Crompton's b. c. The Stag, by Actæon, Mr. S. L. Fox's ch. c. by Bustard, dam by Comus, Duke of Leeds's br. f. by Waverley, out of Mary, Lord Kelburne's ch. f. by Actæon, out of Georgiana, Mr. Attwood's gr. c. Alhassan, by his Grey Arabian, and Mr. Chilton's b. f. by Velocipede, out of Fisher Lass.

QUEEN OF TRUMPS, out of Princess Royal, by Castrel, Mr. Mostyn's, the Champagne stakes of 150 sovs. at Holywell Hunt, beating Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. Peter Simple, by Velocipede, out of Rose, Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. c. Borghese, by Brutandorf, and Mr. Price's br. c. The Juggler, by Wamba

VALENTISSIMO, out of Jane, by Moses, Sir G. Heathcote's, walked over for a sweepstakes of 20 sovs. and won 90 sovs. at Egham, beating Mr. Gardiner's ch. f. Bucephalus, by Emilius, Mr. Ricardo's br. c. by Camel, out of Mirandola, and Mr. Martyn's b. c. Macbeth, by Shakespeare.

VERBINA, out of Rosalba, by Milo, the late Lord Derby's, 275 sovs. at Newton, beating Mr. Nanney's b. c. by Banker, out of Racket, by Castrel, Mr. Legh's br. c. Wildon, by Bay Malton, Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Hectic, by Sultan, Mr. Price's ch. c. Ludford, by Wamba, out of Idalia, Mr. W. Turner's ch. c. Equator, by Battledore, out of Eucrosia, and Mr. A. Bower's br. c. Tom Basford, by Timour, out of Countess.—The Golbourne Stakes of 280 sovs. at the same Meeting, beating Mr. T. Johnson's ch. c. Jupiter, by Langar, out of Proserpine, Capt. Taylor's ch. c. Ainderby, by Velocipede, Sir J. Gerard's ch. c. Ironfounder, by Predictor, out of Ostrich, Mr. Nanney's ch. c. Friar Tuck, by Emilius, Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. Tarban, by Sultan, Sir R. W. Bulkeley's ch. c. Borghese, by Brutandorf, Mr. Thompson's b. c. by Predictor out of Fenella, Mr. C. Attwood's b. f. Calista, by Velocipede, Mr. Lacey's br. f. by Filho da Puta, dam by Waverley, and Mr. E. Peel's b. c. Tony Lumpkin, by Bedlamite—505 sovs. at the Liverpool Aintree Meeting, beating Mr. T. Johnson's ch. c. Jupiter, by Langar Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Hectic, by Sultan, Mr. Watt's ch. f. by Velocipede, out of Baleine, Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. Peter Simple, by Velocipede, Sir G. Pigot's b. c. Altamont, by Sligo, out of Columbia, Mr. Bowers's ro. c. Bucephalus, by Timour, out of Warwick's dam, Mr. W. Turner's ch. c. Equator, by Battledore, Mr. Attwood's b. f. Calista, by Velocipede, Mr. E. Peel's Profligate, by Filho da Puta, Col. Crawford's Freckle, by Swiss, and Mr. G. Crompton's The Stag, by Actæon.

By **WOFUL** (a bay horse, foaled in 1809), son of Waxy, out of Penelope, by Trumpator.

REGRET, out of Serf's dam, Mr. Williams's, 50 sovs. at Stourbridge, beating Mr. Sheldon's ch. c. by Godolphin, dam by Middleton.

By **BUZZARD** or **CANNON-BALL**.

EMU, out of Zinc, by Woful, Duke of Grafton's, received 50 sovs. at Newmarket July Meeting.

By **EMILIUS** or **LAMPLIGHTER**.

LILKA, out of Leila, Sir M. Wood's, ran a dead heat for a match of 100 sovs. with the Duke of Rutland's Flame, by Lamplighter, at Newmarket Second October Meeting.

TATTERSALL'S.

TAKING the average of the month, the Derby betting has been considerably more interesting than could have been expected in these dull times and at this dull season; the stake indeed is a remarkably open one, and holds out great inducements to betters round, as out of the vast numbers of horses that have already been backed, we do not find above half a dozen that have exhibited themselves in public; opposed to which, we have a very formidable lot of dark horses in the crack stables.

The favourites have undergone several fluctuations; at one period Pucelle was all the go, and large sums were laid out upon him as low as 13 to 1; this is a matter of course, for when have the Chifneys failed to have a "flyer" to make money of,—they had only to say that he was better than Shilelagh (!), who was 5lb. better than Priam (!!), and, behold! he comes into the market, not at 25 or 30 to 1, as other dark horses of greater modesty would, but at 20 to 1,—finds lots of friends, who think it would be little short of madness to stand against the Chifneys, or not get a little *on*, and in less than a week he figures at 13 to 1! Now we venture to predict that this Pucelle colt is just the sort of nag to bet *against*, for, as the time comes, his fetlocks will be found defective, he will drop off like Llewellyn and many others of the same kidney, and *then* we shall have Bee-in-a-Bonnet, who, also of course, will be amazingly improved on his two year old form. The Pucelle mania, however, abated wonderfully towards the close of the month he declined two or three points, and there was a general disposition to bet against him. Coriolanus has only been backed at intervals, or with the lot, while Ascot, whose running does not appear to us to be so good, has found a staunch friend in a noble lord, who never tires. Silenus has been supported with some spirit, and the odds taken about the lot (including Ibrahim and Mahomet) by a gallant captain, who is a safe man to follow. Boyce's party have laid out a good stake upon the Darioletta colt, but we do not fancy either the get or the stable. Curtius has been backed by his party to a large amount, and this will in some measure account for the quies-

cence of Coriolanus; they have "discovered" (somewhat late in the day) that he lost start for the Champagne stakes, and did not try! perhaps so, but these "discoveries" must always be looked at with suspicion. We should say, "back Scott's stable,"—it includes Coriolanus, Marchesa (a capital second to Pilgrim at York), Luck's All, Curtius, Young Petuaria colt, Fergus, Hornsea, &c.; of these, the first four have all formidable public pretensions. The Varennes colt has been backed at 30 and 33 to 1 to some amount by the outsiders, who, having no weight in the market, he remains in *statu quo*,—we observe that the *old-uns* lay the odds. Aurelius and the Marchesa colt stick at 16 to 1, but are very seldom backed.

The Oaks betting has been exceedingly flat, the necessary consequence of Preserve's very superior running; it affords nothing worthy of remark. The following are the quotations on the 24th of the month.

DERBY.

Coriolanus	13 to 1 t.
Silenus	13 to 1 t.
Ascot	13 to 1 t.
Pucelle	15 to 1
Marchesa	16 to 1
Aurelius	16 to 1
Darioletta	20 to 1 t.
Curtius	20 to 1 t.
Y. Petuaria	20 to 1
Ibrahim	25 to 1
Luck's All	25 to 1
Knobstick	33 to 1
Varennes	33 to 1
Bee-in-a-Bonnet	33 to 1 t.
Spinning Jenny	30 to 1
Hornsea	36 to 1 t.
Stockport	33 to 1
Valentissimo	50 to 1 t.
Ibrahim (Pettit's)	50 to 1 t.
Mahomet	40 to 1
Luminary	40 to 1 t.
Leopoldine	40 to 1 t.
Delphine	100 to 1 t.
Ridsdale's lot	4 to 1
Lord Jersey's lot	8 to 1 t.
Lord Exeter's lot	11 to 1
Mr. Grant's lot	20 to 1
Mr. Batson's lot	25 to 1

THE OAKS.

Preserve	4 to 1
Hester	8 to 1
Eva	10 to 1
Miss Garforth	10 to 1 t.
Queen of Trumps	15 to 1 t.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

DEATH OF "DASHWOOD."—We have received an account of the death of the individual who, under the name of "Dashwood," was at one time a contributor to our pages, and latterly to those of the Old Magazine. We need hardly state that we were not even aware of his illness at the time the reply to a correspondent, in our last number, was printed; for whatever may be the provocations we have received, we war not with either the dead or the dying. If others allow the past to be buried in oblivion, we shall not be the parties to refer to it. *Requiescat in pace!*

The space that we have devoted to "Nimrod's Life of Mytton," in order to conclude the article this month, must be our apology to many friends for an apparent neglect of their favours. The closing scene of this most extraordinary man's life, surpasses in interest, we think, the previous portions of the memoir, and will, we trust, induce the general reader to excuse the space which we have suffered one article to occupy. Next month we hope to clear off all arrears with our contributors.

Certain worthies, we hear, have asserted that they have received "hush money," as they call it, from the Proprietors of this Magazine, for compromising actions of libel. We beg to state that they tell *wilful and deliberate falsehoods*. We have never paid one farthing, either directly or indirectly, for such a purpose.

"Lechmere is thanked very much. We shall be at all times most happy to hear from him on any subject. We did try the "Cricketer's Register" in 1832, but many of our subscribers thought we could fill the space it occupied with more interesting matter.

We wish we could accept "Greenhorn's" invitation, but we fear we are booked full for the season. We hope, however, he will send us an occasional letter as to how they get on in his country. We have been there before, but never wrote upon it.

We do not think we have ever received the pedigrees of Mr. Shepherd's horses. If they are sent we will insert them with all the pleasure in the world.

If possible we will publish our friend's, "The Follower of the Chase's," article on "Somerville's Patent Safety Gun," next month. The article has been mislaid, or would certainly have appeared before. We intend republishing the "Coplow," and the best of the old hunting songs, in the Magazine, from time to time, with notes by Nimrod.

Juvenis—A. P. C.—C. D. E.—Tom Moody—Cantab.—The Glasserton hounds, by Toddy—shall appear next month if possible. Several other articles are under consideration.

Will our friend "A Single Dorset" allow us to keep his poetry until the month comes round again? "Tom Oakleigh" is too lengthy for this month, but we will try what we can do for him next.

As far as we can judge from his letter, Mr. Stephens's treatise appears to be better adapted to the pages of the Veterinarian than a Sporting Magazine; however, if he likes to forward it to us, we will give it our best consideration.

We rejoice to hear of "Uncle Toby's" good fortune, and congratulate him with all our heart.

To "H. H. Bishop's Waltham," many thanks. Next month without fail. We could not manage it any how this. In the mean time, will H. H. communicate in confidence?

"Venturous" must not be offended at his account of Abingdon races not appearing. We could not find room for it last month, and are worse off for space this.

A private letter has been sent to the address furnished by "Junglicus."

ERRATA.

Page 13, for Cannamore read Cannanorc.

Page 15, for often read sometimes.

Page 16, line 25, for Dodapot read Dodabetta.

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JANUARY, 1835.

[No. 45.]

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WASP, CHILD, AND BILLY.

Engraved by DUNCAN, from a Painting by H. B. CHALON.

WE meant to have given Pussy, the winner of the Oaks, this month, the same as we did last year, but the illness of an engraver has prevented the completion of the plate, and we have been equally unfortunate with a hunting subject, which we hoped would have supplied her place. Being therefore rather driven in a corner, we have had recourse to our corps de reserve, and now publish a picture which, though beautifully executed, is not exactly of that class with which we in general embellish our work. Bull-baiting, thanks to the march of civilization, is happily out of fashion, but as pure specimens of a breed of dogs so peculiarly English as to lose a great portion of their ferocity when taken to other countries, and also as portraits of celebrated dogs of their day, the accompanying plate may find favour, and not be altogether inappropriate. Those who have seen the establishment of Bull-dogs and Mastiffs at the celebrated combat des animaux in Paris, cannot fail to have been struck with the marked difference that there is between the great heavy, haggard, lifeless monsters there chained up under the name of "Bull-dogs," and the fierce, compact, active animals they see in England, and such as are represented in the annexed plate.

The white dog, "Billy," was a very celebrated one in his day, and was purchased by the famous Lord Camelford for one hundred or one hundred and twenty guineas, and through him Billy afterwards came into the possession of the Boynton family in Yorkshire. The grouping and arrangement of the picture we think very good, and the vacant countenance of the boy has a good deal of the Moreland style about it.

NIMROD'S LIFE OF MYTTON.

THE great interest that the ably written memoir of the above singular and unfortunate man excited during its progress through our pages, has made Mr. Ackermann resolve upon publishing the whole in one volume, with illustrations of the most striking of Mr. Mytton's extraordinary feats by Alken. The plates are now in hand, and the work will appear with as little delay as possible; but as only a limited impression will be taken off, to prevent disappointment gentlemen are requested to give timely orders to their respective booksellers. The volume will contain some additions to what was published in our pages.

A New Year's Ode,

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO MRS. PITTMAN,
BY A SINGLE DORSET.

HAIL, Mrs. PITTMAN!—let me wish you here,
A merry Christmas and a blythe New Year!—
Hail, gentle lady! humbly I approach
Thy presence, mistress of the Warwick Coach!
That old establish'd drag of sporting fame,
Which ninety-two saw start in WHEBLE's * name.
Revolving moons beheld it light and gay,
"Hold on the even tenour of its way;"
The Sporting World the youngster nurs'd and priz'd,
Gave it their countenance and patroniz'd.
Safe, unoppos'd he held the reins for years,
And after him your husband's name appears:
He kept it on in sound and steady case,
Then rais'd the fares †—but did not mend the pace.
This caus'd an O. P. row—a sad uproar,
While many left the dear concern, and swore
They would not travel by it any more.

O, Mrs. PITTMAN! what did your good man
When 'gainst him high the public feeling ran?
What did he do? Bestir'd himself indeed,
Put on more strength, increas'd the coach's speed,
And made all right again by turning off
Of all his cads, the rubbish and the scoff.
Then search'd the country o'er from end to end,
To find out men on whom he could depend.
O! lucky chance for him—O, happy day!
When favouring fate threw NIMROD in his way;
He quickly saw the treasure he had found,
And by his means soon work'd up all lost ground.
Now view the difference—each time a load,
While NIMROD takes them gaily on "the road ‡,"
And cheerfully beguiles the tedious hours,
By tales of sporting coves and "German tours;"
How the young bloods in silent rapture hung
To catch the maxims flowing from his tongue!

* Mr. WHEBLE was the originator of the Old Sporting Magazine.

† Mr. PITTMAN raised the price of the Magazine from 1s. 6d. to 2s.

‡ NIMROD's favourite article on "The Road" will long be remembered.

How in "condition best to keep the horse,"
 Prepare him for a hunter—or the course;
 The kennel system most to be desir'd,
 What packs he'd seen and which he most admir'd;
 His own exploits—and other people's too—
 What he had done—or had seen others do;
 The dashing characters he'd often met,
 Or the carouse with many a jolly set!
 Then changing, would another subject broach,
 And talk about the well appointed coach;
 Shew them the way to hold the reins or whip,
 And his opinion of each dragsman tip—
 Telling what harness any one should use,
 What sort of leather—or what horse to choose.
 Start any sporting topic that they might,
 They found him qualified on it to "write"—
 Such was the effect of his persuasive tongue
 That all the country with his knowledge rung:
 And every day the coach pursued its route
 'Twas "*literally*" cramm'd inside and out!
 Again *the fares** *were rais'd*, the coach enlarg'd!
 And sometimes even *double prices charg'd*!

O, Mrs. PITTMAN! those were glorious times,
 When all your pockets rang with golden chimes—
 When "The Old Forester's," and several more
 Substantial names were painted on the door;
 When NIMROD's driving did the coach-box grace,
 And every cad well knew his proper place.
 But death at last—ah, sad disastrous day!
 From the concern took Mr. P. away.
 Soon from "The Warwick" after this event
 Your greatest friend to "Coventry" you sent.
 Mistaken lady! had you then but known
 What to your view succeeding years have shewn,
 You with his "terms" had readily complied,
 Nor ought he ask'd in reason then denied;
 Nay e'en had gone—I confidently feel—
 As far as giving up to him "*a wheel!*"

O, Mrs. PITTMAN! what a sad mistake
 On this occasion 'twas your lot to make,
 To place—but hold,—it never shall be said
 "A Single Dorset" wrote against the dead;—

* Shortly after the acquisition of Nimrod, the price of the Magazine was raised to 2s. 6d., with half yearly double numbers at 5s.

And since poor DASHWOOD's call'd away by fate,
 No word of mine shall on his mem'ry grate.
 For now, alas ! no more the swelling horn
 Shall rouse him to the pleasures of the morn,
 No more he'll share the dangers of the chase,
 No more he'll view the struggles of the race,
 No more he'll sit around the jovial board,
 Or taste the sweets of Bacchus' choicest hoard,
 No more he'll mark each passing sporting scene
 To shew it up in "next month's Magazine."
 Peace to his manes ! May this be his lot,
 To have his virtues told—his faults forgot !

O, Mrs. PITTMAN ! did not your concern
 In losing NIMROD a sad lesson learn ?
 I fancy, would you but the truth confess,
 You'd more to do—and found your profits less ;
 Light loads of passengers were often told,
 And the short way-bill could "a tale unfold."
 Yet the old coach still kept upon the road
 And heavy luggage magnified the load.

But one fine morning in the month of May,
 O, Mrs. P. ! you'll ne'er forget the day—
 A splendid opposition coach was seen,
 Bedeck'd in colours of the brightest green,
 The "Sportsman's Arms" were painted on the door,
 And merrily the ground it rattled o'er.
 Some thought it rather hard, but I must say
 The owners acted in a liberal way,
 By charging passengers as much as you,
 Not taking less as many rivals do.

O, Mrs. P. ! I've heard—nay often known,
 That our misfortunes seldom come alone,
 And so you found it, for the "new concern"
 Cut such a swell, it made your servants burn
 With envious thoughts, the offspring of weak minds
 Whom no condition or agreement binds ;
 'Twas not enough that you should be oppos'd
 By them, but friends with your opponents clos'd,
 And thus deserted "at your utmost need,"
 In truth—"by those your former bounty fed,"—
 Till left almost alone and desolate !
 Such was your lot "and such the will of fate."
 Still your unconquer'd obstinacy of soul
 Bore you along in spite of all control,

No "reglar whip" had you now at command,
 So your book-keeper took the reins in hand,
 And what with trying horse-keepers and cads,
 And changing thorough-bred for heavy prads,
 You still as punctually left the square,
 And of the public patronage had your share.

Your rivals after this threw out a lure
 The mighty NIMROD's service to secure,
 The thing was soon accomplished when he found
 Some of his former friends upon the ground ;
 The best of all his fellow servants who
 Had left the old concern—now work'd the new !
 Then o'er the box his coat the master flung,
 Flourish'd his whip, and off the leaders sprung ;
 The people star'd, while groups of knowing cads
 Pass'd their remarks as rattled by the prads.
 "Here comes the 'Regent,' Jem" (for lately fame
 Had given to it that new and stylish name)
 "I'm blow'd if that ayn't Nimrod on the box,
 And there's a load of hearty looking cocks !
 Sylvanus Swanquill going for a ride—
 There's York and Jorrocks sitting side by side—
 That's Mr. Cooper—yonder sits Deccan
 And Uncle Tohy—he's the racing man."
 (I seemed to know more phizzes as they pass'd,
 But Nimrod always drives so dev'lish fast !)
 "Upon my soul they carry such a load
 I'm fear'd they'll work the old 'un off the road !"

O, Mrs. P. ! it griev'd me much to hear
 Remarks like these, too true I sadly fear ;
 For t'other day I went a stage or two
 Their much bepraised equipage to view,
 And must confess, though you it p'rhaps may pique,
 I really found the turn out quite unique !
 Nimrod delighted every one that day,
 By telling in his own peculiar way
 About a sporting Shropshire cove he knew,
 And such a sketch of his proceedings drew
 That all the passengers, both young and old,
 Vow'd they ne'er heard a story better told.
 Now, my dear lady, take a friend's advice,
 Cull your establishment, and don't be nice—
 But turn those sleepy headed rogues away
 Who scarce do ought but eat and drink all day—

Hire a fresh set of young and active men,
Such as can handle whip, or reins, or pen.
O, Mrs. PITTMAN! should you not do so,
The consequence I fear short time will show—
And very soon—which “over Gods forbode”—
The “Warwick” will have ceas’d to run the Road!
January 1, 1885.

ON SOMERVILLE'S PATENT SAFETY GUN.

I AM sure, Mr. Editor, that a description of any method of preventing the numerous fatal accidents and mutilations to which the shooter is liable, from the unexpected discharge of his gun, will readily find insertion in the pages of your excellent Magazine. For during the shooting season one can hardly take up a newspaper without reading the account of some dreadful occurrence of this nature taking place in the field, by which some of our fellow creatures are deprived of life or limb; and it is not without reason that writers are constantly cautioning sportsmen to be careful in the use of an instrument the effects of which are so fatal. But with a gun to which the invention now under consideration has been applied, it is almost impossible to conceive a case in which an accidental discharge can take place.

The method, then, to which I wish to call the attention of your numerous readers, is the following, viz., on the trigger plate (either lying on, or embedded in it, as the sportsman thinks most convenient) there is a moveable catch or bolt, which, by means of a spring placed behind it, is constantly kept pressing into a nick made in the trigger to receive it, and which catch in that way prevents the trigger from acting on the sear and thus discharging the gun;—or, in more familiar language, the lock, or rather the trigger, is precisely in the situation of a door when bolted. In order to have the complete command of this bolt or catch on the part of the trigger guard, there is what the inventor calls a key, but which I should rather call a spring, which, when pressed by the hand, withdraws the bolt from the nick, and thus sets the trigger free to act on the sear, and consequently the gun goes off. And when the key is removed, the gun cannot be used till it is replaced.

The only difference which this spring makes in the appearance of the gun, is that the front of the trigger guard is upright instead of being circular, and all that has to be attended to in firing, is, to hold the left hand immediately under the lock, so as to act on the spring when required.

I hope that I have now explained the mode of acting of this invention, so that no mistake can occur, and shall now proceed to the second part of my subject, viz., its advantages.

The first, and by far the most important of these, is the complete security which it affords against accidental discharge, as, till the gun is at the shoulder, the bolt is in full operation, and the trigger would break before any force could fire the gun; and if accidentally the trigger should be pressed, it remains immovable; and if the spring is pressed by accident no effect follows, unless the pressure should be applied to both spring and trigger at the same time, otherwise the lock will not work, and it is almost impossible to conceive a case in which pressure could be accidentally applied to both spring and trigger simultaneously.

The second advantage springs from the first, as the sportsman is enabled to carry his gun on full cock all day, and prevents the loss of time occasioned by having to cock it after game rises unexpectedly; and a person with a gun on this principle has his bird brought down before his friend has got his piece to his shoulder. Sportsmen may thus follow the plan of Lord Nelson, who invariably went out shooting with his gun on full cock, and "who refused ever to do otherwise."

The third in importance is, I think, the safety of your left hand, which, in order to act upon the safety spring, is held close in front of the trigger guard, and out of the probable range of any part of the barrels should they happen to burst. So many accidents happen in this way, from the left hand being held forward, that I wonder the practice has not been given up, as it does not, I think, add materially to the steadiness of the aim.

The fourth is the mutual security you derive when shooting in company, that neither your own nor your friend's gun can go off unless when deliberately levelled at the object; and on that account I would strongly recommend guns on this principle for battue shooting.

The fifth and last advantage I shall here mention is the wear and tear of flocks which it prevents, and the accidents which it avoids in cocking and uncocking your gun, as it sometimes happens that you take hold of the right cock and press the left trigger, but as you never have to uncock your gun when it is on the principle now under consideration, that danger is avoided.

I should like very much to hear what your friends "Tom Oakleigh" and "Bogtrotter" think of this plan, especially "Bogtrotter," as I think he would find it of advantage in getting at wild fowl, as there would be no danger of alarming them by cocking his gun. And I may as well here mention that my sole intention in writing this, was to inform my fellow sportsmen of the means of security which this invention afforded them, and not to puff an article with which I have no connexion, otherwise than having used a gun on the above principle for some years, the merits of which I hope I have properly appreciated. Your's,

A FOLLOWER OF THE CHASE.

A CHIVEY THROUGH CHESHIRE.

By a Yorkshireman.

It is only the "other day," as my grandmother would say when speaking of occurrences of five and twenty years standing, that I found myself pacing up and down that wilderness of a coffee-room in the Angel hotel, Dale-street, Liverpool, without a soul to speak to, or the remotest idea as to where I should turn my steps. Where I had come from is a matter of no importance; I was there and might have arrived either by steam from Dublin or steam from Manchester, but whichever it was, or howotherwise, as the lawyers say, is of no moment to my tale.

The room, which is upstairs and consists of two apartments thrown into one, was crowded with anxious, care-worn, money-making countenances. Some were munching their dinners and reading their letters at the same time, others were writing prior to eating; and from those that were engaged in conversation, the words "exchange, discount, insolvent, insurance, risk, profit, loss, A 1," &c., came glibly from the tongue. I looked into the street. It was a third rate Cheapside at three o'clock in the afternoon—waggon, drays, carts and hackney coaches in one unbroken line, here and there interspersed with a private carriage or an omnibus to carry passengers to the rail-road. A commercial town is bad at any time, but especially when a man has no business, for he cannot get any one to talk to him, and soon experiences all the miseries of "solitude in a crowd."

Having ordered some dinner, and surveyed every cast iron countenance in the room, in the hopes of finding some rosy-gilled sporting-looking phiz among the lot, I went down stairs and turned into the street to while away the hour before my repast. Turning to the left I soon came to a saddler's, a place that I have always found peculiarly fruitful in sporting intelligence. Adamson was the name above the door, but finding from the shopman, who was stitching a horse-collar, that his master was out, I asked if he had the meets of the hounds for the next week, which produced a vacant stare of astonishment, for he had actually never heard of such things! I went to two or three booksellers after this, one of whom, Taylor, in Lord-street, I think, on my observing that sporting did not seem much the forte of the Liverpool people, answered, indeed that it was, and he had every *publication* except the meets of the hounds, in confirmation whereof he produced "The Field Book" and "Hawker on Shooting;" and a second bookseller to whom I applied, offered me Buckingham's Evidence on Drunkenness, published in the Parliamentary Review, as a substitute. The newspapers were silent on the subject, and, as wise as when I left, I returned to my dinner.

On the following day, heartily sick of the place, I stamped my clothes into my saddle bags, and, having paid my bill, turned down to the water side for the purpose of crossing into Cheshire. I had never set foot in the county before, and having a few loose sovereigns in my pocket I thought I might as well give it a turn, especially as I like distributing my favours equally. All packets were alike to me, so taking the first that came I found myself bound for the Woodside ferry. The Mersey here is more an arm of the sea than a river, and the sea weed grows upon the shores just the same as it does on the sea beach. Steam boats are continually plying, and the passage in fine weather is effected in a very short time.

The cargo consisted of a waggon load of evergreens and divers sombre looking citizens. Among them, however, my eye quickly espied a poacher-looking chap with a little black cocker in his arms, which he seemed to be nursing with more than ordinary affection, out of whom I thought I might get a wrinkle. "Nice little dog you've got there," said I. "Do you know any thing of his breed?" "Bred him myself, I believe," said he. "He's nothing but a good un, otherwise I would not have troubled to go so far after him as I have done. He was stolen from me six months back, and I've been many miles up in Lancashire seeking him. You know he's a good un don't you, Winterbottom?" said he, appealing to a companion, who of course swore to his friend's assertion. Now Winterbottom was one of those extraordinary looking beings that would puzzle a conjurer at any time to make out what line of life he pursued, being a little thick set bull-dog-looking fellow, without any decided character in his features. In addition to this lack of distinguishing traits, he was dressed in a shooting jacket and waistcoat, on the buttons of which I could just decypher the word "whip" as he sat on a bench and I stood upon deck. "Whip! whip!" said I to myself, "what the deuce can he be—he does not look like a whipper-in, neither did I ever see or hear of these useful men having their profession proclaimed by their buttons;" however, not liking to appear too inquisitive, I began talking to my first friend about shooting, poaching, and the scarcity of game, after which, by a little skilful manoeuvring, I worked round to the never failing subject of hunting. "Sir Thomas will be out to-morrow," said he to Winterbottom. "I must stop the places about us in the morning." "Will he," said Winterbottom; who, despite the word on his button, did not seem to take much interest in the information. "Who's Sir Thomas?" said I. "Oh," said my friend, "Sir Thomas Stanley, of Hutton (as he pronounced Hooton), hunts' all up here you know, and meets at Oldfield to-morrow." This was precisely the information I wanted to obtain, and having ascertained thus much, I began to pump my friend as to the distance, and chance of getting a horse;

and finding him very intelligent, I at last put the question as to what his friend wore on his buttons. "Oh," said Winterbottom, holding one flat for me to read, "it's the benevolent whip button, I drives the Chester mail;" about the very last thing his appearance would have induced me to suspect.

We had now reached the opposite shore, and having paid my three pence for the passage, I walked up to the Woodside hotel to talk to the landlord about a horse. I told him I was on a ramble, and having heard of some hounds being in the neighbourhood on the following day, I thought it would be advisable to have a look at them; and concluded by asking him if he could get me any thing in the shape of a horse to go on. Now Mr. Poole, though extremely civil, was evidently no sportsman, and though he said he frequently sent cards out to gentlemen containing the meets of the hounds, yet he never sent a horse neither could give me any idea where I could get one, save that there was a livery stable at Birkenhead (another ferry), a little lower down. Thither I posted and soon found myself in Davies's yard, before a stable door all covered with pads, masks, and stag's feet, the latter, as I found on inquiry, being the glorious mementos of some venison feasts at Liverpool. Davies was out, but a youth who was polishing a gig harness informed me that he kept no horses for hire, adding that he thought I was more likely to get one at Tranmere (another ferry a little lower down) than any where else. "On, on, I went," and was presently at Philip Lawrence's Royal hotel, Hoylake, and seeing a range of stabling to the left I walked up and summoned the ostler. A sharp little fellow, who had recently been on the mail, emerged from the tap, and on my asking if they had any saddle horses for hire led me into a stable where there were no less than three. Two were of the heavy breed, but the third was a great, tall, nearly thorough-bred bay mare, with a long racing tail and several good points about her. I thought she would do: but then came the question, whether I should say I wanted her to *look* at the hounds upon, or merely take her out under pretence of a ride about the country; and this, let me inform enterprising travellers, is rather a ticklish point, as I found to my cost with friend Gibson at Glandford Brigg, when I was sent hunting in a gig in consequence of my candour. I'll see what mine host is like, thought I, before I say a word on the subject; so I walked into the house, and seeing at the first glance that he was a proper sort of fellow, I told him what I wanted and that I thought his mare would do, to which the only objection he raised was one affecting the safety of my neck, as he said she knew nothing about hunting. That, however, I soon overruled, observing that it was my look out; so, having despatched a messenger for my traps and ordered a bed, I again repaired to the stable, and observing that the mare stood

very gingerly on her fore legs and was alternately easing them, I thought I might as well just try what she was made of before I had her "saddled for the field;" and the day being still in its prime and beautifully fine, I determined to ride to Hooton-park and ascertain the hour at which the hounds met, Winterbottom's friend having said ten o'clock, Davies's man half past ten, and somebody else eleven.

Behold me then mounted on my tall, lengthy thorough-bred, riding on a post boy's old flat flapped saddle, with an old twisted snaffle in my mare's mouth—"let go her head for she'll not run away," and off I start. I soon found I was on a desperate cripple. In her walk every fifth step was a trip or a stumble, in her trot she bore all her weight on the bridle, while in her gallop she went as if her legs were tied together, and from the great show and little progress she made she would have been an invaluable acquisition to Ducrow for stage processions. She was regularly stumped up in fact, By dint of cantering up hills, leading her down them, and availing myself of every bit of grass by the road side, I reached Hooton, some seven or eight miles, without any mishap. Here I found a splendid stone mansion, with only one drawback to it, viz., that of having a public road running between the house and stables. There are, however, bridges, under one of which the approach of a mile and a half from the lodges on the Chester road goes, and another over it to the stables, &c. I rode into the stable yard and asked for the huntsman, but he was out, and the "dogman," as they called him, had the key of the kennel away with him; and I could neither see fox-hounds nor harriers, of both of which Sir Thomas has a pack. Neither could I learn the exact hour of the hounds meeting on the following day, consequently I returned about as wise as I went. When I got within four miles of Tranmere, as I was walking leisurely along the road, leading my high-bred mare, who should I meet but my friend with his black cocker, who, recognizing me, pointed out his dog with exultation as he feathered down a hedge row, and observed that it was the very best dog in all England.

When I got back, I addressed my friend the groom of the horse in the language of confidence, observing to him that his mare was a better one to look at in the stable than she proved herself on the road, adding, that if there was a better one in the stable I should esteem it a personal favour if he would let me have it on the morrow instead of the mare. "Why, here's as good a little horse as ever looked through a bridle," said he, slapping a little bay nag that stood in the next stall on the hind quarter. "Never was a better animal foaled than he is, though he has got a few nasty spots upon him, those were brought on by the wet and inattention;" and in truth the horse had no cause to complain of the character given him by his keeper. The mare was so stale and stood so

much in need of rest that I thought any thing would be better than her, so, taking the ostler at his word, I bespoke the horse for the chase. I then went to Davies's again, and was assured that the hounds did not meet till eleven ; and after looking through his stable, which contained some score of hunters and hacks chiefly the property of Liverpool gentlemen, five of which were going to meet Sir Thomas Stanley's hounds the next day, I shut myself up in my loose box for the evening.

Just as I had completed the operation of shaving the next morning, about nine o'clock or so, I was shocked to see three gentlemen in scarlet and two in black trot past the house on their way to cover. What can have happened now ? thought I. The place is only five miles off, and it surely wont take them two hours to go that distance. Confound it, there must be some mistake, *ten* must be the hour, and these gentlemen are just jogging to cover on their hunters, and I shall be an hour too late. I was not long in dressing, and, having got down stairs, astonished the old Irish waiter by the hurry I was in for breakfast ; nor was my impatience much lessened, or my ruffled temper much smoothed, by seeing two more men ride past just as Pat came davering into the room to ask "whether I would take *tay* or coffee," when I expected he was bringing the breakfast. At last I got two cups of tea down, and, pocketing half a roll, bolted to the stable, where I found the ostler holding the little bay nag by the head in the passage way, with the same snaffle bridle and flat flapped saddle on, and a sheet thrown over his hind quarters. He looked the hunter all over, nor did his rider disgrace the steed ; for, remembering that more people know "Thomas fool than Thomas fool knows," I dressed like any thing but a fox-hunter, having my lower man clad in a pair of long loose trousers with Wellington boots without straps. Neither did I carry any stick or whip in my hand, a deficiency which the ostler (knowing a little more of my hunter's peculiarities than I did) speedily supplied by cutting me what he called a "willey wand," alias a willow switch, out of the garden hedge. Thus accoutred, I sallied forth and speedily seduced my nag into a canter, a pace that seemed very familiar to him, but just as I was congratulating myself on the change I had made for the mare he suddenly stopped short, as if he was shot, and, wheeling round, prepared to return. By dint of a switch over his ear and a good kick in the ribs I got his head set straight again, and by a little manœuvring again had him coaxed into a canter, but every time that I pulled up to ask my way he played me the same trick, by which he was the sufferer in the long run ; for instead of turning to Upper Bebbington, just after one gets clear of the town, I rode straight on for five miles, I dare say, to Lower Bebbington, when, being quite sure that I was going in a wrong direc-

tion (notwithstanding people I met said there were hunters on before), I turned up a nasty, muddy, sandy, sloughy lane, and had to retrace my steps through cross country roads. Indeed at one time I had almost given up all hopes of seeing the hounds, when, just at the moment, I caught a glimpse of two horsemen in dark colours about half a mile in advance, and, on getting up to them, found myself in the wake of three more in scarlet. None of them knew the road, however, and we made a tremendous circuit after this. What made the thing more absurd was, that the fixture was on one side of a narrow slip of country that is bounded on one side by the Mersey, on the other by the Dee, and on a third by the Irish sea, upon which one would think, looking at it in the map, there is scarcely room for a man to get wrong. At length, after much cantering and cursing, we came upon an open heath, at one corner of which stood the pack attended by about a dozen men in scarlet and as many more in dark colours. Others were creeping to the scene of action from all directions. The pack consisted of about sixteen couple of fine shapely hounds, chiefly dogs, looking beautifully blooming in their coats, though without the appearance of having done much work. Indeed, owing to a domestic affliction, the commencement of their operations had been considerably delayed, and I believe the day I was out with them was one of the first of the meets that had been advertised. Sir Thomas was not out himself, and one of his sons supplied his place, who, previous to the hounds throwing off, notified to the field that every man who rode over wheat should be fined half a crown. There was nothing remarkable in the appearance of the field, the turn out being much the same sort of thing that one sees in half the countries in England. The men wore hats instead of caps, and had not then mounted their new coats. The hunt uniform appeared to be scarlet, with a black velvet collar and a crest on the button.

Davies, the huntsman, is a varmint, weather-beaten-looking old fellow, and is the first huntsman—regular huntsman, I mean—I ever saw riding with a glass fixed through the brim of his hat. Poor fellow, his sight is sadly impaired, and I should think he can hardly ride fairly to his hounds. The first whip they say is a smart dashing rider; and the second one, son of Jones, the late huntsman to the Cheshire, very promising. This of course is all hearsay.

The field were all strangers to me and I think that I was equally so to them; and of course the scarlet coated swells looked upon me with that supercilious pity, mixed with contempt, which trouser'd gentry in a hunting field generally come in for.

After the price of riding over wheat had been settled, the hounds left the place of meeting and were thrown into a patch of furze growing

about an old quarry by the side of the road, where, had there been a fox, and a bitch called Rarity, who planted herself at the likeliest place for him to break, failed to chop him, they would in all probability have left me in the lurch; so thinking to see as much of them as I possibly could, though sorely mistrusting my nag, I persuaded him to pass a few horse-men in the road, and was getting on as I thought very well, when, just as he got me right into the middle of the crowd, he stopped short with his tail under a scarlet coated leather breeched gentleman's horse's nose, and immediately commenced running back, which caused a great commotion and divers sulky looks; which seeing my apologies were insufficient to appease, I jumped off his back and towed him through the rest of the party, who I dare say all wondered what business such a tailor had "to show" in so swell a country as Cheshire.

The quarry drew blank, and on we trotted to Oldfield, a brushwood cover running up a small ravine beautifully situated on the side of a ridge of hills that run through this part of the country and separate it from the table land that skirts the river Dee. Nothing can be more beautiful than the view from this spot, and the moment in which we came upon it was peculiarly favourable for displaying it to advantage. The sun was just dispelling the grey mist that partially obscured the bold outline of the Flintshire hills on the opposite shore, throwing a fine gleam of light upon the broad expanse of the river, whose glassy surface was contrasted with the breakers of the sea dashing against the rocky islands at the mouth of the river, in the distance. Two or three pleasure boats were just gliding about at the time, as though they had been added for effect.

Oldfield-cover, though a favourite one, I believe, and containing a nice patch of gorse at the bottom, did not hold a fox this morning, and before I had done admiring the view, the hounds had left and were drawing some straggling gorses on the hill side, after which they trotted down to the table land between the river and the hills to draw some more patches, leaving the majority of the field, myself among the number, on the hills, "à la mode" Jorrocks and the Surrey hunt, only I did not see any gentlemen with telescopes.

Every well appointed hunt has its "character" or two, and at this period of the day I was fortunate enough to scrape acquaintance with one belonging to Sir Thomas Stanley's. I had observed an elderly square built man, dressed in fustian, riding a three year old cart horse in breaking bridles, upon whose hide he was continually plying the thong and stick of a ponderous iron handled hunting whip, and also digging a pair of long necked rusty spurs into his flank without much apparent effect, the rider seeming to know every body and every body seeming to

know him ; and hearing some one address him as Mr. Bristow, or Bristoe (for I forgot to ask him how he spelt his name), the first convenient opportunity, I brought my *Bucephalus* along side of his and commenced a conversation with him. I could not have got hold of a better man. He was an old huntsman, having hunted the country we were then in some thirty years ago, before Sir Thomas Stanley took it. The pack was then a subscription one, he said, and his eyes glistened as he spoke of the performances of the hounds, which he said would hunt "fox, hare, stag, fowmart, ferret, the *devil himself* if he had got up before them !" Though he did not say so, he evidently seemed to hold Sir Thomas's hounds rather cheap in comparison with his old favourites, though he was very keen about following them, and admitted that they were a fine lot to look at.

One o'clock arrived and no fox, when the hounds trotted on to a sure find, a gorse below a farm house called the Grange, into which the pack being thrown, "a challenge and a challenge," soon proclaimed that the fox was at home, and, it soon becoming too hot to hold him, as fine a fellow as ever wore fur broke in view of the whole field and went right away. Then the gentlemen set too to ride ! before ever a hound left the gorse the field were tearing away, consequently when the hounds did come out they were as wild as hawks, ran down a road along which the fox had never gone, when a loud talli-ho from some people at work in a turnip field in the distance put matters right again, but it was only a temporary advantage, for, on settling to the scent, they ran him to ground in the next field. Pickaxes, spades, and terriers were then the order of the day, and friend Bristow and I remained on the opposite hill, having settled in our own minds that they had got a good hour's work in hand. "Talli-ho ! talli-ho !" in less than five minutes he was bolted, the hounds got a view and went away at his brush ; the dismounted sportsmen, who were leading their steeds about, again sought the saddle, Bristow laid his "flabbergasterer" about his young cart horse, who was a regular cow in the hunting field, and away we all went at our respective best paces. Bristow knowing every yard of the country of course I followed in his wake, and we soon found ourselves on the lower side of Irby-heath, a wild, moorish, hilly district, with the hounds running towards us, and the people on the hills telegraphing the line of the fox. "I must be a regular conjurer," said Bristow to me (who, by the way, reminded me not a little of Colonel Jolliffe's old huntsman Roffey), with the greatest exultation, "see how I've hit upon his line ! *Coom up*," said he to his carter, giving him a full length cut of the whip along his ribs as the leading hounds came in view, and away we jogged along the track over the heath. That, however, was about the extent

of the call we made upon our horses, for the longer the hounds ran the worse terms they were on with their fox, until at one time they had regularly lost him; when Howard (I think that is the name of the first whip) took them in hand, and, making a prodigiously wide cast, came upon him below hill, where they kept running and checking, and picking, until at last they gave it up as a bad job.

I returned to Tranmere and delivered up my hunter safe and sound, and though I cannot say much for mine host of the Royal hotel's stud, yet it gives me great pleasure to recommend his house to my brother sportsmen and travellers, as being extremely comfortable and well conducted, with moderate charges. In the evening I got on to the Chester mail, upon the box of which, by the light of the lamp, I perceived Winterbottom was perched; and, curious enough, on pulling up to wash the horses' mouths at a small public house at Eastham, or Hooton, I forget which, I heard the man who came to loose their heads observe to the coachman "that he had had half the country side to see his little dog," and on examining his features I recognized my steam boat acquaintance, who it seems is Mr. Peter Jones, of the sign of "The Shooter."

What I did at Chester must keep till February.

A Monody

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN MYTTON, Esq.

"The earth

Owens no such spirit as his."

MANFRED.

HAST thou e'er trod Italia's classic land?
 Paus'd by her temples, e'en in ruins grand?
 Mark'd the rude weed's obnoxious shadow thrown
 O'er sculptured forms, the gods themselves might own?
 Beheld vile reptiles desecrate the shrine
 That pious worshippers had deem'd divine?
 Heard the loud tempest give its anger tongue
 Where once devotion's holy chauntings rung?
 Mark'd where the dove once rear'd her peaceful brood
 The hungry vulture hold his feast of blood?

If so, what felt ye at this game of fate ?
Disgust or pity ? fond regret or hate ?
There needs no sound to tell thy proud reply,—
Thy soul's indignant answer's in thine eye !
And shall (however beautiful) a stone
Claim from our hearts all sympathy alone ?
Shall the unequall'd fabric of a man,
Built upon nature's most exalted plan,
Tho' razed by tempests and by weeds defac'd,
Tho' carrion vultures have the dove displac'd,
Tho' noisome reptiles from their slimy springs
Pollute the heart's most holy, treasur'd, things—
Say, shall we coldly gaze upon this scene,
Nor mourn the loveliness that once has been ?
Aye, mourn as man may mourn, but not with tears,
His age of passion thro' a life of years ;
Mourn ! but no tears—they honour not the grave
Of such as MYTTON was, the kind, the brave.
His was a restless soul—too wildly prone
To wear the show of vices not his own,
To mock the love his heart most dearly priz'd,
To scorn the lesson wisdom most advis'd,
And, in the maddening poison of the bowl,
Drown in one mighty draught—heart—health—and soul.
His was the hand most ready to bestow,
The good effected all he ask'd to know ;
The friend unchang'd—the foe that scorn'd to sue,
Himself the only victim that he slew.
His vices all deformities of art,
Whilst every virtue centered in his heart.
For such we mourn—and be our grief express'd
By faults forgotten and by good confess'd !

TOM MOODY.

HUNTING REMINISCENCES.

No. XI.

By Nimrod.

THE CRACK RIDERS OF ENGLAND.

I WILL now try and recollect what conspicuous men I met with in Yorkshire and Durham, who come into this list. I saw Mr. Sargeson, or Mr. Serjeantson, for I forget how he spells his name, going very well with the Duke of Cleveland—indeed I believe he was one of the best in his Grace's hunt. Mr. George Swann, of York, the crack man with the York and Ainsty. Sir Tatton Sykes, whom I of course saw, is a race rider, and as such I do not touch on his merits here, having given him his due before; but of the Messrs. Shafto I have something to say. Mr. Thomas Shafto, the original owner of, and, at the expense of many falls, the maker of Mr. Lindow's Clipper, is so well known to every one that it is scarcely necessary to say much about him. He is a fine horseman over a country or over a course; but I thought he was likely to be eclipsed by his nephew, Mr. John Shafto, second son of Mr. Shafto of Whitworth, who appeared, in my eyes, one of the most accomplished riders of his years I had ever before seen. He had the hand and seat of a John White, and the head and judgment of a man who had been twenty years with hounds. At the period I am speaking of he was at Oxford, but I hear that his maturer performances have been fully equal to his early promise.

I must now hark back to some of my older acquaintance, or they perchance may think I have forgotten them. Sir Grey Skipwith went well for at least five and twenty years over Warwickshire, which county he now represents in Parliament. The worthy baronet comes under the denomination of a very pretty rider—always well mounted, generally in a good place, and an attentive observer of hounds. Perhaps I may be excused a short digression, if, for the honour of Warwickshire, I mention a run I once enjoyed in his company, from a fixture which is generally called a bad one. We had twelve miles over grass, *with only one ploughed field*, which Sir Grey said, for the honour of Warwickshire, he would not go into*. Mr. Sheldon, of Brails—son of the late Ralph Sheldon, of Weston, that perfect sample of the old English gentleman—is also one of the best of “the Warwickshire lads,” and a good sportsman withal. Lord Granville Somerset rides hard and well—the best of the

* From Farnborough to Ufton-wood. Several persons staying at head quarters declined going out because it was a bad fixture!

family in a quick thing. But then you may say—look at his weight and the cattle he rides! But the most scientific horseman of all the Somersets was the late Lord Charles, who could ride a race well, and was thought much of at Bibury. He was fastidiously neat in all his horse appointments, and I fancy I see him now, as I used to see him in Leicestershire, with the fore legs of his horse, from the knees to the fetlocks, in laced boots, to protect them against thorns, and with the surcingle over his saddle, in the racing style. Lord Charles was not esteemed a quick man over a country, but a good sportsman, and one that could give a correct account of a run. In judgment of horses, of all descriptions, he was supreme.

Let me take another cast into Leicestershire, as the most likely “find” of what I am in pursuit of—but mind ye I only speak now of those riders I have myself seen. Amongst the best of them is Mr. Charles Standish, who, I am sorry to say, prefers the pleasures of the Continent to those of the chase, to which he was at one time both a devotee and an ornament. The song says—

“Coke, on the pony, has scarce got a crony,
And Standish has distanc'd the crowd very far;
Whilst at a place, sir, that few men would face, sir,
Without checking pace, sir, goes Valentine Maher;”

and after seeing him so well placed, one laments to hear of his having retired from the field so early in life, and with ample means to have continued in it. Captain Stewart, commonly called “Billy Stewart”—brother to Sir Simeon, but alas no more!—used to ride very hard and well. The last time I saw him at Melton his arm was broken in two places by having been ridden over by two or three at once, when on the ground. Colonel Standen, of the guards, is well known, and a much harder rider there cannot well be. He is also a very strong and good horseman, and always up to a lark in the saddle. Like the young Lochinvar,

“He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Eake river, where ford there was none;”

and when quartered in Dublin, he surprised the natives by swimming the Liffey, the Thames of Ireland, after hounds. Of Count Sándor, the Hungarian nobleman who spent the season of 1828 at Melton, I need not say much, as his doings have been given on the canvas as well as in the types. The Count, however, gave astounding proof of what can be done in a short time in acquiring perfection in bodily arts, when heart and soul are earnestly engaged in them. From a mere tyro, scarcely equal to sit a horse if he shyed, he became in a few months able to go along-side the best men of the day, although at the cost of sundry marvellous escapes from broken bones and watery graves. The prints

lately published by Ackermann, from the pictures Ferneley, of Melton, painted for the Count, descriptive of the various situations, good and bad, in which he exhibited himself in chase, are excellent, and I am not surprised to hear that they have been so eagerly sought after.

I have always been a bad hand at what is called sight-seeing. In fact I never saw a procession, save that of the mail coaches, in my life, nor any grand spectacle that I can recollect, having been always content with hearing such things described by others who have seen them. Perhaps it may be that, as the poet says—

“Thus are my eyes still captive to *one* sight,
Thus all my thoughts are slaves to *one* thought still;”

and that hounds or horses alone would allure me. Be this as it may, although I would ride ten miles around to avoid a Lord Mayor's show, I would go five times that distance to-morrow to see Shaw ride one good run over Leicestershire. Of course I need not say what Shaw I am speaking of—he who hunted, first Lord Moira's, next Sir Thomas Mostyn's, and afterwards the Duke of Rutland's hounds. There was a something about Shaw that (I know nothing of his pedigree) had every appearance of his being the son of a gentleman. At all events there was a style and manner very uncommon in a menial servant, and his language was strictly in unison; it was that of an educated man, or at least of one who had mixed much with those who were educated. But his forte was his horsemanship, and in that he really shone. In the first place, he looked the horseman to a nicety, his figure and seat being quite perfect. Then he was so quick, so determined, so fearless, and, withal, so lively in a run, that it must have been a dead soul which did not respond to his. “Gently, gentlemen, if you please,” he would say, when the scent was light and ticklish, or his hounds had been carried beyond it; “*one moment*, and I'll thank ye,” with his hand raised above his head, by way of adding force to his words. “Governess has it,” some hard riding gentleman would exclaim, and a few other hounds might score to cry. “Will it do, Shaw?” the Duke would ask; “I think *not*, your Grace—I *fear it's flash*.” Then to see him make his casts when he thought he had a good fox before him! By heaven, 'twas delightful! What places he rode at, to take the chance of hitting him; what animation in his countenance when he found he had hit him; and, cap in hand, what a cheering holloa would he give them, to encourage them to settle down to the scent. But the superiority of this man was shown in the treatment he received from his masters. Sir Thomas Mostyn gave him £300 per annum, and a servant to wait upon him. His place with the Duke was still better; but I must stop, for I ought only to have spoken of him as a horseman. I may, however, be allowed to say where I last saw him. It was at Stratford on Avon, in Lord Middleton's time,

where he had a comfortable house and two good hunters, as also the use of Lord Middleton's stud whenever he had occasion for them ; but he was only the wreck of the man I had seen in Leicestershire, having met with the too common fate of mankind—a very severe illness.

In the sequence of degree, and perhaps not much his inferior in horsemanship, comes the noted Jack Stevens, many years whipper-in to Mr. Osbaldeston, and now huntsman to Mr. Wilkins, as useful and civil a man as I ever saw in a field. But think of Jack among the big wigs in the Quarterly Review ! Why, we can only exclaim—"who would have thought it ?" although some one says, "every situation in life serves for formation of character ;" and I believe this "somebody" was Paley. Jack Shirley is another great artist in the saddle ; and was a favourite whipper-in of Mr. Smith's, when he hunted Leicestershire ; and now, if I mistake not, both master and man are again in the same county, viz., Hampshire, Shirley, as I hear, living with Sir John Cope. By way of showing of what stuff Shirley's nerves were made, and that it was "like master like man," I shall repeat an anecdote I before related of him. "He was riding an old horse called Gadsby (not much the better for having been many years ridden by his master) over one of the worst fields in Leicestershire for a blown horse,—between Tilton and Somerby—abounding with large ant-hills and deep furrows. The old horse was going along at a slapping pace, with his head quite loose, and down hill, whilst Jack was in the act of putting a lash to his whip, *having a large open clasp knife between his teeth at the time !* Will Staples, late whipper-in to Sir Bellingham Graham, now huntsman to Sir Rowland Hill's hounds in North Shropshire, is a very clever fellow indeed in the saddle, and so he ought to be. He was got by old Tom Staples, once huntsman to Lord Middleton ; brought up from his boyhood by Sir Bellingham, and perfected in his horsemanship by riding his, Sir B.'s, second horse in Leicestershire, when he had his hounds at Quorn. I never saw a man that could follow the turnings and twistings of a hound that wanted to avoid the lash, equal to Will Staples—a certain sign of having the finger.

It too often happens that those who have been much in the "swell countries," as they are termed, are given to hold cheaply what are called cockney sportsmen*—that is, such as figure in the counties neighbouring

* All those who knew the veteran John Lockley, can vouch for his having been a bundle of prejudices. It so happened that he never but once, and that once late in his life, hunted with hounds in the immediate vicinity of London. "What did you think of the field ?" said I to him, expecting something rich. "Why," he replied, "one half of them seemed to me candidates for the treadmill. If I had been thrown from my horse and he had got loose, I should never have expected to have seen him again."

to London. I have long since been beaten out of all such absurd prejudices, and I am free to admit that I saw several very superior horsemen in them. Where, for example, could a finer rider be found than *Shock**, whipper-in to Lord Derby, when I was in Surrey? Indeed he was in one respect superior to Jonathan (his huntsman), inasmuch as he went as well on a young horse as he did on an old one. I considered him a splendid horseman. There was also another man in Surrey who went by the name of *Shock Jem* (his real name being Hezletine), whom I once, and only once, saw with hounds. I have heard many good judges—Mr. Tattersall amongst the number—say that there scarcely ever was this man's equal; a sort of dare-devil that would ride a young and raw horse at a new and high gate, with as much confidence as if he had been on the back of Prosper. He was likewise renowned for breaking horses to harness, and *breaking those which others had given up as incurable*. I heard a person relate the following anecdote of this extraordinary character, of which I had no cause to doubt the truth. On calling at his stables, in the country, to see a hunter which was for sale, my informant espied a horse in the yard, harnessed, and his head borne up to his pad, but he was not tied or confined in any other way. Observing him make a plunge, he had the curiosity to inquire the reason of his being left in that situation. "Oh, sir," said Shock Jem, "he has been there, as you now see him, two days. He will come to his senses presently, and then I shall be able to drive him." I did not hear the sequel, but we know that hunger is a great tamer of animals, and no doubt was often resorted to as a cheap instrument in the hands of this *απροδομος* *Εκτροπ*. Now why these two men should bear the name of *Shock*, or, rather, why it should have been given to them, I know not, unless we take the word, as derived by Johnson—"from shag, a rough dog;" and Shock Jem had an uncommon head of hair, curling all over and down the sides in what are called cork-screw ringlets.

There was a gentleman by the name of Shaw, an eminent conveyancer, in Old Burlington-street, London, who must not be passed over, for I should think it would be difficult, now Mr. Ongley is no more, to find a man who rides over a country under such appalling difficulties as he laboured under for the last six years that he hunted with Lord Derby's hounds. "Game to the back bone," however, he would not give up, and, although lifted on his horse and with chalk stones working out of his hands, I have seen him ride as hard as any man in the field. He had a splendid horse, called Comet; but Mr. Shaw was (for he is gathered to his fathers) a Yorkshireman, and a good judge of the animal. The late Mr. Storey, better known as Jack Storey was at one time of

* This person's real name is Bullen, and it will be recollected that he went from Lord Derby to hunt a pack of fox-hounds in Scotland.

day very hard to beat over Leicestershire. Indeed, I once saw him show them all the trick on old Cockspinner. Sir Horace St. Paul I remember going brilliantly over Leicestershire, and it was he who gave seven hundred guineas for a horse, once my brother's horse, called Hermit. Having one day ridden him into convulsions, he was seen by Mr. Loraine Smith opening one of his veins. A humorous caricature soon afterwards appeared, of "an apostle administering comfort to a distressed Hermit." I saw Major St. Paul going well in Yorkshire, and very well mounted. I am rejoiced to see him at the head of a pack of fox-hounds, and to hear of the brilliant sport he shews.

I am old enough to have seen the late Earl Spencer in the field (although towards the close of his hunting career), and saw him go well throughout one capital run with Mr. Warde. But I should have liked to have seen his lordship's hounds in the days of his huntsman, *Dick Knight*, one of the cleverest men in his line.

"Now Contract, says Dick,
By the Lord, but we'll show these d——d Quornites the trick."

Many amusing anecdotes are told of Dick and his master. "*It's all over with the country*, my Lord," said Dick one day to him, with a very long face, when his lordship was a member of the administration. "What now?" inquired Lord S. "Oh, these d——d canals—they are cutting—*must* ruin it, my Lord; there will be no getting across it after hounds*." On another occasion, Dick charged a fence, which his master stopped to look at. "Come along, my Lord, *the more you look the less you'll like it*," holloed Dick. Coming down, one day, on a wide and deep brook, Dick took it in stroke; but seeing a brother sportsman in the middle of it, he exclaimed, when flying through the air—"the gentleman swims like a cork!" I never saw Dick, but I knew his son, who appeared not to inherit his father's talent. He was huntsman to Mr. Otway Cave's father, with whose hounds I frequently hunted. But Cicero's son was a blockhead. I now then conclude schedule S with a very good horseman by the name of Sloper, whom I saw with Mr. Warde's hounds in the Craven country; and I shall never forget his wonderful little mare, not fourteen hands high, *got by a cart horse out of a thorough-bred mare*, for whom no fence was too high, no day too long, and who, during nine seasons, was never out of her place, which was front rank. The smoothness of her action enabled her to do this, but she was a phenomenon in my eyes.

* The want of canals, and consequently of coals, was the cause of those tripple thorn hedges being planted in Northamptonshire, for the production of fuel.

A FEW WORDS ON BEHALF OF THE HUNTSMEN, WHIPPERS-IN, AND SERVANTS OF HUNTING ESTABLISHMENTS.

At the present festive season, when feasting, junketting, joyousness, and Christmas boxing are the order of the day, we wish to say a few words on behalf of a most useful and highly meritorious class of men, whose interests it is alike our duty and our pleasure to promote, and whose claim to the generous sympathy and benevolent consideration of sportsmen only requires to be mentioned to insure a ready and cheerful acknowledgment from all hands—we mean the huntsmen, whippers-in, and servants generally of the different hunting establishments of these isles.

There is no set of men more deserving of some little token of remembrance at this season than they are, for the risks they run, the labours they undergo, the privations they suffer, and, above all, for the uniform attention, civility, and respect that invariably characterises their deportment.

There is no life of ease. They “eat not the bread of idleness.” For them no visions of five hundred pound notes, for a three minutes ride over the well groomed turf, fit in the distance—neither do “coaches and six with crimson liveries,” nor gilded palaces, bound the horizon of their prospects. Early hours, hard work, and still harder knocks are more their portion. In all weathers they turn out, often getting wet through before they reach the cover side, and then after a long day of incessant holloaing, galloping, leaping, and shouting, perhaps when all the field are warm and comfortable at home, just sitting down to well dressed dinners, these poor fellows are reaching the kennel, wet, cold, hungry, and tired, with their horses to look after and things to prepare to take the field again on the following morning. Were it not for that natural passion for the chase inherent in the breast of Britons, money could not procure the services that these men perform! It is impossible to calculate the risks they run every season in riding at places where no one has been over before and where no one has any occasion to follow them, and that too, very frequently, on infirm horses or imperfectly made hunters. Without efficient servants the best pack of hounds is useless, and where sportsmen have reason to be satisfied with the establishment of their country they will, we feel assured, by various little acts of kindness and marks of approbation, contribute to the comforts of the men, and, by their patronage, raise their station in the social scale. Indeed were fields composed entirely of practised and resident sportsmen

we would not hazard this appeal, because we well know there are no men who have a more considerate regard for the wants of the poor than fox-hunters, whose pursuits lead them to all parts of a country and bring them acquainted with all stations of life; but every season brings into the field a fresh influx of sportsmen, who only require to be told what is right in order to insure a cheerful compliance, and to these gentlemen in particular, and to sportsmen visiting different countries without subscribing to the packs, we would particularly address ourselves.

Servants' wages, however good, are very trifling compared to the duties they perform. It is true that a huntsman in a first rate establishment makes a good deal by his draft hounds; and our friend Nimrod, in his batch of crack riders in the present number, mentions one who had "£300 a year and a servant to wait upon him," but this, we beg to say, is altogether an extreme case, and not one whereby the general situation of this class of servants can be estimated; but even if it were, let the reader consider the number of years that most huntsmen toil in a subordinate situation before they arrive at the head of affairs, and also compare the number of huntsmen with the number of whippers-in, whose duties are equally laborious in the field and more so in the stable.

The abolition of "cap money," we conceive, was a great loss to this class of men. Formerly on the death of the fox every one paid his half crown, which, from a numerous field,—especially if the run was not severe—amounted to a good sum, which was distributed in certain proportions among the men; whereas now, the custom being almost obsolete, the servants have nothing to depend upon beyond the actual amount of their wages, nor have sportsmen any means of rewarding their spirit, zeal, ability, or civility, except in the manner we now point out and hope by our advocacy to increase. At all events, if we make one convert to our doctrine we will readily incur all the charges of officious interference that may be brought against us.

But we feel assured that we shall give no offence by what we have written. Nay, indeed, so confident are we in the goodness of our cause, that with a truly parental feeling for our project, we almost fancy we see some enthusiastic warm-hearted young sportsman pulling out a sovereign or two and giving one to the huntsman, handing the other to the first whip to be divided with his fellow servant, perhaps with the stipulation that among them they are to send the old feeder a couple of bottles of rum; while our vision also supplies us with the portrait of an honest John Bull sporting farmer, sending a plate round after the market dinner, on Saturday, to make a collection for a similar purpose, while the room rings with cheers to the prosperity of the **NEW SPORTING MAGAZINE!**

Jorrocks's Oyster Party.

"WELL, Mr. Häckermann, what's the news in Regent-street?" inquired Jorrocks, swaggering into the Eclipse Sporting Gallery the other day, looking as bumptious as a little bantam cock.

Mr. Ackermann. "Why nothing particular I think, Mr. Jorrocks. Hope you are all well at home, sir?"

Jorrocks. "Why yes—we're werry well—better than usual, in fact, for Mrs. J.'s not there. Just given her a travelling ticket for two days, and she's gone to her mother's at Tooting. May stop two months if she likes."

Mr. A. "Won't you be seated, sir?"

J. "Thank 'e, thank 'e, but I'm just stepping along to Mr. Spiers, to get him to come to me this evening to talk about publishing all that valuable quantity of manuscript that your tarnation fool of an editor has rejected of mine; and I must say, Mr. Häckerman, that, considering all the purliness I have received at your hands, I do werry much regret—for I have a werry great respect for you—werry great, indeed—that any thing of mine should be given to the public otherwise than through your *Mag.*; but what can I do? Here's matter, the bare paper on which it's written having cost me the matter of atwixt three and four shillings, and containing, I may make bold to say, both original and interesting matter; and yet the more I have sent the less notice has been taken of my labours, until my last article, on Eels, a werry elaborate paper, diwided into nineteen chapters, each chapter containing seventeen sections, wherein all possible information relative to these most rumbustical h'animals is given, and an ingenious suggestion for skinning the beggars alive without inconvenience to themselves."

Mr. A. "Indeed, sir!"

J. "Quite true, I assure you. In course the skinning alive without inconvenience to the sufferers is a sort of sprat thrown out to catch a herring—a sop to the humane society humbugs; for though I have h'argued the case strong enough to convince any one that is not in the habit of thinking for himself, yet I will candidly confess to you—though it musn't go no further—that I don't exactly believe it myself, but you see to be read now-a-days a man must address himself to the prejudices of the people, and you know humanity is all the h'order of the day—folks protect other people's donkeys and let their own relations starve. Well then you see, as I was saying, this was the last article I offered your Heditor, and I sent it with an hint, that unless it was published I should consider he meant to exclude me altogether from the work, and that I should act accordingly. Well then you see, yesterday afternoon

you see, back it all comes, without 'note or comment,' as they said of 'Miserrimus's tomb stone,' and I have had the inexpressible mortification of adding it to the long list of rejected articles. You, Mr. Håckermann, are a man, and though you may not be an author yourself, you have to deal with authors and can h'enter into their feelings; and I ask you, what must be mine when I look into my back kitchen cupboard and see the bales of manuscript that I have written for your Magazine, that have been rejected? I've got a list of them here," added Jorrocks, pulling a long strip of well thumbled paper out of his breeches' pocket, "which, as you have not been publisher since its commencement, I will just read over to you."

Mr. A. "If you please, sir."

Jorrocks adjusts his spectacles, seats himself amid a profusion of annuals and other Christmas presents on the counter and proceeds. "The first paper of mine that was returned, was during the winter of the first year of the Paternoster-row administration. It was called 'Thoughts on Orse whipping;' and I well remember that I got the lumbago werry bad by standing one cold November day glowering into Griffiths's paradise of orse whips, in Holborn, making myself master of all the wariuous varieties of thonga and whip sticks, Malacca, Jambee, Dragon, Rattan, Whangee, all of which I afterwards commented upon, and recommended certain ones to be used for certain species of insult and offence and so on. I also glanced at the expediency, and probable profit to be derived by establishing an orse whipping shop or bazaar, where people could get their friends 'served out' without the inconvenience of doing it themselves, and the article was dedicated without permission to Sir John Milley Doyle, K.C.B., L.L.D., &c. It was comprised in two quires of foolscap, and returned as being too long for the work; and yet wot did I see last month but my friend Mr. Nimrod occupying five and twenty pages for his life of Mittens! But Mr. Nimrod's a gentleman, and I'll say no more on that score. Well then, to continue the list; my papers on 'Scent and Summering the unter' have never appeared, though often faithfully promised both in print and private conversation, and where they are I don't know. The first one that was returned after you became master of the Magazine, was a paper—not werry long, but still werry learned—called 'Desultory remarks on the advantages to the commercial world from encouraging a breed of sporting tradesmen,' concluding with a complimentary 'Ode to the Monument' and a glance at the 'H'impropriety of eating lemen juice with H'oysters.' The Ode to the Monument was in the same measure as my 'Ode to Spring,' published in your fifth volume, and which I have been credibly informed and believe raised the sale of the work one thousand one hundred copies."

Mr. A. "Indeed, sir!"

J. "Quite true, I assure you—but to continue. There was the 'Flea hunt' and the following poetry:—

"'Ode to the Lumber troop,' in most heroic measure.

"'Stanzas to a Bullfinch'—mind not a bird, but a hedge. Ask Alken—he'll tell you what it is.

"'Impromptu on seeing a butcher's boy leave two calves' heads at the Marquess Cornwallis's.' That's the public beside me, where I get my swipes.

"'Ode to a dish clout.'

"'Ditto to a pair of tight top boots.'

"'Ditto to Sir Herbert Jenner's wig.'

"'Ditto to h'ambition.'

"'Elegy on a Giblet Pye that was smashed in coming from the Baker's.' Binjamin did that, confound him, but I licked him well for it.

"'Three odes to the Reform Bill—two *for*—one *against*.' These perhaps were not exactly sporting, unless, as your Heditor said, they could be introduced under the head of 'Sporting with the Constitution.' But, however, Mr. Häckermann, I dare say you are tired of all this; and I assure you, so am I. Now mind I don't reproach you—none at all—I know it's all the fault of your Heditor, but then you see you should not keep such a chap. You should do as the king did to Melbourne, and rely upon it you need not to go far for a Wellington. 'But self praise we know is all a bubble,' as the pig in trouble in Oxford-street says. Now I won't detain you no longer. If you have a mind to insist upon your Heditor publishing my articles in your Mag., I will even now, at the eleventh hour, forget and forgive, but, *by gum*, if you don't I'll arrange with Mr. Spiers this werry night for printing them in large quartos; and let me tell you a secret, Mr. Häckermann,—things read a deuced deal better in type than they do in manuscript. Now wot say ye!"

Mr. A. "Why really, Mr. J., I can hardly give you an answer just now. The Editor is out of town just now, and if I was to send them to press without his knowledge he might be offended,—these gentlemen are very touchy, you see—and if he was to cut the concern I might chance to get a worse—and then you see my colour business requires so much looking after, that I should not have time to edit it myself."

J. "Never fear, Mr. Häckermann, you shall not want assistance as long as I'm above ground. Make a bold stand and a rush, and the game's your own. I tell you the old hog tub is *heat*, and can never rally. Look," said he, taking up the great five shilling double number

for December, "did mortal man ever see such a concern? It's made up of coursing meetings, the dregs of the racing calendar, and *thrice* told tales. A man should be paid for reading the Quartogenarian's articles, and the steeple-chase in the Vale of Aylesbury is taken word for word from Bell's Life. As to their plates, I don't know wot the society for the suppression of vice are after if they don't persecute this nasty disgusting thing of the woman suckling the fox. I should advise Mr. F. C. Turner, if he means to continue the series, to take a trip to Paris and make a painting of the celebrated Palais Royal Jack Ass.

Mr. A. "Very bad indeed—very bad. I see they don't even mention the death of the author of Dashwood's letters. One would have thought that a man who had gone such lengths as he did to serve them, would have had some little tribute of respect paid to his memory."

J. "They *durst* n't mention it. He was their last hope, and you have only to look at this number and see what they are reduced to. Now's the time, Mr. Häckermann! spur your steeds—touch up your leaders, doublethong your wheelers, stir up Mr. Nimrod, send to the Yorkshireman, give us plenty of hunting pictures—*nothing* but hunting, in fact, I say, and above all insist upon your Heditor publishing my articles! I'll tell you wot, however, it's now half past three, consider of them this afternoon, and come to my house when you shut up shop, to meet Mr. Spiers and have a few h'oysters, and we can talk the thing quietly over together."

Mr. A. "Well I've no objection to that, Mr. Jorrocks—though I'm afraid I shall hardly be better prepared to give you an answer, unless the Editor returns before then."

J. "Well, but you can eat a few h'oysters at all ewents?"

Mr. A. "Oh, certainly, sir, certainly—much pleasure, I'm sure. There will be nobody there but just Mr. Spiers and myself, I presume, sir?"

J. "Only James Green. You know Mr. Green, of Tooley-street? Jemmy Green."

Mr. A. "I've heard of him, sir, but never saw him to my knowledge—however, I'll be with you a little before eight, sir, and have the pleasure of making his acquaintance."

J. "Werry good—and now I'll call at Mr. Spiers's and bespeak him. Good morning, Mr. Hackermann."

Mr. A. "Your most obedient, Mr. Jorrocks (*exit Jorrocks*).

About half past seven the invited guests arrived in Great Coram-street in a cab, Mr. Ackermann having called to take up Mr. Spiers on his road. Betsey answered the knock, Benjamin being engaged with Jorrocks in the dining room: but judge of the visitors' astonishment, at seeing at least a dozen hats ranged on the sideboard!

"Why I thought we were to be all alone, Mr. Jorrocks, with the exception of Mr. Green," said Mr. Ackermann, eyeing the hats, in an evident state of perturbation.

"And so you are," said Jorrocks, "indeed you'll be *quite* alone for an hour or so, for I did not invite Green till eight, and these fashionable Tooley-street bloods are generally half an hour behind time; but I see what you are driving at—you think these hats have each a cocoa nut belonging to them up stairs. No such thing, I assure ye. They are wot I've won in wagers at various times of the members of our hunt, and you see, as I've got you great sporting characters with me, I'm going to set them out just as racing gentry exhibit their gold and silver cups."

Mr. A. "Oh, indeed, sir, that's quite another affair. I'm sure I thought I'd got into *Beaver-castle* by mistake."

J. "Haw! haw! haw! werry good, Mr. Hackermann, werry good indeed. I owe's you one for that; but now hang up your tiles, gentlemen, and come up stairs for the present, and you'll see all how and about it at supper time. I want you to consider the subject of my papers before Green arrives, for he's such a regular gammon and spinnage chatter-box sort of chap, there's no doing business where he is."

This proposition being acceded to, the trio proceed to the drawing-room, where, candles being lighted, Jorrocks produced his domestic Balaam box—an old two dozen hamper, containing nearly all the articles he had ever written. "Now gentlemen," said he, fishing up a regular whale of an affair, "this is the treatise upon Eels that I mentioned to you respectively this morning. Mortal eye has never seen it except your editor's, and I consider his opinion of it as little worse than none. You shall decide upon its merits." He unties the cord with which it is bound, and, having flattened the paper and given two or three preparatory hems, was just going to inflict the whole treatise upon them; when a long loud "*rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tan—rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tan*" at the street door caused him to drop the paper and exclaim "By jingo there's Green. No man knocks at the door with such *wiggorous violence* as he does! All the people in Great Coram-street and parts adjacent know when he comes, Julius Cæsar himself could not kick up a greater row!"

The room door opens and Benjamin announces "Mr. James Grin." In a second or two Jemmy is heard tripping up stairs, taking two steps at a time, until he reaches the landing, when with a hop, step and a jump—he bounds into the middle of the room.

"My dear Mr. Jorrocks," said he, seizing the grocer's paw, and shaking it as if it had been the handle of a pump, "may you live for a thousand years and I be there to count 'em."

"*Jorrocks*. "Thank'e, my dear Green—you're always the high-bred man—always something elegant to say both to man and woman—but now allow me to introduce you to Mr. Háckerman. Mr. Háckerman, Mr. Green; Mr. Green, Mr. Háckerman—Mr. Spiers, Mr. Green; Mr. Green, Mr. Spiers; and now, gentlemen, you are acquainted."

Green was dressed in the height of fashion—at least of Tooley-street fashion, and, perhaps, a description of his garments may be useful to the Editor of the Gentleman's Magazine of Fashion, next month. His hempen hair boasted its usual cauliflower curl, and stood from his head like the roof of a Swiss cottage. He had a fine stiff black sarcenet stock on, with an innumerable constellation of studs on his shirt. His coat was either light blue or light green—which, it was difficult to decide by candle-light, made very full at the hips and wide in the laps, like a groom's, with sugar-loaf buttons (this latter being, doubtless, out of compliment to *Jorrocks*), and with this elegant dress garment he sported a white waistcoat, a pair of brownish, tightish, leather trousers, and opera boots.

Having shuffled himself into a chair, *Jorrocks* and he commenced a long series of inquiries into the health and prosperity of their mutual acquaintance. The treatise on the Eels and all the other valuable articles, were totally forgotten, and before the conversation could flag so as to give an opportunity of harking round to them again, Betsey came to announce that the oysters were ready.

"*Talli-ho!*" cried *Jorrocks*, "forward, away! forward, away!" and taking the lead, down they all brushed to the supper-room, the novelty of the decorations whereof, must be our excuse for introducing them to the reader.

The side-board, which was the first object that attracted attention, supported a fine large bright burning lamp, whose effulgent rays threw a brilliant halo over ten hats, eight black ones and two white, all ranged in circle around it. Three of these, viz. the front and two side ones, were filled with ever-greens and foxes' brushes, while the rest were well brushed, though not with foxes' brushes, and set out to the best advantage. In the middle of the round table stood another hat acting as a sort of epergne, filled also with ever-greens and artificial flowers, into which a couple of wax lights were introduced, and round it were four barrels of oysters, four pounds of butter, and four loaves of bread. "Now, gentlemen," said *Jorrocks*, "let every man pick his own barrel—they are of equal size, and if any of you can eat more, Luckey has promised to keep his shop open an hour beyond time—so now *fall too*. There's beer in abundance, and my Lord Cornwallis's tap is open till past eleven, and you needn't not be afraid of running him dry." They all fall

too, and a tremendous rush ensues, in the course of which the oyster shells are scattered in all directions — gradually the pace relaxes, and Green begins to titivate his appetite by putting a few on the bars. Jorrocks himself at last “throws up,” declaring that he had fairly burked his appetite. Betsey and Benjamin enter and clear the decks, leaving the hat epergne on the table, and Ben brings a low three-legged stool which he sets before the fire (on which a fine log was burning), and places a smart blue painted horse-pail, with the words “Jorrocks, waste not want not,” and some hunting devices fancifully painted round it, upon the stool.

“This, Mr. Hackerman,” said he, holding it up, “is a new fashioned punch-bowl—my own idea, and a most original one it is. I’ve never had but one brew in it when it worked admirably. Now, Benjamin, bring the lemons, and, Batsay, bring the bottles—rum and brandy mixed is the stuff—two bottles of brandy and one of rum. Mr. Spiers will squeeze the lemons, while Mr. Hackerman stirs the liquor—I’ll pound the sugar-candy, and you, James Green, must tip us a stave.

Green. “Really, Mr. J., I can’t—I’m in no voice at all, or I would do it with all the pleasure in the world—you hear how orse I am.”

Jorrocks. “Oh, the orser the better, if the song is about orses, which I trust it will. Come, don’t be modest, Jemmy, a man at your time of life ought to give up blushing. Sing us that of Old Simon Simpkins’s—wot do they call it!—about the ‘Jolly good hunt,’ you know.”

G. “Ah! I twig. You means a ‘Jolly good Hunt the greatest pleasure in Life.’ Well, I’ll try it, but if I makes you faint, gentlemen, remember, it’s not no fault of mine.”

Green sticks his fingers through his hair, clears his throat, extends his right hand, and proceeds while the rest of the party are busy brewing.

SONG.

“This morn, whilst in bed I was lying,
I thought on the pleasures of life,
And amused myself wastly by trying
To hargue the point with my wife.

“She thought, ’twas enchanting to ride
On a donkey which warn’t very wicious;
Tho’ the trot gave a stitch in the side,
The *canter* was truly delicious!

“‘Delicious!’ says I, ‘Mrs. S.,
Provided you’re not in no haste,
And then,—but there’s nevertheless
No accounting, we all know, for taste.’

"Some sails in their yachts on the sea,
Some passes their time in a punt,
But of all the enjoyments, to me
There's none like a *jolly good hunt*."

"See over hedges and ditches,
Like a ship on the ocean they scud!
Now on to their top-boots and breeches,
Now up to their face, flies the mud."

"In the heat of the hunt now elate
To a leap quite terrific they come!
One falls from his horse on his pate,
Another, is thrown on his —."

"'Hush! hush!' quoth my wife, 'I declare
Your language most shockingly coarse is,
You've grown werry vulgar I swear,
Since you first took a fancy for orses.'"

"'Excuse me,' says I, 'my dear wife,
If my mode of expression is blunt,
But of *all* the gay pleasures in life,
There's none like a *jolly good hunt*,
There's NONE like a *jolly good hunt*!'"

"Thank'e, my dear Green, thank'e," said Jorrocks, hugging him.
"How I do wish I could persuade you to join our hunt—you'r a prodigy of a man! a *wonderful* boy! quite a paragon! Bring the foxes' heads, Binjimin, and let us toast him."

Here Benjamin enters with four coloured foxes' heads made of china, for drinking cups, each cup holding about half a pint, and which the guest must either drink or hold in his hand, for they only stand when turned down. Each man takes one, and the horse-pail being moved into the centre of the group, Jorrocks deals out the punch in a wooden boat which floats on the liquor. This species of drinking being rather calculated to upset the strongest head, after Green's health and a few other bumpers had been disposed of, Jorrocks became very loquacious. After telling some wonderful stories about hunting, "Those hats," said he, "that you see on the side-board are all trophies of sporting prowess. That on the right of the lamp, with the biggest of the fox-brushes in it, was won in a most *miraculous* manner. I was driving to Croydon one morning in my four-wheeled one orse chariot, and just as I got to Lilley-white, the blacksmith's, below Brixton-hill, they had thrown up a drain

—a *gulph* I may call it—across the road for the purpose of repairing the gas pipe—I was rather late as it was, for our hounds are werry punctual, and there was nothing for me but either to go a mile and a half round or drive slap over the gulph. Well, I looked at it, and the more I looked at it the less I liked it, but just as I was thinking I had seen enough of it, and was going to turn away, up tools Timothy Truman in his buggy, and he too began to crane and look into the abyss—and a terrible place it was, I assure you—*quite frightful*, and he liked it no better than myself. Seeing this, I takes courage, and said, ‘Why, Tim, your orse will do it!’ ‘Thank’e, Mr. J.’ said he, ‘I’ll follow you.’ ‘Then,’ said I, ‘if you’ll change vehicules—for, mind ye, I had no notion of damaging my own, I’ll bet you a hat I gets over.’ ‘Done,’ said he, and out he got, so I takes his orse by the head, looses the bearing-rein, and leading him quietly up to the place and letting him have a look at it, gave him a whack over the back, and over he went gig and all, as clever as could be!”

Green. “Well done, Mr. J., you are really a most wonderful man! You have the most extraordinary adventures of any man breathing—but wot did you do with your own machine?”

Jorrocks. “Oh! why see, I just turned round to Binjimin, who was with me, and said you may go home, and getting into Timothy’s buggy I had my ride for nothing, and the hat into the bargain. A nice hat it is too—regular beaver—a guinea’s worth at least. See wot a contrast there is between it and this nasty dog-hair thing (taking out a hat from behind the lamp), that Nodding Homer paid me with for the bet I had with him, that he was choaked off writing any more in the Old Hog tub. Why it really is not worth five shillings, and all the brushing in the world will never bring it into condition—a nasty hollow-coated staring thing. Indeed, I’ve some thoughts of having it shaved for next summer’s wear. It’s a *hat* to be sure, and being won in a bet, I should not like to draft it, but it cuts a werry sorry figure beside my others. Now there’s a tile, see!” said he, balancing a white one with green rims on the tip of his finger: “this I won too by an *almost* supernatural exertion, and a most prodigious display of nerve and physical force—but fill up your foxes’ heads again, and I’ll tell you all about it. You are the right sort of fellows, and I don’t often get such good listeners. Mr. Hackerman, you’ve spil’t some punch over your trousers. Mr. Spiers help yourself—*brim him*, that’s right! Now, Green.—Here’s fox-hunting—huzza! huzza! huzza! Whoop! Talli-ho! Talli-ho! hark forward! hark forward! away! away! Well, as I was saying, posterity won’t credit how I won that hat. I was riding one day just for the sake of an airing”—here a little bit of something thrown from the street against the window, and a slight *hem* rather threw him out—he passed,

but Green handing him the thread of his discourse, he again resumed—"I was riding, you see, just for pleasure, up by Hampstead, to Jack Straw's Castle and so on"—here another salute against the window and a significant cough again diverted his attention. "Excuse me one moment, gentlemen," said he, and getting up he left the room, and opening the street door, a colloquy between him and a female ensued—in which, "well, but, my *leetle* dear—you should not have come now,—I've got some friends in the parlour," was overheard, and just as Green, who is always doing the polite, was proposing the health of their "worthy, excellent, sporting, spirited host," the apparent calm suddenly changed to a tremendous storm, and a voice frantic with rage was heard exclaiming, "Oh, you old *willain*—you *waggabone*. I've caught you at last—you old brute—I'll have a **DIWORCE!** *I will—I will!*" and Mrs. Jorlocks, brandishing a huge stick, followed her husband into the parlour, screaming and striking at him and all that came in her way, like a perfect fury. Over went the horse-pail and all the punch, down went the epergne, wax candles, and hats—the foxes' heads flew in all directions, and in the general rush and scramble that ensued to get away, Mr. Spiers was shocked to find, on reaching home, that he had run away with Nedding Homer's * dog-hair hat, instead of his own genuine Jupp.

GAMING-HOUSE PUFFS.

So long as the worthies who conduct these establishments are contented to remain quiet, and take their chance of fools entering their decoys fairly and of their own accord, we never interfere with their proceedings, but when, in addition to being jostled at every corner of the town by shameless vagabonds dashing about in all the extravagance of fashion, we find them resorting to newspaper puffs for the purpose of alluring the uninitiated to their dens, we think it right to devote a few cautionary words to the rising generation, who, not aware of the manner in which these things are managed in the Metropolis, place implicit confidence in whatever they see in print, without being able to distinguish between the *bona fide* article of news and the mere paid paragraph.

From an immense number of puffs that have lately issued from the same establishment, announcing, hazard matches, billiard matches, private rooms for the members of certain clubs, &c., and have gone the round (being paid for of course) of the London Journals, we select the following that appeared simultaneously in two Sunday papers of the 7th ult., each

* It is now on view at 399, Oxford-street, admission one shilling; season tickets five.

conducted with great talent and possessing each a considerable circulation; and we ask the public, what any man in his senses can expect who goes into a den kept by villains, who have no more sense of decency or shame than thus to advertise their own infamy and announce themselves as "demons."

"The ATHENÆUM trio, of a verity are playing a *hazard-ous* game. *On dit* that the Earl of Portarlington won the other evening no less than £13,000—a pretty considerable dip we take it into the coffers of the Pandemonium. The principle laid down (*principle!*) is still that of sinking all old scores—paying down all winnings in *money*, and no *deduction* on old scores, the fraternal demons taking care, however, to be paid in *money* likewise. The glittering bait for fools and knaves—the bank of £20,000—is ostentatiously displayed every evening. Where will these demoniac doings end?"

"THE INTERIOR OF CLUB-HOUSES. Such is the impenetrable state of mystery and *secrecy* preserved within the walls of many of these aristocratical palaces, that it positively delights us when an opportunity occurs of presenting to our readers the facts (a little *hazard-ous* perhaps in one sense) of an affair which took place at the Athenæum in St. James's Street.

"It is well known the 'Conclave' of this establishment profess (from a bank of from £7,000 to 20,000 on the table) to play any stake, provided it is bank note *versus* bank note; old scores being 'in the deep bosom of the ocean buried.' Now this is what a well known cricketing baronet would call the '*long stop*;' but, however, to our tale. A Noble Lord (the Earl of P——n) a few evenings since contrived, after an arduous struggle with a 'certain lady' (at the Athenæum), to leave the 'Holy Conclave' minus £13,000. Verily this is '*Factis non verbis*' with a vengeance."

GREAT STEEPLE MATCH.

THE match between Lord Waterford's Cock Robin and Capt. Lamb's Vivian, for 1000 sovs. each, took place on the 1st. ult. in the Market Harborough country, over four miles of ground, commencing at Mr. Watson's farm-house, leaving Knowsley-hall, Goadby, and Kaythorpe to the right, and finishing at the Ram's Head-cover, belonging to Lord Berners. The match was well contested, Lord Waterford being first over the last fence; Vivian, however, had the best of the concluding struggle, and won cleverly by five or six lengths. He was ridden in fine style by Captain Beecher.

Hints to Young Masters of Fox-Hounds.

LETTER THE FIRST.

THE HON. GRANTLEY BERKELEY'S SYSTEM OF MANAGEMENT IN THE KENNEL AND THE FIELD.

[THE following article (the first of a series that we intend publishing on the above popular subject) is written at our request by an experienced sportsman, and having been submitted to the Hon. Grantley Berkeley's perusal, and approved of by him, we are enabled to publish it as his system of management, a system that we believe all judges of hounds allow to be most successful and judicious. The articles will be written in the same easy familiar style that this is, and are intended to combine all the information that a young sportsman may require on first taking a pack of hounds, and hunting a country either by subscription or at his own expense.

Though they do not profess to be written for the instruction of old masters of hounds, yet if they should see any thing in them that they consider might be improved, or managed in a better way than these hints point out, we trust they will give us and the public the benefit of their experience.—ED. N. S. M.]

THE KENNEL.

THE kennel should be built in a dry and warm situation, and, if possible, on a gravelly or stony soil; care should be taken of the under ground drainage, and that there should be an immediate and plentiful supply of the very best water. The yards should be made to slope *very gently* from their centre to a drain above ground, running round the foot of the walls, and emptying itself by a grating at one corner. This is a far better way of keeping the place dry, than by placing the drain in any other situation, for the obvious reason, that the moisture proceeds principally from the corners and sides of the wall, and thus by having an immediate drainage, it is prevented from flowing indiscriminately across the kennel. A stone about three feet high, in the shape of a sugar-loaf, placed near the wall to invite the hounds to a particular spot, will also add to the dryness of the rest of the kennel. A clean bed of the best straw should be given to the hounds every other day, or in wet weather oftener. The trusses of straw should be picked for the purpose, and well sprinkled each time with the flower of brimstone. Great care should also be taken to keep the chinks of their bedstead open, so that the dust and short straw may have an opportunity of escaping, and the floor beneath should be kept as sweet and clean as possible.

The whitewashing brush should also be freely applied to the walls, every summer, and the crevices, &c. be pointed or stopped up, so that there should be no harbour for vermin. Lodging houses should be ceiled, and there should be shutters to the windows, and of the two, a thatched roof, is preferable to tiles, for this reason—it is warmer in winter and cooler in summer. The bedsteads should be eleven inches above the floor, sufficiently high to prevent damp from chilling the sleeping hound, and yet not high enough to incommode a tired one in getting on them. A skirting board about four inches high, should also run round the bedstead to keep the straw in its place, care should likewise be taken to bar the lower part of the bedsteads so as to prevent the hounds from creeping under them, for if they do they will never look clean.

In some kennels stoves are used to keep up a greater degree of warmth, but this is by no means necessary, and perchance best avoided, for if you accustom hounds to too great a degree of artificial heat, you only render them more delicate, and a close observer may perceive that hounds so accustomed to the heat of fire, are more easily cut up by a long cold wet draw, than others that are less artificially used, and the chattering or their teeth, and the setting up of their backs will bear confirmation strong to the correctness of this remark. Let us but turn our eyes to the methods used in restoring animation to a person suffering from intense cold or immersion in the water, animal heat is preferred, and if two people can be prevailed upon to lie by the side of the inanimate body, it is deemed to be far better than any other heat that can be procured.

Hounds when they feel cold naturally seek each other for warmth, and they may be seen upon their beds lying one upon the other, and licking each other dry, and that is a much more wholesome way of procuring warmth and comfort, than by lying outstretched before a stove. I have heard of some masters of hounds who after hunting immerse the pack in a warm bath of soup, this should never be done unless each hound could be held before a fire until he became dry, the coat of a hound retains the moisture and in a short time the warm bath becomes a cold one, for you cannot always depend on their licking themselves dry, and besides this, the hair that comes off upon their tongues mingled with the greasy quality of the moisture, is very apt to make them sick.

Should you by chance, on an idle day, in walking the hounds out, get their coats wet with rain, it is no bad plan, on your return to the kennel, to sprinkle each hound lightly with brimstone, it is a wholesome precaution; they lick it off each other, and it can do no harm. A lump of brimstone may also be left at the bottom of the stone cistern from which they drink, the cistern being always too highly placed to receive any contamination from the kennel, a step or two will enable the hounds to raise their fore feet sufficiently to drink from it.

On returning from hunting, their feet only should be washed with warm liquor, and searched also for thorns, unless indeed their eyes should be whipped with the bushes, then an application of simple hot water to the part affected, will be found of service. They should then be allowed to go to rest with as little delay as possible; but should there be any that are very lame, it is best to remove them from the pack to a small and comfortable lodging house set apart for that purpose; they may then be attended without disturbing the rest, and quarrels are avoided, for when a hound has a sore place upon him, if the others tread upon it or touch it roughly he is inclined to resent it, a fight is the consequence, and thus are hounds often lamed or scarred and for a time rendered useless from the want of a little precaution.

In feeding, on the morning before hunting, you should not be later than nine, conceiving the fixture to be for half past ten, and on that afternoon the hounds should be gently walked forth in an adjoining field for ten or twenty minutes.

There is no part of an establishment of this sort that merits more attention than does the boiling and feeding-house, hounds cannot do their work well unless judiciously fed, each bound requires particular and constitutional care, and no more than five or six hounds should be let in to feed together, and often not more than one; the feeder should have each hound under his immediate observation, or they may get too much or too little of the food. There is an empty remark often made by those who are but superficial observers, which should never for a moment be heeded, it is this—"What even condition the hounds are in in point of flesh;" if they are so, it stands to reason that some of them *must be unfit to work*, for where will you find forty animals that are constitutionally alike! There are some hounds that cannot go if they carry flesh, while there are others that are all the better for having plenty upon them. In a stable of horses it is the same; and there are many hounds who have been kept to their work and in the free action of their limbs by being drawn very fine, who would have foundered and become useless had they had the slightest weight to carry; this refers particularly to hounds that are inclined to an upright shoulder, they, in flesh, are always apt to shake, but with proper attention they may be useful for many years.

The boilers should be of iron, and in number two, one for meal, and the smaller one for flesh, and the boiling-house should be placed at a convenient distance from the kennel, not too near, or too smut from the chimney, when the wind sets that way, will fall upon the hounds and render them unclean.

The size of the largest boiler should be such as to render it necessary only to boil once in four days or a week, the meal should boil well for

two hours, and should then be transferred to large flat coolers, four inches in depth, and when cold it should be of sufficient consistency to bear cutting out with a sort of spade, made for that purpose; it can then, as you want it, be rendered, with soup or water, to any thickness you please. The flesh to be mixed with it should be chopped so fine, as, when added to the meal, to be almost imperceptible; if it is not so finely reduced, the greedy hounds will search for the meat alone, scatter and waste the food, and obtain a better share of flesh than will the quiet feeders. Four bushels and a half of good old genuine oatmeal to one hundred gallons of water, so boiled, will render the feed of the above thickness, and as it assumes its substance from such proportion, so you may judge of the quality of the meal. Flesh should be boiled every day, or at least once in three days, for there is nothing worse than stale soup, and too much soup should be avoided on the day before hunting, more water and a little more flesh may supply its place. Too much soup *will* make the hounds thirsty, and is of a heating nature. Sixty-five couples of hounds, in full work, will consume the carcasses of three horses a week, or five a fortnight; and for that number of hunting hounds, the annual consumption of meal is rather above two tons per month. Let the feed be cold *when given to the hounds*, for it will be found that much of the shoulder lameness existing in some kennels arises from *hot feed* and other inattentions and bad habits, though it is well known that there is a species of rheumatic affection, attending upon some situations, which neither care nor attention can remedy.

In feeding, the light eaters should be let in first, and a little extra flesh may be distributed on the surface of the food, to coax those who are the most shy. Some hounds cannot be kept up to their work unless fed two or three times a day, while others must not be allowed to have more than six or seven laps at the trough, or they would get too much.

In summer a master of hounds will find an extra cow or two, in his dairy, an advantage, for the milk, after it has been skimmed, may be used in the kennel in place of flesh; it is cooler, sweeter, and therefore better food in idleness and hot weather, and in the end a saving in point of expense. There must always be a little flesh in hand for the sick, for bitches with their whelps—and for the entry of young hounds, but in summer it will not keep, and therefore the less had in at a time the better.

In breeding hounds, a bitch should not have whelps until she has hunted two seasons; for the faults in her nature may not shew themselves the first season, but, if she has any, in all probability they will appear in the second. About Christmas is the best time to begin your breeding arrangements. In the sire and dam, all faults both of figure and disposition should be carefully avoided, and though sometimes the

bringing two extremes together may produce an even perfection, still I would not recommend that plan unless necessity left no other. A kennel may be short of brood bitches, you may not be able to spare them from their work, and thus be unable to breed a sufficient lot of whelps unless you put up with some few objections; if this should be the case, then endeavour to meet the faults on one side with a counterbalancing perfection on the other, and you may, with luck, breed the animal you desire.

When the time approaches for a bitch to have her puppies, she should be given her liberty to run about, to feed, and to choose her couch as she pleases, and the less her whelps, when born, are handled, the better. The litters generally amount, in individual number, to from five to eight or nine each, and I have known one litter to consist of eighteen; you must be guided by the constitution and other appearances in the dam, as to how many you retain. And if it should happen that you have two litters born at the same time, or within a day or two of each other, then you may, by removing the whelps of one, breed up, by substituting the other's, a greater number of the sort you most admire. It is not a bad plan to inquire in the neighbourhood for any sort of bitch that by chance may have puppies at the same time with your hounds, and for a very trifling consideration you may often obtain one or two of this sort, to assist in rearing the favourite litters.

When the whelps are sufficiently large to run about they should be penned in sunny places on the fresh grass, with hurdles made for that purpose, and well fed with milk, flesh, or any other clean food that they may fancy, taking care that they shall always have plenty of fresh water with a little brimstone in it, and at times a little nitre; their skins should also be kept free from vermin by the use of a little train oil, and they should be narrowly watched for the least appearance of the yellows. The first symptom of this disease is dullness, abstinence from play, dislike of food; and then an inclination to yellowness in the whites of the eyes, in the gums, in the ears, under the elbows, and in the flanks. If, from the want of proper care, all the places are suffered to become affected, and thus the disease confirmed, it will in all probability be too late to save the puppy; but if, on the contrary, the first symptoms are immediately discovered, the judicious use of the following prescription, carefully administered according to the age and strength of the puppy, will nine times out of ten succeed.

Powdered Aloes, three grains; Powdered Rhubarb, three grains; Jalap, three grains; Calomel, three grains; Venetian Soap, three grains; Powdered Ginger, three grains; mixed, to be made into a pill. One of these pills every morning is a strong dose for an old hound, and the usual dose for whelps is from a quarter of a pill to half a one, once a day or every other day. While under the effect of this medicine, the puppies should

not be allowed to drink cold water, warm water and warm soup may be frequently administered, but no milk ; I believe the disease to arise from the too great secretion of bile, and therefore milk would tend but to increase it.

When the puppies are about to be thus penned, or indeed so soon as they are able to crawl any distance from their mother, they should all be marked according to their respective litters. One litter may be marked all alike upon the ear and another on the lip, and so on, so that when mixed together, still they may always be recognized ; and when they get a little older their dewclaws should be sufficiently taken off below the root with a pair of sharp scissors, and the smallest possible tip also be taken from their sterns. When fit to take their walks at the neighbouring farmers they should be named, and their names in writing be sent out with them, the name of each puppy of the particular litter should begin with the same letter, and that letter should be chosen from the first letter of the name of either the sire or dam. They should remain at their walks till the April following, when they will be fit to come into the kennel.

When the puppies are first sent to their walks, an anxious request should be made to those persons who are kind enough to take them, that they will on no account tie or shut them up, but if they have not convenience to let them run loose that they may at once be sent home again. Many a farmer, from a mistaken feeling of good will to the master of hounds, will, rather than return the puppy, keep him confined, by which means his good intentions and the interest of the master of hounds are alike lost, the puppy at last being sent home unfit for sale or service ; for by confinement they are stunted in their growth, they lose both bone and muscle, their necks become short, their shoulders confined, their feet resemble those of a goose instead of a cat, and in short they are irrevocably ruined. After Christmas the puppies at walk are apt to become mischievous, and, sometimes in play and more often in earnest, are inclined to annoy the sheep and lambs, or to join and hunt hare on their own account in the nearest covers, which may be disliked by some of their neighbours and produce mischief to your own fox-covers. It is therefore a good plan, say about the beginning of February, to go the round of the walks, and round, or cut off, the ends of the ears of the hounds with a rounding iron made in the shape of a wide horse-shoe for that particular purpose. It is used thus—lay the ear on a flat block of wood, hiding the eyes of the hound that he may not see and flinch from the blow you give, and then place the iron on the ear according to your wish, and, with a small wooden mallet, strike the top of the iron sufficiently to cut off the portion you want. The ears of hounds differ in size, some require but little to be taken off, others half an inch or an

inch, but all require to be rounded more or less. The size of the ear and the size of the head should guide the rounding iron, as there ought always to be a just proportion ; and that each ear may be the same length, the tip taken off on one side should be turned and laid upon the ear on the other side, so that you know exactly how much to take off. This plan of rounding at their walks keeps them, while their ears are sore, from mischief, and it gets rid of the unnecessary annoyance which attends on rounding them in summer, from the constant teasing of the flies. Besides this they are better without the least weakness attendant on the loss of blood or want of rest, when they come first into your kennel, as about that time they are generally attacked by that dreadful curse, the distemper ; and, in addition, you escape the necessity of inflicting pain upon them in their new situation, and which will frequently make the shy ones still more timid and difficult to deal with, and prevent for a time altogether the commencement of their education, by rendering them unfit (from the soreness of their ears) to take their exercise in couples.

The moment a young hound arrives in his kennel his treatment should be joyous and playful, encouragement should be the word, let him learn the nature of a fault before he is corrected, and let the first object of his huntsman be to make him happy in his artificial residence. No animal is more grateful for kindness than a hound, the peculiarities of his temper may be soon learned, and when he loves his huntsman he will mind, through his natural affection, a word or a frown from him more than the blows of all the whips that were ever put into the hands of his assistants. For the distemper there is no cure, those that may be vaunted are useless, and the only thing that can be done is to assist nature where her intentions become manifest ; take care of the stomach, let cleanliness be kept in view, let them have any sweet and nourishing food, for they have often curious fancies on that head, and each should be complied with. Some will eat meat, some will only lap soup, or milk, or thinly mixed meal with flesh ; some will eat the oatmeal in its raw state, while others will feed on the brown crust or skin that forms on the top of it when boiled and put out to cool. They should not have too much of any food given them at a time, but they should be fed little and often during the day, and their noses should be kept constantly sponged out with vinegar and water, and thus the matter which will be found to clog up the orifice, removed. There should also be a hospital for the worst of the sufferers, and a clean sweet kennel to remove those into who may be the first to recover from the disease ; on no account mix your entry with your old hounds, for you are never sure until the entry has been in for some months, that there may not be even madness among them. The following pill is often found useful in cases of dis-

temper, where the stomach is very much affected, and one may be given daily:—Calomel, three grains; Cathartic Extract, seven grains; Soap, seven grains; Emetic Tartar, half a grain.

When your entry is in, every hound should be constantly observed, if any show symptoms of dullness, abstinence from food, &c., let them be removed to places by themselves, until they resume their usual spirits or the expected disease shews itself, as by that caution I have known a whole entry saved from hydrophobia. In the instance I allude to, a puppy had come in from the walks at Berkeley-castle to the kennels at Harrold, with this caution—that while the puppy was at walk a dog said to be mad had been seen to run against him, but on the strictest examination no bite could be discovered. This hound had not very long been in the kennel before he became dull; the moment that this was observed, though the indication was very slight, he was removed to a safe place, and for a time no other symptoms appeared. In about a week the heaviness of his eyes and manner increased, he lapped at his water and food but could not swallow, his tongue became parched and dry, he howled occasionally, and his eyes had that particular green and shining look which cannot be mistaken; his jaw became fixed but open, and on throwing water upon his tongue he suffered the greatest nervous excitement, but he always knew his master, and he died about the third day of the confirmation of the disease.

When your entry have recovered from their illness, have furnished, and have become familiar to your eye, in shape and in action, (I hold that no man can walk into a kennel of strange hounds, especially young ones, and pick the best) then make your selection of those you intend for yourself, having an eye to their sort as well as figure. Put forward more than you want rather than less, for you can but draft again, and accidents may happen. (Mr. Berkeley commenced his first season in Bedfordshire with thirty-seven couples of puppies.)

For hunting six days a week, put forward thirty couples; for five days, nearly or quite as many; for four days, twenty couples; for three, seventeen couples; and for two, twelve couples. And then rid your kennel of the rest. (Of course I am supposing that you have, either by breeding or buying, no lack of puppies to choose from.) This should be done by the end of May, if possible, and then you may make another draft in July or August, so that you will be sure to retain in your kennel for work from twenty-five to ten couples of young hounds, according to the number of days you intend to hunt within the week. Generally speaking, seven couples of young hounds out on a working day will be as many as you ought to take, and perhaps five couples would be the safer number. But this a good deal depends on the extent and situation of, and the riot in, the covers you intend to draw.

THE HAMBLEDON HUNT.

WRITTEN BY SOMEBODY—PUBLISHED BY NOBODY—FOR THE USE OF ANYBODY;
AND DEDICATED, WITHOUT PERMISSION, TO THE GENTLEMEN OF THE
HAMBLEDON HUNT.

MR. EDITOR,

SEEING in your Magazine for November a song entitled "The Hambledon Hunt," I cannot resist sending you *the* "Hambledon Hunt Song," which was written, in the year 1831, by the then secretary of the H.H.C., who has since disappeared from amongst us, having left, not this world I hope, but this country, for a better. To him are the H.H.C. wholly indebted for the formation of their club: and, concluding that no page of your volumes escapes his eye, we wish to prove to him that his exertions in this country are not forgotten, and the sight of his own words revived may recall his thoughts from his own sports—for one moment—to this merry provincial.

I am your obedient servant,

Bishop's Waltham, 1834.

H. H.

SONG.

TUNE.—*Anything*. SCENE.—*Crown Inn, Waltham, January 4, 1831.*

Now the frost is all gone, and we're happily met
To debate on the true science over our wet;
Fill a bumper all round, let us jovially sing
Hurra! for the Hambledon!—long live our King!*

CHORUS—Fill up your glass, every man;
He is an ass, who won't hunt if he can.

We are all truly loyal, for every one knows
A fox-hunter is loyal wherever he goes;
And I'm sure, round this table, we all are agreed,
We've a King well adapted for taking the lead.

To such a King's honour it greatly redounds,
That his rein chiefly tends to direct him to hounds;
But as Kings are not *subject* alone to my pen,
I'll now give you a touch at a few of his men.

To begin with a scion of such a good stock,
Prince Dick† is a varmint young chip of the block,
He will face any fence at his father's command,
So let's hope that his days may be long in the land.

* Mr. King, Master of the Hambledon Hounds.

† Prince Dick, Mr. King's heir apparent.

As the pride of our country, by all 'tis confest,
That our *Greenwoods* in winter appear to the best ;
Either Colonel or Captain, whatever they ride,
Will get over a church and the steeple beside.

From Hill Place comes George Butler, unlikely to fail
In maintaining his *place* on the *hill* or the *vale* ;
On his old Irish horse he would ne'er be too late
At the right side of Staken, bound hedge, stile or gate.

Next skimming the furrow you'll see Major Ridge ;
If he comes to a brook he'll not look for a bridge :
Such a sportsman as this is not easily beat,
And I trust he'll get over whate'er he may meet.

On a roaring bay horse, in the wake of Sir Frank*,
You may see Mr. Halkett come over the bank ;
Should he want any wind for the troublesome jade,
He can find a *North-Wester*† to bring to his aid.

Squire Delmé, from Cams, is determined for one,
As he fully enjoys it, to see all the fun :
Should he chance to arrive rather late with his drag,
He can make up his ground on his little brown nag.

He brings brother George, who, all ripe for the burst,
Has resolved in his mind to be nothing but first ;
Sometimes the *Freemason*‡ indulges his whim,
Just to prove that the secret is *lasting* with him.

And a Bedfordshire sportsman with only one fear,
Lest the *Guardsman*§ should ever be found in the rear ;
Just as jealous as George, and as anxious to go
While he can with the first, for the fame of the "O."

And I trust he will go when he gets on his *Socks*||,
If that trump, *William Gage*¶, will again find a fox,

* Commodore Sir Francis Collier, C. B.

† *North Wester*, a hunter, the property of Mr. Halkett, formerly celebrated at Newmarket—a winner of two classes of the Oatlands, &c.

‡ *Freemason*, a hunter, the property of Capt. George Delmé, R.N. renowned for his *lasting* good qualities.

§ *Guardsman*, a celebrated hunter, the property of a Member of the Oakley Hunt—winner of a steeple-chase, December, 1829. For other performances see Racing Calendars for 1828, 1829, 1830.

|| *Socks*, another superior horse, belonging to the same individual.

¶ The Hon. William Gage, of Westbury-house, a staunch sportsman and preserver of foxes, especially in Henwood, his best pheasant preserve.

Just to lead such a chevvy from Henwood till dark,
With a pretty "Whoo-whoop" beyond *Rotherfield-park**.

Now I've sung a great deal, and could sing a deal more,
But perhaps, if I do, you may vote me a bore :
If I've not told you half of the prime ones you'll see,
Come well mounted to-morrow to cover with me.

So I'll wind up my rhyme, having told you my reason,
With wishing us sport for the rest of the season ;
May we ne'er be prevented a day by the frost,
And all ride the best horses that ever were cros't.

Last, tho' not least, to the ladies—'twere really too bad
If I had not a stanza for beauty to add,
To the joy of our hearts, the delight of our life—
God bless all in the county—maid, widow, or wife.

One word more to the farmers I cannot withhold ;
May they all ride a gelding to turn into gold ;
May they ne'er be annoy'd by bad crops or by Swing,
But merrily thrive, and go hunting with King.

CHORUS—Fill up your glass, every man ;
He is an ass, who won't hunt if he can.

THE FAIR CAMBRIAN.

Drawn and Engraved by J. C. ZEITZER.

WE had some doubts at one time whether Mr. Zeitzer's portrait of the "Fair Cambrian" would be considered a sufficiently *sporting* embellishment for the pages of the N.S.M., but on showing it to a friend of unquestionable judgment in such matters, our doubts were at once dispelled. "Surely," said he, "the portrait of a lady, young, fair, and wealthy, who breeds race-horses and gives lectures on training, is fond of hunting and leaps stone walls that none of her father's hunt dare face till she has shewn them the way, will be acceptable to every sportsman in the kingdom?"

For the story and character of the "Fair Cambrian," we must refer our readers to the review in our October number of Captain Medwin's amusing volumes, "The Angler in Wales;" observing, however, that when our artist encountered this "fair maid of the mountains," she was neither mounted on Cwmry nor her sixteen-hands hunter, but on the beautiful Welch pony so happily delineated in the picture.

* Alluding to a splendid run with the Hambleton this season, from Henwood, with a three o'clock fox, which they killed beyond Rotherfield-park, the seat of J. Scott, Esq.



Painted & Engraved by J. C. Potter.

THE FAIR CAMBRIAN.

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From the engraving of the Fair Cambrian, 191, Regent Street.

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ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

The Chase.

A DRYER season than the present we never remember. In some countries hounds are almost stopped. The approach of the Christmas holidays compels us to go to press this month earlier than usual, but at the present writing, December 21, the country in many parts is as dry as it generally is in March. There has been very little frost, and little or no snow. In some countries the sport has been good, but generally speaking the season so far has only been a middling one. Next month we hope to be able to make a better report.

In our last number we noticed the extraordinary number of accidents that had occurred since the beginning of the season, and have now the melancholy task of adding several fatal ones to "the list." On the 26th ult., the very day following the one on which we wrote our remarks, the Right Hon. Lord Lisle was killed by his horse falling with him while hunting with Mr. Wyndham's hounds in the New Forest. His neck was dislocated, and he died very shortly after the accident. His lordship was well known and a great supporter of the hunts in the neighbourhood of Southampton, where his loss will be long and severely felt. Shortly after this melancholy event Mr. Marriott, jun., son of that well known sportsman and excellent rider Mr. Marriott, of Melton, was killed by his horse falling at a leap and rolling over him. Robert Oldaker, huntsman to Mr. Sebright's hounds, died on the 14th of November, of injuries he received by being upset in a gig on returning from Ware races in the autumn of last year. His place has been supplied by his brother, Harry Oldaker, formerly a whipper-in with the Old Berkeley. We understand that at the Hunt dinner at St. Alban's on the 26th of Nov., Lord Verulam in the chair, £400 were subscribed for Oldaker's widow, and it is expected that a considerable sum will be obtained for her from the friends and subscribers to the hunt.

Lord Rancilffe, one of the "crack riders of England," has also had a bad fall, from the effects of which, however, we are happy to hear he is recovering; as is also Lord Radnor, in Oxfordshire.

Mr. Barkworth, of Hambledon, had a narrow escape towards the close of November, while hunting with Mr. King's hounds in Hampshire. His horse fell into a draw well, forty feet deep, and was killed, and but from the circumstance of Mr. B. being pitched over its head he must infallibly have shared a similar fate. As if all these were not enough, a west country paper quietly entombed the Hon. Henry Moreton, Lord Ducie's eldest son, an M.P. and owner of a pack of fox-hounds, in the most circumstantial manner possible. This spirited and popular sports-

man, we understand, has been unwell at Cheltenham, but hope to hear of his giving the lie to the report of his death, by appearing "bodily," as the Northerns say, at the cover side.

In the course of the month Lord Waterford's horse, *Lancet*, which he rode in the Aylesbury Steeple-chase, died of the injury he sustained by striking against the bank in jumping the river. This is but too often the result of these punishing contests.

We hear that Lord Hastings has had very good sport, and that his hounds are much improved in appearance, both as to size and shape, and under the management of Will. Head are become very steady. The horses are all of immense power and nearly thorough-bred, which such a country requires, and are in first rate condition.

We are sorry to learn that Lord Scarborough has been very short of foxes, particularly in his forest country, which has been drawn blank more than once, a thing never known before. We hope there has been no foul play.

Mr. Freeman, we understand, has not had much sport until the last fortnight, but since then has been doing pretty well, and upon the whole has killed an average number of foxes. He had a hard day, we hear, on the 10th ult., from Brockwood-hills.

Our Leicestershire correspondent's journal is as follows:—

Nov. 28.—Mr. Goodricke, at Wartnaby, had a good run of one hour and five minutes from Lord Brudenell's cover, and killed.

Dec. 6.—Mr. Goodricke at Lowesby-hall, Lord Waterford's (where the true old English customs prevail, both in and out of doors, of roast beef, &c., to all who wish to partake of it); found a fox at John O' Gaunt, which immediately broke cover, pointing towards Marefield, then for Burrow, Summerby, and Little Dalby, turned to the right for Leesthorpe, and was killed in the open making his point for Stapleford, in thirty-nine minutes; this was a beautiful burst.

Dec. 12.—Lord Forester, at Croxton-park; found our first fox at Coston-cover, had a quick burst of twelve minutes, ran to ground at Wymondham; then went to Sproxton-thorns, from which a fine old fox in a moment was away (sure sign of a good one), pointing for Garthorpe, crossed the lordship to the right and went for Stonesby-spiny, then towards Croxton-park, leaving it on the right, then for Goadby and Eastwell, turned to the left for Piper's-hole, ran beside the hill towards Belvoir for the Harby-road, then faced the vale, but being hard pressed turned up again to the plantations, which he did not tarry in but went towards Eaton, and was run to ground in view in a stone pit (one hour

and forty minutes), a most splendid run. After a short time he ventured out, and went away, closely pursued, towards Harby, where he again went to ground, and was left.

13.—Lord Forester at Strathern; found at Hose-gorse; went away in grand style towards Langar and Harby, then turned for Kinoulton, where he was killed, in one hour and twenty minutes,—very good.

13.—Mr. Goodricke at Allextion-hall; found in the wood; had a most capital run of forty-five minutes, and killed at Owaton.

Lord Lonsdale also had a good day's sport this day, killing his fox.

19.—Mr. Goodricke at Widmerpool; a fine day's sport, and killed our fox.

In addition to my former arrivals sent you, we have Lords Waterford, Alford, Glandine, Darlington, Macdonald, Villiers, Forester, Clanricarde, Counts Batthyany, Champlatreux, Baron Vaublanc, Messrs. F. Craven, C. Cust. J. Macdonald, &c. &c.

In Dorsetshire the sport has been better than in most counties, especially in the down portions of it. Mr. Farquharson goes on with unabated spirit, and the establishment is quite first-rate. Old Ben. is still at the head of affairs, assisted by his son and Solomon, though the latter has been laid off work lately, owing it is said to a too large indulgence in Morrison's pills. These hounds have been hunting six days a week. Mr. Drax and Mr. Portman are equally enthusiastic in their more limited countries, and Mr. Hall has commenced a brilliant career in Somersetshire. Will. Neverd, the huntsman, can beat most of the men in the country, and he together with the whips are mounted on as good horses as money can procure. These hounds had a most brilliant run on the 16th ult. from Annis-hills—as fine a thing as ever was rode to. The Mountain Harriers, in Dorsetshire, also deserve a word of commendation. They are doing the thing uncommonly well this year, and are shewing great sport. Mr. Luttrell of Dunster-castle, in Somersetshire, also keeps a pack of very fine harriers.

The following is from our correspondent "Lechmere:"—

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE pleasure in saying that notwithstanding the dry weather we have had a continuance of sport. It is rather too late to give you a general list, but I subjoin a few of our days.

Nov. 20.—Mr. Farquharson's hounds met at Warmwell; found their fox unexpectedly in a small coppice, and killed after a fine run of one hour and fifty minutes.

26.—Mr. Yeatman's harriers (which by the way, are dwarf fox-hounds) met at Stalbridge-vale; they killed their first hare in forty

minutes without a check, and their second at Deadmoor, in fifty-five minutes, the distance being not less than seven miles as the crow flies, and over a grass vale. On this day Mr. Drax and Mr. King (of the Hambledon) were out.

27.—Mr. Hall's hounds met at Stock-wood, where they found a brace of foxes immediately; one very shortly broke, with the pack close at his brush, towards the Holts, but turned to the right, through Thornhill, Bagbere-common, Fifehead, and Deadmoor, very nearly on the same line that the harriers were the day before. Here we had a short check, in consequence of the frost having made the ground slimy—but the hounds (being the "large pack") hit off their fox again in a most determined manner, and after sticking to him by Rokesmore and the Green Man, killed him at Stock, after one hour and thirty-five minutes. On this day we had more than two hundred horsemen at the cover side; amongst whom were Mr. King, Mr. Portman, and his huntsman Atkins, Mr. Drax, Mr. Yeatman, and Mr. Tatchell, besides four masters of harriers; and they *all* expressed their approbation.

Dec. 3.—Mr. Hall met at Compton-castle, which was drawn blank; a fox was then found in Sherring's-gorse, which was killed after a sharp burst of twenty-five minutes over the downs. A second was found at Corton, which immediately sunk the vale, and was evidently pointing for Annis-hills, but being turned, he was run into at North Cadbury, in gallant style, in fifty-seven minutes, nearly every horse in the field being shaken off.

4.—Mr. Hall's hounds met at Henstridge; they were thrown into Caundle-brake, where they went away with a fox to Frith-wood, Stalbridge-park, Inwood, Yenstone, and killed him in one hour and twenty-five minutes.

On the same day, Mr. Portman was at Lydlinet, only four miles from Henstridge; his hounds found their fox at Hinton-coppice, which, being deceived in his powers of reaching Duncliff, was killed at Moorside-common in forty-five minutes. On the same day Mr. Farquharson's hounds had a good day on the downs, killing their first fox in twenty-five minutes without a check, and being stopped after running the second two hours and a half.

5.—Mr. Farquharson met, as usual, a large field at Butterwick. The first incident was being halloed away to a dog, which the pack ran for ten minutes; but Jennings coming up at the first check discovered the mistake, and left the dog, with three of the field in a brook; three foxes were afterwards found in the same cover, though a small one; two went away, and the third was killed after one hour. They found again at Woodfalls, and had a splendid burst to Butterwick, but Jennings not being near his hounds, this gallant fox was lost.

6.—Mr. Hall met at Asham-wood, and after a good run killed in Mells-park.

8.—Mr. Farquharson met at Melcomb-park; after having run one out of several to earth, nine couples of hounds slipped away with another and killed him at Piddle-town, seven miles from Melcomb, in one hour, and with no one near them till the last mile.

16.—Mr. Hall met a large field at Annis-hills (being the day of the Ram-hill cricket ball). A fox was soon unkenelled, and was killed at Somerton, in twenty-eight minutes. A second was found in Mr. Mildmay's plantation, which went away immediately across the vale, by Annis-hills, close to Yeovil; from thence nearly to Sherborne-park, and was earthed at Mr. Gooden's. It was a brilliant day's sport, from beginning to end. We had a great many brooks and two rivers, and no caricature could describe the scenes. The first brook held five of the first flight, but all escaped with a soaking—the field rode for a bridge.

20.—Mr. Portman met at Stock-house; the hounds were thrown into Rokesmore, and a fox went away at the opposite quarter without waiting for the usual challenge. Atkins however soon got his hounds on the line, and ran him into a drain in thirty-five minutes; from this he was quickly dislodged, and was taking his usual course, Milton Abbey, but was turned; he then left Woeland-wood, which was in his line, and turned to the right, sinking the beautiful vale to Shortwood, which he skirted; he then ran towards Armswell, but before he had well reached it a second fox was viewed, and it was with great difficulty the hounds were stopped in a small but thick cover. Atkins however waited very patiently, and the moment they came to a check, he "caught them up," and they were soon on terms again with their hunted fox, which they killed on the Downs near Plush, after one hour and twenty minutes. This was by far the most satisfactory day of the season to the present time. The extreme points in the course of the run were ten miles apart.

GRAND RUN WITH MR. SEBRIGHT'S HOUNDS.

MR. EDITOR,

On the 3rd of December, Mr. Sebright's hounds met at Langley-bottom. Found at Amshoe Barg, and after killing in cover, went to Little Wymondley-wood,—had a beautiful find, dragging on their fox for nearly ten minutes along a chain of cover, till the challenge was answered by a crash which gave him notice to quit. The pack got well away with him, and he immediately faced the country in a style only too rare in the provincials. Taking through Witney-wood, he left Stevenage-church on his right, making by Chepfield for Box-wood, which he skirted, gallantly keeping the open, for Bennington-high-wood,—here again disdainig cover, he bore to the left by Clay-hall for St. John's (a celebrated cover

in Lord Petre's hunt). Here, instead of dying, or changing, according to the prognostics of half the field, and wishes of all who had tired horses, he merely ran through the centre, down the side, and away over the very best part of the Hertfordshire hunting country, to Hamels,—through the park, and thence on to Puckeridge, where he had nearly sought refuge “out of the frying-pan into the fire,” being viewed actually stalking under the very wall of Lord Petre's kennel, the inmates of which soon joined in the chorus which proclaimed his knell, the gallant pack running into him on the green hill immediately beyond. Harry Oldaker (who is doing his best to supply the loss the pack have sustained in the melancholy death of his brother Bob) looked—as he expressed himself—the happiest of men, and deserves the highest credit for patience and perseverance in critical moments of this long and arduous run. The distance from point to point is not less than sixteen miles, and in the line of chase must have exceeded twenty,—there being no decided check,—the hounds at times running very fast over grass, and wherever the land did not carry, and hunting admirably over new wheat, and other disadvantageous soil. Many were the falls and beaten nags, but the pace throughout was not of course sufficient to prevent the attendance of many witnesses to the finish; the thing was completed in one hour and fifty-five minutes. I had rode many miles in the morning to meet these hounds, and had a long way home, but must confess that I felt better satisfied with sport which perhaps approaches nearer to my ideas of fox-hunting, than if I had enjoyed the best chance of choking my horse in twenty minutes over the cream of Leicestershire. Mr. Sebright was absent, but his place was ably supplied by Mr. Delmé Radcliffe, who seemed (as indeed I hear he is always) heart and soul in the thing, and was of infinite service to Oldaker throughout the day. He had three very superior hunters in the field, two for himself, and a splendid figure of a grey horse upon which he had mounted a friend, whom I afterwards learned was Mr. Barnett of the Cambridgeshire hounds,—no mean authority upon the performances of the day, whose remarks upon which confirmed my own opinion, that it deserves a place in the imperishable record of your Magazine. I cannot conclude (as I hope some fine morning again to meet this pack) without expressing my share in the very general delight which seems to pervade this country at the prospect of the management of these hounds devolving at the close of this season to Mr. Delmé Radcliffe,—no disparagement to Mr. Sebright—I know neither of these gentlemen, but I have learned the character of the former—and whenever he is within my reach, I can only say, where'er he hunts “may I be there to see.” With all due apology for my prolixity, let me subscribe myself, Mr. Editor, your friend, and an

OLD ENGLISH FOX-HUNTER.

We understand Mr. Harvey Combe has had tolerable sport during the month, but no runs worthy of being recorded.

THE GALEWOOD HOUNDS.

SIR,

ON Friday the 28th November the fixture for the Galewood was Cornhill; at ten Major St. Paul trotted into the town, and in a few minutes was joined by a large party of Lord Elcho's hunt,—Lords Elcho, Eglington, Robert Seymour, Sir D. Baird, Sir D. Kinlock, Messrs. Grieve, Callendar, and many others. The attendance of members of our hunt was not numerous—Lord F. Fitzclarence, Messrs. Grey, Darling, Smith, &c., &c. The day was gusty, with occasional showers, and evidently a storm brewing in the wind's eye; and it was the opinion of Lord Elcho and the knowing ones, that there would be but an indifferent scent,—how often do we see proved that no man, be his experience ever so great, can speculate correctly as to that deceiving necessary—scent! After drawing several small gorse covers blank, Major St. Paul threw the hounds into Learmouth-bog—a round swamp of a few acres, with open fields on every side—here attention was instantly alive by old Caliban's deep voice coming wafted on the passing breeze, and expectation was not long kept on the stretch, for reynard soon broke, having slipped back, and stole out behind the pack—a few seconds sufficed to bring all the hounds out, and they went away in beautiful style, over a large grass field,—all got well away except Major St. P., Mr. Grey, Mr. Darling, and Mr. W. Smith, having taken the wrong side of the morass. Of course it was quite a steeple-chase to catch them as they went with heads up and tails down across some large fields to Marldown,—where all got together by taking an angle; from thence he took his line to the banks of the Till at Heaton-mill, passing the hollow ground. At this point was a tremendously steep bank, with large stones and underwood. Lord Elcho was first at the top, having been also the first through the river; Mr. D. was second, and the others close behind, at least a fair proportion; thence for three miles the country was very heavy, being all tillage land, and of course it took hold on the nags; still a number kept well on terms with the hounds,—and after a run of ten miles without a check, ran into him at Grieve Stead. Lord Fitzclarence, Lord Elcho, and all the best sportsmen, declared it the best run over arable land they had ever witnessed.

LADDIE.

Our old friends the Allenheads' Harriers ("Ringwood and Grinder" again, we suppose), ran a fox upwards of thirty miles towards the close of November! He beat them by running to ground at Shotley-field, having been found at Staward-peel, in Hexhamshire, Northumberland.

THE GLASSERTON HOUNDS.

DEAR EDITOR,

THE following short sketch of the Glasserton hounds has been sent me by a friend, and I forward it in the hope that it will be found worthy of insertion in your Magazine.

The Glasserton hounds were originally established by the late John Lumsdain of Blanerne, in the year 1740, to hunt foxes in Berwickshire. Mr. Lumsdain was, I think, a writer to the signet in Edinburgh, and brother to the then laird of Blanerne. He used to ride three days a week from Edinburgh to Blanerne to hunt, until his brother's death, when he cut the desk, and devoted the rest of his life to seeking enjoyment in the kennel, stable, and cellar. They remained for nearly fifty years under one huntsman, Will. Carlisle. About the year 1790, the late Colonel Renton joined Mr. Lumsdain as part owner and huntsman, and about 1805 he took them entirely, and his game running short, turned them into harriers, but continued to hunt Berwickshire, and afterwards Lanarkshire. He improved the old stock, and they got a good character, which I believe they deserved. In 1814, good living had done its work with the colonel, and they passed into the hands of that well known sportsman the present Sir William Maxwell of Monreith, Bart., with Kit. Scott, (now with the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire foxhounds), and under him they did attain if not perfection, at least near enough to satisfy many a fastidious judge. The old stock, good in itself, mingled with blood from the Oakley, Sykes', and Lambton kennels, were only too good for their work, and many a glass of claret have I seen shed that no fox could be found to try their mettle. In 1826, they came into the possession of their present owner, Stair Hawthorn Stewart, Esq., of Physgill and Glasserton. He has bred from Meynell, Anson, Osbaldeston, Buccleuch, and other packs; and Scott, their old huntsman, has sent them some good drafts. Though no harehunter myself, I can tell my brother scarlets that they must not bring their nightcaps into the field with them; and many a huntsman I know would be the better of a day or two with them, to shew him that the best and purest blood not only must but *can* "stoop to conquer." The above-mentioned Will. Carlisle died in 1832 at the advanced age of 109, and though blind for the last five years of his life, never had a day's illness till the scurry to ground at last; and as a curious circumstance, though not directly connected with our subject, he shewed Sir John Cope the way to Berwick, in his famous "safety chase," from Royal Charlie and the clans. It would be uninteresting to mention particular hounds, but one Old *Stingo* is now fresh and well and *going* in his tenth season; and as they only muster twenty-five couple, and hunt four days a week, he has not eaten the bread of idleness. The country these hounds hunt (Wig-

tonshire), is second to none for hare-hunting—there is a great deal of pasture, and all light gravelly soil—the fences are chiefly stone-walls, and the hares are the wildest, straight-running ones I ever saw; and it is a rare treat to see these hounds without the most remote taint of *harrier* blood as steady, and turning as short, as the most pottering blue mottles.

I am, your's, &c.

TODDY.

P. S. I am aware that the above is too late for insertion this month, but I hope you will be able to "book" it an inside place for December. The whip's name is Geo. M'Kessock.

OXFORDSHIRE.

DEAR EDITOR,

IN the postscript to my last I informed you that the want of rain was spoiling sport. Since that time rain has come, and my anticipations have been much more than realized, the Drake hounds having had such a month's sport as almost puts competition out of the question.

On the 1st instant the hounds met at Edgcott-village, and drew Fine-more-hill without a find; tried Runts-wood, and pushed out reynard, who took his departure for the Great-sea: returned to Runts-wood through the same, and onwards by way of Hogshaugh, which he left to the right, and leaving the villages of Hogsdon, Granborough, and Dunton to the left, ran straight on to Cublington, where he disappointed the pack by going to ground, after an hour and a half's good work over one of the finest countries in the world. Out of cover the run occupied an hour and fifteen minutes, the distance being, as the crow flies, about twelve miles. It was, indeed, a brilliant day's sport.

The next day the meet was at Mixbury-lodge: a good field. Drew the osier-bed at Fulwell without effect; went on to Evenley, tried the Thorns; still "no go." Disappointment was visible in the countenances of many of the old ones, who remembered the times when the Evenley covers were never without foxes, and plenty of them too. At length, in some new cover a scuffle was heard, and to the amazement of many, in a minute a *murder* was committed: whether the unfortunate varmint was caught napping, or whether it was from a want of knowledge of the country, and finding himself in a place where he *might* have never been before, it is impossible to say; but the *find*, *music*, and *massacre* occupied but a few seconds.

It is useless, and would be improper, to suppress the fact, that murmurs loud and long were heard, and significant glances were observed, which could not be misunderstood, and insinuations made that the murder looked very much like a wilful one; and at last one of the most ardent

and celebrated of the *old school* could not refrain from publicly giving his opinion that reynard had but very recently become a settler, and, consequently, had not had sufficient time to recover from the effects of having been forcibly dragged from his family, and transported like a felon from one country to another. The insinuations and assertions were indignantly repelled and denied, and there the matter ended.—“Who shall decide when doctors disagree?”—The importance of the subject must be my apology for this digression.

Having earthed the despoiler, bark forward! another fox is found at Croughton, which, after one of the quickest runs of twenty-five minutes, went to a drain at Hinton.

Ludgershall is now in view on the 4th; met there, and drew Tattershall-woods without effect; found in Rush-beds; from thence reynard went away in direction of Chillingplace, over Muswell-hill, appearing to make his point for Boarstall-wood, but doubled back, leaving Brill to the right; through Rush-beds-wood again, and over Lord Chandos's pleasure-ground, after which a little cold hunting took place up to the further side of Oven-hill, when the hounds came up with him, and every one expected that he could not prolong his existence five minutes, but to the astonishment of all, he took his way through Doddershall, Grendon, and Charndon Knoll-hill-woods at a killing pace; from thence on to the Great-sea and Claydon-home-woods, and back into Charndon, where the hounds having got upon a fresh fox, were stopped, after running upwards of three hours. The first forty minutes over Brill-hills was excessively fast, and the latter part equally so; in fact, it was a difficult matter to live with the hounds. A great many horses were done up, and all of them had enough, and were glad to see the gloom of the evening.

On the 6th the meet was at Flechnoe-village, in Northamptonshire; and a fox was soon roused in the gorse, and endeavoured immediately to get away, but was several times headed; at length away he broke in gallant style, making Shuckborough-hill at a racing pace; he continued some time at the hill, the scent being defective in cover. After a considerable delay he got away well, going over Noble-fields, leaving the gorse and Radnor-spiny to the left, passing Helliden-field to Prior's Marston, where, the hounds being so determinedly hard at him, he was compelled to seek refuge in the village, and was killed after an excellent day's sport, which occupied an hour and forty minutes from the find, the last twenty minutes so severe that none even of the *first-rate* nags stood the slightest chance of keeping with the hounds, who were seen upwards of a quarter of a mile a-head, without any society excepting themselves and reynard, who was in a sad predicament. The *musicians* had it all their own way, not a single horse being able to go the pace with them.

On the 9th, the meet was at that celebrated place Bicester-windmill.

Drew the old favourite cover Gravehill-wood, and after a little delay, roused reynard, who was making his way out most gallantly over that fine country Ambroden-park ; but when just on the verge of the cover, a reverend gent., who ought to have known better, set up such a discordant yelling and screeching as would have set a herd of wild bulls scampering, the consequence naturally was, that the field was robbed of a good run, and poor reynard in turning away from the frightener lost his life by being chopped. Went off, not in the best humour, to Reeves's and Goddington, found a fox at the latter place, which went away through Coles's-gorse and Stratton-plantation, leaving Fringford grounds and village to the left, over the brook for Newton, and forward into Spilsmore ; from thence skirting Mixbury-plantations, and nearly up to Monk's-house ; then turned to the left over part of Cottisford-field, through Shellswell-plantations, leaving the house to the left, by Woolaston and Strinson's-mill, straight to Coles's-gorse, skirting Sir Henry's cover at Goddington, and on without staying a minute to Reeves's, taking a turn in the cover, which he found too hot to hold him, and, therefore, speedily made his exit at the east end, pursuing his course over the fields in direction of Goddington, which he never reached, the hounds having run into him in the open, two fields from the cover. This run lasted one hour and fifty minutes ; and those who know the country will also know the extent of ground gone over. Had it been a straight instead of a circular run, a good *tail* would have been told.

On Thursday, 11th. Found a fox at Rycote, and killed him after a run of three quarters of an hour ; drew again and unkenelled another, which, after a run of about an hour, went to ground.

On Tuesday, 16th, met at Barton-common. Found a fox at Hilsden-wood, which went away to Tingewick, running about the woods for a considerable time ; after persevering for three hours he was come up with, when he went away from West-wood through Tingewick-wood, as if intending to leave Gawcott to the right, but making a circle he took to the left, and also leaving Buckingham and Bourton to the left down to the river, where he turned short back, and was killed near to Stockton-wood. From the time he was come up with to the hill occupied fifty minutes, and was a very pretty affair. He tried to save himself in a small drain about six feet in length, but it was no go, he was pushed out and an end was soon made of him.

On the 18th, Arncott-bridge was the place of meeting, and a fox was found in the great wood, who went away through the little wood over the hill to White Cross-green, where he amused the pack for some time ; off again, leaving Horton village to the left, threading the wood and Blackwaters, through the Stanton-woods, and proceeding onwards in direction of Forest-hill, near which he was killed. The hounds were

running two hours and a quarter, and the day's sport afforded the highest satisfaction.

The most Herculean affair is yet to be recounted. Yesterday, being a bye day, met at Charndon; found at Claydon Home-wood, and away he went through Charndon Knoll-hill, pointing for Grendon-wood, where he made a circle back to Charndon Home-wood; away again, leaving Edgcott-village to the left, steering his course for Marsh-field, but on the edge of the field he made a turn to the left, leaving Grendon on the right, through Doddershall-wood to the Quainton end of Finemore-hill, from thence, in direction to Hogsbaugh, doubling back by way of Runts-wood nearly to Middle Claydon-village, leaving the park to the right, through the Home-wood, by Shrubs-wood, into Charndon-decoy; where a change of foxes took place, the fresh one going away at a slapping pace, quitting Knoll-hill-wood on the left, skirting a part of the Great Sea—threading Runts-wood and Finemore-hill and leaving Doddershall and Grendon-woods to the right, by way of Oven-hill, near to Westcott-gate, through Wootten-grove, How-wood, and Chinkle-wood, again boldly facing the open over the fields—Brill to the right and to Oakley, still pursuing his way, Hornage-coppice being to the right, by Ixill, and the hounds were stopped between Easington and Long Crendon—none of the hunt establishment being able to proceed further. This truly tremendous affair lasted four hours and forty-five minutes. The hounds going at times a *terrific pace*, and never for a moment *ceasing to run a fox*. The only gentlemen of the hunt who had the satisfaction of being any where, were Mr. Slater Harrison, on his black horse, Sailor, and that genuine and it may be said wonderful sportsman, Mr. Griffith Lloyd, whose celebrated “gallant grey” carried him magnificently. This was indeed one of the most astonishing runs ever ridden to or recorded. I believe Mr. Parker, of Bicester, on his stout bay horse, was also pretty handy at the end. The field were all beaten off a long way, and with such a day as this it could not be expected that huntsman or whips, after working their nags at every part of the day as they are obliged to do, should cut the most prominent figure at the finish. However Tom. Wingfield managed, upon a beaten horse, after considerable difficulty, to get to his hounds. Numbers of horses were dead beaten miles from the flogging off place. If either of the establishment could have got on a short distance further, reynard must have given up the ghost, as he was seen by pedestrians from time to time in a dreadfully distressed situation, and was but a very short distance a-head. Sir Henry Peyton, I believe, left ere Brill was passed, and wended his way homewards, his horse, like numberless companions, having bellows to mend. The ardent owner of the pack, Mr. Drake's, first horse was dead beat, and he had recourse to his *second* horse, which also *tired*, and failed to see the

feish, and I regret to say that it died the next morning from the effects of such extraordinary exertions. Mr. Harrison's proved himself an exceedingly good and game horse, and Mr. Lloyd on his grey, did wonders; he is an invaluable hunter. If Tom. had had another horse, reynard, it is thought, could not have escaped. It's conjectured that there must have been *two* changes, and that *three* foxes were run, as it would have been almost impossible for one or two foxes to have lived before the hounds. The first ring of fifty minutes was very good, and if a kill had then taken place, it would have been considered a capital day's sport. I have heard several good judges say, that this run was three excessively hard days in one. The hounds are really in beautiful order, and their quickness in turning, and the manner in which they are hunted, are the objects of general remark. There are few establishments in England whether old, young, or middle aged, can compete with this the "youngest."

The Duke of Beaufort has been doing little or nothing. Some opinion may be formed of what has been done in the Drake country, from the fact of Mr. Drake's having lost three horses, and almost ruined three others, within the last five weeks.

Dec. 23, 1834.

ESAU.

Next season, thanks to the assistance of several kind friends, we hope to be able to publish a very correct list of all the hounds in Great Britain, with the names of the servants, situation of kennels, &c. Somehow or other we omitted Sir Tatton Sykes out of the Masters of Hounds in Yorkshire, which ought not to have been, for he is a first-rater. Mr. Dansey, we find, hunts his own hounds, and not Tom. Skinner, who is first whip. Mr. Barnet, with the Cambridgeshire, does likewise; his first whip's name is John Ward, and a good name it is too. Mr. Conyer's huntsman's name is Giles Morgan. Lord Segrave, too, hunts his own hounds, and Ayris is first whip. We hear they have had great sport this season. Lord Petre's huntsman's name is Hart, not Hort, and Lord Scarborough's Davis. Sir Richard Sutton hunts his own hounds, consequently Shirley is first whip. The name of Mr. Smythe Owen's huntsman (Shropshire) is Wigglesworth, not Wigglesworth, we understand. The Easton fox-hounds, which are kept near Tenbury (Mr. Walker, master, who hunts them himself), are not in our list.

Mr. Greenhill's head quarters are at Knowl-hall, Somersetshire. He hunts his harriers himself.

The Whitefield and the Newent harriers, we find, are both in Gloucestershire. The former are the property of Mr. Barnett, of Whitefield, near Tewksbury; the latter of Mr. Richard Onslow. We have not yet learnt who is the manager or proprietor of the Evesham harriers, which hunt in Worcestershire.

Mr. Fane's harriers hunt in Oxfordshire, and General Finch's in Warwickshire. Mr. Fane hunts his in person, and shews capital sport, as do also General Finch's hounds. There is also a pack in Oxfordshire called the Witney Subscription, of which John Grace is huntsman.

We know not how we came to omit Mr. Delmé Radcliffe's splendid pack of harriers, which are turned out in a style, as to all appointments, equal to fox-hounds, though we hear that he is likely to give them up, for the premiership of Mr. Sebright's fox-hounds. By a misprint, Sir Walter Carew (one of the oldest Baronets in England) is converted into a commoner, and stands as Mr. W. Carew in the list of fox-hounds. Mr. Buck's harriers in North Devon, are also omitted, and Lord Normanton keeps a pack at Downton, in Wiltshire, which, owing to their never being advertised, escaped our recollection.

The following list of hounds in Ireland is copied from Bell's Life in London, but, as will be seen from the letter which follows it, is not quite correct. We put it on record, however, this season, to mark our desire for further information respecting the hounds in that country.

FOX-HOUNDS.

The Kilkenny Hounds, J. Power, master; Robert —, huntsman; and two whips.

The Kildare, John Kennedy, master and huntsman; and two whips.

The Union (near Cork).

The Clongill, Mr. Pollock, master.

The Grove, Jacob Barton, master; a huntsman, and two whips.

The Emo, Lord Portarlington, master; Patrick Geary, huntsman; T. Holy and Thomas Kemmis, whips.

The Louth, Matthew Fortescue, master and huntsman; and two whips.

The Ormond and King's County, Col. Westenra, master; J. Grennan, huntsman; James Grennan and J. M'Cabe, whips.

The French Park, Arthur French, master; D. Corr, huntsman; and two whips.

The Westmeath, Mr. Featherstone, master and huntsman.

The Dahallon, Mr. Beecher, master.

The Castle Archdall, Samuel Archdall, master.

The Rath Downey, Mr. H. Drought, master and huntsman; Duncelyn, and another whip.

The Corinthians (Galway).

The Raford (Galway), Messrs. Daly and Coates, masters.

The Palace (Galway), Hon. A. Nugent, master; D. Coughlan, huntsman; Patrick Baun, whip.

The Mayo, Mr. Bowen, master.

The Frenchfort, Mr. Blake, master.

The Tullo.

The Ward Union, Mr. Guard, master.
 The Down Hunt.
 The Loughcrew, Mr. Napper, master.
 The Meath.

STAG-HOUNDS.

The Garrison, Lord Howth, master.
 The Limerick, Mr. Tuthill, master.

HARRIERS.

The Palmerstown, Lord Donoughmore, master.
 The Dublin.
 The Dunboyne.
 The Naas, Mr. Coates, master.
 The Curragh, Mr. Bateman, master.
 The Timony, Mr. Hutchinson, master.
 The Summerhill, Mr. Freeman, master.
 The Mountrath, Mr. Egan, master.
 The Shinrone, Mr. Devane Smith, master.
 The Grange House, Mr. Harding, master.
 The Riverstown, Mr. S. Hackett, master.
 The Frankford Socials, Mr. Charley Burriass, master.
 The Mantua, Mr. Grace, master.
 The Runnymede, Mr. Balfe, master.
 The Saggard, Mr. Wade, master.
 The Swords.
 The Jolnville, Mr. Roe, ditto.
 The Mount Bernard, Mr. Brown, master.
 The Bray, Sir John Ripton, master.
 The Howth Hill, Mr. Kildahl, master.
 The Jamestown, Sir R. Nagle, master.

SIR,

YOUR November number was *accurate* in the return of the county Limerick kennels, save that Barrett is whipper-in at Faba not Frawley. The county Clare kennels are Capt. Mausergh's fox-hounds, Mr. Glosster's fox-hounds, and Mr. Studdert's Bunratty harriers.

In the county Kerry are Mr. J. O'Connell's harriers, which hunt red deer on Killarney; Mr. Herbert's, Mr. Sand's of Sallowglen, Mr. Sand's of Arkville, Mr. Tuitt's, Mr. Stoke's, Daniel O'Connell, M.P.'s, and many other gentlemen's harriers, all of a very superior and unrivalled strain peculiar to Kerry.

The private kennels of Cork county are too numerous for me to state from recollection, but the Duhallow and the Union fox-hunting clubs are almost Meltonian. The former is managed by Mr. De La Cour, the

banker of Mallow, and not (as stated in Bell's Life) by Mr. Beecher, though Colonel Wrixon Beecher was the original founder.

The county Tipperary also exceeds my recollection, but the Grove hunt should be, Mr. Barton, founder, and Matthew Jacob, manager—a gallant establishment.

The greatest error in the Bell's Life list is as regards the buck-hounds, the only kennel of the strain in the world, nearly allied in breeding to the primitive blood-hound, each hound standing from twenty-eight to thirty inches in height, and combining the fire and mettle of the fox-hound with the stride of the grey-hound, the feathering of the spaniel, the melody of the French horn, and the exquisite sense of scent, that admits when a noble deer might outrun the day, to turn up a turf as a mark where to undertake the slot next morn, and hunt their chase to layer. The credit of having such a kennel in high perfection should not be taken from Mr. Furnell, for who else could do it? Mr. Tuthill failed in the effort, and Mr. Furnell's judgment and perseverance have revived that kennel, which produced the independent anecdote of his ancestors, the Massey's, when their kennel was thought of being removed from the Galtee Glins to the establishment of his late Majesty, George the Third, and not George the Fourth, as stated.

ERIN-GO-BRACH.

PRESENTATION OF PLATE TO RICHARD LEWIS, Esq.

It always gives us pleasure to record such instances of kindly feeling and friendship as the following—honourable alike to "them that give and him that takes." To have filled the arduous, and not unfrequently invidious, office of master of hounds for half a century, to the universal satisfaction of his friends and neighbours of every class (as we are informed has been the case), argues the possession, in no slight degree, of courtesy, kindness, temper, and talent. We wish the venerable gentleman many years of health to enjoy the flattering tribute.

"On the 1st of December, a deputation of gentlemen waited upon Richard Lewis, Esq., of Llantillio, Monmouthshire, to present him with a piece of plate, which had been subscribed for by some of his sporting friends, upon the giving up of his long-established pack of hounds. It consists of a tasteful and elegant centre-piece for the dinner-table, handsomely wrought in frosted silver, and ornamented with several devices emblematic of the chase. On one side are his armorial bearings, and on the other, the following inscription:—

PRESENTED TO
RICHARD LEWIS ESQ.

By a few of his numerous friends, as a small tribute commemorative of their esteem and respect, for his urbanity, his hospitality, his disinterested liberality, and those amiable qualities which he invariably displayed as master of the Llantillio hounds for upwards of half a century."

STEEPLE-CHASE.

On the 17th ult. a steeple-chase for 25 sovs. aside, between Mr. Foster's b. m. by Dardanus, 12st. 4lb., and Mr. Maley's bk. g. Polyglot, by Polygar, 13st. 4lb., came off near Bicester. The country was chosen by Mr. Henry Peyton, who selected a capital one to try the powers of the nags and the nerve of their riders, being from Gallows-bridge on the Aylesbury-road, to a field near the windmill on Blackthorn-hill. They were to keep by the side of the road inside the brook, which was to be passed near Piddington-bridge,—there were several tremendous doubles and immense ditches in the line. About half past two o'clock a large concourse of persons had assembled, among whom were Lord Chetwynd, Sir Henry Peyton, Mr. Peyton, Mr. Cox, and other members of the Drake hunt. The start took place from a field near Gallows-bridge, and for the first field neither seemed disposed to go; but after a little trotting, the black horse went away, clearing the first and second doubles in good style, as did also the mare remarkably well. The pace was soon improved, in consequence of the horse overpulling his rider, and on arriving at Piddington-bridge he was one hundred lengths a head; his rider having jumped a small grip, intended to walk his horse down the bank, in order to ford the stream, which is wide at the bridge, but by reason of the horse rushing forward and jumping at the stream, he was precipitated from the bank into it, and some little time was consumed in extricating himself, which allowed the mare to come up, and from quietly walking through the stream enabled her to reach the opposite side first. But the horse was soon with her again, and on going over a heavy fallow field after quitting the brook, it was conjectured that the horse from his draggled and wet appearance was much distressed, and consequently that the mare would win. It turned out, however, that he was any thing but distressed, dashing forward and clearing the next double cleverly. The horse still kept the lead, and at the next fence the mare fell and threw her rider, but he was quickly in his seat, the horse being then, however, two hundred lengths a head, and going a very strong pace. At the next double, an amazingly strong one, the mare again fell into it (the horse having previously cleared it), and could not be got out for several minutes. The horse kept on till arriving at the Launton-lane, when, in clearing a fence, he jumped into a deep pit on the other side, but came out uninjured, and trotted quietly over the three last fields, winning the chase very easily. The distance, about three miles and a half, over an excessively stiff country, was done in something less than fifteen minutes. The horse was ridden with great firmness and intrepidity by Mr. J. Painter, and the mare by Mr. Shepherd. Each of them got two falls, but were not materially injured.

Reviews.

MOUBRAY, on *Breeding and Rearing Domestic Poultry*.

SHERWOOD, GILBERT, & PIPER. *Seventh edit.*

THE above work professes to be "A Practical Treatise on Breeding, Rearing, and Fattening, all kinds of domestic Poultry, Pheasants, Pigeons, and Rabbits; also the Management of Swine, Milch Cows, and Bees: with instructions for the Private Brewery, on Cider, Perry, and British Wine Making." It is written by that well known veteran John Lawrence, who, we doubt not, is *great* in the poultry yard, among the gallinaceous fowls and chickens—the Chittagongs or Malays, the Shackbags and Coral or Bolton Greys—and we are glad that he has given the result of his observations to the world.

The work is useful and well arranged; and the embellishments by Newton Fielding very creditable to both artist and wood-cutter.

Why Mr. Lawrence issues it under a fictitious name we are at a loss to conceive, for we should think he was much more at home on this subject than any other, and a man seldom sends his *chef d'œuvre* forth under false colours.

THE HORSE, in all his Varieties & Uses, &c. By JOHN LAWRENCE.
HENRY WASHBOURNE, *London*.

A NEW title page to an edition that we reviewed in our third volume. It is written in a kindly spirit towards the animal,—as indeed are all Mr. Lawrence's works—(and verily their name is "Legion,") but contains a great deal of nonsense and many misstatements. "The horse" may be Mr. Lawrence's *hobby*, but writing upon him is certainly not his *forte*.

FINE ARTS.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE HOUSES OF LORDS AND COMMONS BY
FIRE, on the 16th October, 1834, drawn on Stone by WM. HEATH,
from a Sketch taken by him by the light of the Flames.

ACKERMANN, *Regent-street*.

AMONG other notices of Works of Art lately published which, from want of space, we were obliged to omit last month, was one of this print, by far the best of the numerous views of the Houses of Parliament at the time of the conflagration. Besides the merit of representing with striking effect and fidelity the scene it is intended to commemorate, it is an admirable

specimen of lithographic drawing, and contains the most accurate view we are acquainted with of that beautiful piece of architectural embroidery, Henry the Seventh's Chapel. This alone should obtain for it a place in the portfolio of all print collectors.

THE QUORN HUNT.

RUDOLPH ACKERMANN.

THIS splendid work, illustrative of Nimrod's celebrated article on English Fox-hunting, in the Quarterly Review, we are happy to state is rapidly advancing towards completion, and will be published very shortly. Nimrod has examined, approved, and corrected the plates, and we do not go too far when we venture to predict that they will be the very best and most popular series of hunting subjects ever offered to the sporting world.

"SHIVERS," *engraved by RADDON, from a painting by H. B. CHALON.*
ACKERMANN & Co., Strand.

THIS is a picture of the head and fore quarters of the dun terrier that we published in our 36th number. Mr. Raddon has engraved it for the purpose of showing more the character of the dog than our small plate admitted of, in which he has been very successful. He is a most varmint looking animal.

MISCHIEF IN FULL PLAY. *Engraved by RADDON, from a Painting*
by EDWIN LANDSEER, Esq., R. A.
ACKERMANN & Co., Strand.

THIS picture, ably executed in the line manner by Mr. Raddon, represents a mischievous boy on the back of a she-donkey or jenny ass, whom, notwithstanding a huge clog round her fore leg, he wishes to propel into action. A varmint terrier is barking in the rear, taking care, however, not to come within reach of the donkey's leg, which is up-lifted for a salute. The painting, we believe, was one of the earlier efforts of its great master, Mr. Landseer.

SAMUEL DUMBLETON, *Twenty Years Whipper-in to the Earl of Spencer's hounds, under the two Richard Knights. Drawn on Stone by MISS FERNELEY, from a Painting by her father.*

J. FERNELEY, *Melton Mowbray, publisher.*

HERE is the portrait of a veteran sportsman—a man in his 85th year, who is yet able to get to hounds! beautifully drawn on stone by the hand of a fair lady. Why, it is enough to rejuvenate the old fellow! This picture, of one of the men of olden times—who flourished in the

palmy days of the "Pytchley" and "Dick Knight"—is published for the benefit of the venerable subject of it, both Mr. Ferneley and his daughter having, with a liberality of feeling that reflects the highest credit on their characters, given their time and talents to its execution. The likeness is admirable, and we feel assured that Mr. and Miss Ferneley's charitable exertions only require to be known to receive the generous support of the hunting world, particularly of the gentlemen who are acquainted with the original. We have elsewhere in this number said a few words on behalf of the servants of hunting establishments, and have often regretted the non-existence of a benevolent fund among them, from which aged and infirm members might draw a little relief in sickness and the decline of life; for as things now stand we hold it to be no discredit to them not to have saved a competency during their servitude, and such we fear is the case with honest Samuel Dumbleton.

SPORTING ANECDOTES, No. 10.

RUDOLPH ACKERMANN.

"THE Sporting Parson" forms the tenth of this amusing and popular series, and is we think one of the best—if not the very best of the whole. A reverend gentleman is represented beseeching some dashing riders "to hold hard—for heaven's sake to hold hard," the hounds having thrown up; while his attitude and action bespeak the intense anxiety that actuates him. His speech is called "his energetic hunting lecture," and while it fully explains the inward workings of the mind, there is nothing that the highest church and state man can cavil at. It is an admirable sketch of an excellent sportsman, a highly popular and good man, well known in Oxfordshire and adjoining countries.

THE LONDON FIREMEN'S DOG.

RUDOLPH ACKERMANN.

MOST of our readers we dare say have heard of the celebrated dog "Chance," whose extraordinary partiality for fires caused him to desert his master in Spitalfields and connect himself with the London fire establishment, and who may be seen running about at most of the blazes in this wondrous city. The above picture, by William Heath, represents him dashing about in his favourite element during the late fire at Westminster, with a fine collar round his neck presented to him by general subscription of the firemen, and bearing the following inscription:

"Stop me not, but onward let me jog,
For I am the London firemen's dog."

HIGH LIFE AND LOW LIFE. *Drawn on Stone by R. J. LANE, A. R. A., from Paintings by EDWIN LANDSEER, Esq., R. A., in the possession of R. VERNON, Esq.*

ACKERMANN & Co., Strand.

NOTHING can exceed the beauty of the execution or the felicity of the design of these splendid prints. The fine shapely pampered deer greyhound, with its tasteful collar, leaning against a rich cushioned chair in its master's study, the window of which affords us a peep of a castle turret, with the owner's residence marked by the floating flag, all bespeak the elegance of "High Life;" while the fat, pudgy, heavy mastiff, with one eye half closed, and the accompaniments of pipe, pewter pot, shapeless top boots, and butcher's block, bring the "Low Life" of Duck-lane or Copenhagen-fields forcibly to the mind. Mr. Landseer's masterly pencil we think has lost nothing by Mr. Lane's excellent transfer.

MR. EDITOR,

SOME few years since I was hunting in the neighbourhood of Dartmoor, and in the course of a severe run my horse sprung a shoe, to replace which I was obliged to go to Ridgway—the nearest smith's shop I could find. Just as the shoe was replaced, a boy brought a horse belonging to a farmer in the neighbourhood, complaining the smith had pricked him in shoeing two days before. The common method of applying the pincers and hammer was tried without effect. An old infirm pauper of the parish standing by, observed that if it was in the foot, he thought he could find the place: he requested some water to be brought him—the horse's foot (being of the near fore leg) was held out forwards, he poured some of the water from the coronet running over the hoof, a part of which dried instantaneously; being repeated, the same effect was again produced: it of course shewed there was fever just at that part, and by tracing it from the nearest nail hole inside, the mischief was discovered, it having already festered. On asking the old man what made him think of such an experiment, he said he recollected his master did it when he was a boy. I thought it shewed our forefathers had some clever ideas about them. I have found it occasionally useful during my travels both to myself and those I have recommended it to, and if it is worth the insertion in your work, it is at your service.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

Babbicombe, Dec. 11, 1834.

I. P. H.

The stallions for next season, at the Royal Stud, Hampton Court, are, The Colonel, Actæon, Rubini, and Tranby, all north country horses.

His Grace the Duke of Leeds has purchased, of Mr. Gascoigne, the brown

gelding Zohrab, by Lottery, out of Elizabeth.

The Cheltenham Turf Club having made an arrangement with the Lord of the Manor, will hold their future meetings on the old Race-course.

HORSES GONE ABROAD.

THE following stallions, mares, &c., have been purchased to go abroad, principally from Messrs. Tattersall, by Ernest Le Roy, Esq. :—

Egyptus, by Centaur, bred by the Duke of Grafton.

Darlington, by Cleveland, out of Orange Boven, by John Bull.

Sir Benjamin Backbite, by Whisker, out of Scandal, &c.

Caspian (afterwards *Crispin*), by Lottery, out of Oceana, &c.

Jason, by Centaur, dam by Merlin, his dam by Oscar, &c.

Dick, by Lamplighter, out of Blue Stockings, &c.

Bay horse, by *Emilius*, out of Cobweb, &c.

Copper Captain, by Bobadil, Cervantes mare, &c.

Slang (late Reform), by Sober Robin, out of Billingsgate, &c.

Novelist, by Waverley, Aigrette, &c. Also two remarkably fine three-parts-bred stallions.

MARES.

Citron, by Centaur, out of a Rubens mare.

The Screw, by Banker, foaled in 1831, dam by Benningbrough.

Sister to Tom Thumb, by Whalebone, with a colt foal by Bedlamite, and covered by Priam.

Mare by Emilius, out of Duckling, in foal to Peter Lely.

Whalebone mare, out of Elfred, covered by Belzoni.

Mr. Palmer, of Paris, bought the following :—

Faunus.

Altamont, by Sligo, out of Ina, by Smolensko.

Pencil, by Partisan, out of Bizarre.

MARES.

Jezebel, by Wanderer, in foal to Buzzard.

Mare by Waverley, out of Evens, in foal to Oppidan.

Anna, by Whalebone, out of Themis, in foal to Logic.

Clatter, by Clinker, out of Nina, (Zoe's dam) in foal to Sir Hercules.

Maiden, by Hedley, in foal to Logic.

Mania, by Don Juan, out of Miss Fulford, &c.

Catalina bay filly, 2 yrs. old, Sister to Catalonian.

Bay filly, by Partisan, out of Bustle, &c.

Bay filly foal, by Pollio, out of Clatter, by Clinker, &c.

By Messrs. Tattersall, for His Serene Highness the Duke of Holstein Augustenberg.

Fortunatus, 8 yrs. old, by Sultan, out of Babel (winner of the Oaks).

Wilna, by Smolensko, out of Snare, by Scud, &c.

The following were sold to Mr. Budge to go to Spa.

Fiddle Faddle, by Whalebone, out of Fatima, by Selim.

Valentina, by Smolensko, out of Shepherdess; covered by Peter Lely.

Mare by Blacklock, out of Ally; covered by Peter Lely.

Bay mare, by Figaro, out of Memphis, Sister to Memnon; covered by Peter Lely.

Chestnut yearling filly, by Partisan, out of Pasta.

Brown colt, 2 yrs. old, by Partisan, out of Aline.

Bay mare (foaled in 1829), by Whisker, out of Crusader's dam.

Brown colt, 2 yrs. old, by Shakspeare, dam by Frolic, out of Mermaid.

Enchantress, 3 yrs. old, by Reveller, out of Gramarie (she won twice this year).

Grey filly yearling, by Partisan, dam by Orville, out of Lisette.

Miss Kershaw, 3 yrs. old, by Predictor, dam by Sir Oliver, out of Miss Blanchard; covered by Priam.

Miss Patch, sister to Kate, by Lapdog.

Bess, 6 yrs. old, by Goliah, a capital hunter; besides the above he bought many others, hunters, hacks, &c.

Mr. Etches, Yorkshire, purchased the following last year, mostly from the stud of that celebrated breeder Mr. Moss, for Mr. R. D. Shepherd, of Jefferson county, Virginia, and are of the best blood in this country.

Chestnut mare (foaled in 1821), got by Catton (the dam of Kilnocky), her dam Mr. Pengander and Sally of the Valley's dam, by Sancho; covered by Columbus.

Bay mare (foaled in 1826), got by Tramp, out of the Sancho mare, the dam of the above, with a fine colt foal at her foot by St. Nicholas and stunted to him again.

Yearling colt, by St. Nicholas, out of the above Tramp mare.

Three yrs. old chestnut filly, by Vescipede, out of Tramp.

Bay colt, 3 yrs. old, by Figaro, dam by Catton, out of Altisidora.

Brown mare, got by Ardrossan, out of Dodo, by Viscount; covered by Humphrey Clinker.

Bay colt, by Peter Lely, dam Urganda, by Milo, grandam, Sorcerer mare, great grandam by Sir Solomon.

TATTERSALL'S.

SINCE our last notice the Derby betting, without being heavy, has not been entirely unproductive of results. The two favourites, Ascot and Silenus, have been backed to large amounts by "good men and true," and for three or four weeks have been running "neck and neck," insomuch that a guinea would at any time have turned the scale between them. On the other hand, Coriolanus, who, in our humble judgment, is entitled to the premiership, has given way in consequence of the uncertainty which must necessarily prevail where there is a strong lot of good public horses in the same stable—

as we have said before, the safest way will be to back the squad. The Pucelle colt is a dead letter—no one "bears up" for him, not even our friend Jem. Curtius keeps "his own," and Darioletta is frequently in request, but there is a marked shyness in offering odds against him—for our parts we fancy neither the stable nor the blood. A good deal of money has been laid out upon the duke of Richmond's Leopoldine colt, and there can be no doubt that the party think they have got a promising nag, although with such an indifferent lot to try with, we do not see how they can arrive at the conclusion. That they may be right, however, we heartily wish, for no one can be more deserving of success, in every point of view, than His Grace of Richmond. A little business has been done amongst the outsiders without ensuring them promotion.

The OAKS appears to be laid aside till the spring, and the St. Leger is so completely shy'd in town, that we are compelled to take our prices current from the Manchester quotations.

We give the monthly changes:—

DERBY.	Nov. 27.	Dec. 1.	Dec. 4.	Dec. 8.	Dec. 11.	Dec. 15.	Dec. 18.	Dec. 27.
Ascot	to	11 to 1	11 to 1 t.	11 to 1	10 to 1	10 to 1	to	10 to 1
Silenus	...	11½..1 t.	10½..1	11½..1	10½..1	10...1	...	10...1
Coriolanus	...	12...1	13½..1 t.	14...1 t.	14...1	13...1	...	13...1
Pucelle	16...1	15...1	16...1	16...1	...	...	...	16...1
Aurelius	17...1	17...1	...	17...1	...	...	...	18...1
Marchesa	...	...	...	...	...	20...1 t.	...	18...1
Darioletta	20...1 t.	20...1 t.	18...1	18...1	18...1	18...1	...	20...1 t.
Curtius	18...1 t.	...	...	...	...	...	...	18...1 t.
Ibrahim (Jersey's)	25...1	37...1 t.	26...1	25...1	26...1	26...1	...	25...1
Bee in a Bonnet	30...1 t.	...	...	30...1	...	...	...	30...1 t.
Varennes	...	33...1	30...1	40...1 t.	...	...	...	35...1
Stockport	33...1 t.	...	...	33...1	33...1 t.	33...1 t.	...	35...1 t.
Leopoldine	50...1 t.	40...1 t.	40...1 t.	40...1	35...1 t.	30...1	...	30...1
Niobe	...	...	40...1	40...1	50...1 t.	45...1	...	40...1
Operator	...	...	40...1 t.	...	50...1 t.	45...1 t.	...	...
Knobstick	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Mahomet	50...1 t.	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Delphine colt	...	...	10...1 t.	...	...	...	...	...
Mulebird	...	...	...	...	100...1 t.	...	...	...
Spinning Jenny	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	30...1
Ridsdale's Lot	4...1	4...1	...	9...2 t.	...	...	...	9...2 t.
Lord Jersey's lot	...	13...2	...	...	...	...	...	6...1
Lord Exeter's lot	12...1 t.	11...1	...	...	...	...	...	12...1
Mr. Grant's lot	...	...	25...1 t.	...	...	...	...	20...1

OAKS.

4 to 1 agst. Preserve; 10 to 1 agst. Hester; 10 to 1 agst. Eva; 11 to 1 agst. Her Majesty; 12 to 1 agst. Queen of Tramps.

ST. LEGER.

10 to 1 agst. Pilgrim; 15 to 1 agst. Coriolanus; 16 to 1 agst. Marchesa; 25 to 1 agst. Giovanni's dam; 20 to 1 agst. Curtius; 20 to 1 agst. Sister to Bubastes; 25 to 1 agst. Jupiter; 25 to 1 agst. Stockport; 25 to 1 agst. Verbena.

TO ADVERTISERS.

In consequence of the great trouble attendant on the collection of money for advertisements, we beg to state that all future advertisements, except those of regular advertisers, must be paid for on delivery. We have given strict orders to this effect at our publisher's.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

PLENIPOTENTIARY.—We regret, for the credit of the turf, the necessity of stating, that we have received such information as leaves no doubt on our mind that this horse was “drugged” before the race for the St. Leger.

We hear that there will be a rare *exposé* shortly in the courts of law, of some of the *ornaments* of the turf, in which, perhaps, some of the old mysteries may be cleared up, or rather exposed.

H. H. is again thanked. The revival of “The Oakley Hunt” next month, if possible. We feel highly flattered by his remarks, for he is evidently well qualified to judge; he is wrong, however, as to the authorship of certain articles, though we dare say he will agree with us that it is better to “let by-gones be by-gones.” We shall at all times be most happy to hear from him.

“*Cantabrigiensis*” is, perhaps, right as to the horses not being three years old at the time he names; yet still it would not make them out to be two yr olds, according to the usual acceptance of the term. As to the King's Stag-hounds being faster than any fox-hounds in the kingdom, we beg to say they *are* fox-hounds.

Mr. Cooper's address is No. 13, New Millman-street. Foundling-hospital.

On consideration, we do not sufficiently agree with the view taken by C. D. E. of Winchester, relative to poaching, to induce us to publish his letter. No landlord who knows his own interest will refuse a deserving tenant reasonable recreation in the way of shooting over his farm; but we do not believe that in one case out of ten the right to shoot is any inducement to a man to take a farm. Tenants now-a-days have other matters to attend to.

H. G. S. shall have a private communication from us on the subject of the “*Egyptian Venus*.”

We will try what we can do relative to the portrait “G. P. N.” wishes to see.

Duly received—“A follower of the Chase” on Tom Oakleigh's Hints—Sylvan—Tom Moody—Hippometis.

Thanks to “Erin go bragh.”—We are anxious to have our Irish list of hounds as complete and accurate as the English list, giving the names of the masters or managers, the first and second whips, and the situation of the kennel.

WORKS RECEIVED.

THE second and third numbers of “Leaves from Alfred Crowquill's Memorandum Book.” As good as the first, which was excellent.—Smith, Elder, & Co.

“*Faust*,” a serio-comic poem, amusingly embellished with twelve outline illustrations by Alfred Crowquill.—B. B. King, Monument-yard.

“The Naturalist's Library, Vol. IV., Game Birds.”—Longman and Co.

“Tough Yarns, a series of naval tales and sketches to please all hands, from the swabs on the shoulders down to the swabs in the head, illustrated by Cruikshank.”—Effingham Wilson. This will make an excellent New Year's gift, being full of humour and very tastefully got up. Cruikshank's name alone insures a fund of amusement.

“Billiards, on the scientific principle of the side stroke.” A useful little manual, portable enough for the waistcoat pocket.

THE New Sporting Magazine.

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FOX-HOUNDS IN FULL CRY.

Engraved by DUNCAN, from a Painting by LAPORTE.

" See the brave pack, how to the head they press,
Jostling in close array; then more diffuse
Obliquely wheel, while from their op'ning mouths
The vollied thunder breaks."

SOMERVILLE.

" Now see with what eagerness they cross the plain! *Gallop* no longer keeps his place, *Brusher* takes it; see how he flings for the scent, and how impetuously he runs; how eagerly he took the lead, and how he strives to keep it! yet *Victor* comes up apace: he reaches him! Observe what an excellent race it is between them! How equally they run!—how eagerly they strain!"

BECKFORD.

FOX-HOUNDS IN FULL CRY tell their own story; all that it is necessary for us to add in explanation of the engraving is, that the principal figures are portraits of four celebrated hounds, late in Mr. Osbaldeston's, now in the Old Berkeley kennel. The name of the leading hound is *Clara*, that beyond her is *Figaro*, the one in the foreground *Foiler*, and the last of the four *Crafty*.

DONCASTER MEETING, 1835.

TUESDAY.—The ST. LEGER STAKES of 50 sov. each, h. ft., for three-year old colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—St. Leger Course.

Armitage's, Mr., ch. c. Van, by Velocipede

Brigg's, Mr., b. c. Scarborough, by Catton, out of The Gourd, by Champignon, grandam, sister to Florismart

Boswell's, Sir J., b. f. Rosini, by Frolic, out of Otis

Bowes's, Mr., ch. c. Mundig, brother to Trustee

Cleveland's, Duke of, c. by Memnon, out of Pucelle

Chesterfield's, Lord, ch. f. Her Majesty, by Velocipede, out of Miss Garforth

Chesterfield's, Lord, br. c. Fergus, by Waverley

Derby's, Lord, ch. c. Amurath, by Langar, out of Armida

Derby's, Lord, ch. f. Verbena, by Velocipede, out of Rosalba

Davies's, Mr., ch. c. Budget, by Drone or Billy the Beau, out of Sally, by Recordon

Eglintonn's, Lord, br. f. Butterfly, by Lottery

Foulis's, Mr. M., br. c. De Roos, by Velocipede

Finch's, Mr. C., b. c. Burlington, by Brutandorf, out of Bolivar's dam

Fox's, Mr. S. L., bl. c. Draco, by Defence, out of Whalebope

Gully's, Mr., ch. c. Pomfret, by Langar

Gully's, Mr., b. c. Dimber Dam, by Tramp

Gascoigne's, Mr., ch. c. Hornsey, by Velocipede

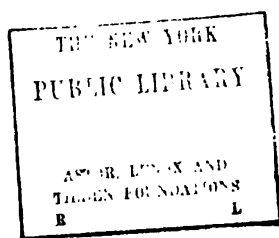
Golden's, Mr., bl. c. by Lottery, out of Morgiana

Greville's, Mr., Preserve, sister to Pickle, by Emilius



FOX-HOUNDS IN FULL CRY.

London, and New York: 1855. By the Department of the War, and the Department of the Interior, and the Department of the Navy.



- Houldsworth's, Mr., ch. f. Turban, by Sultan
 Horsley's, Mr., ch. c. Tyrrel, by Velocipede, out of Sister to Voluna, by Comus
 Haywood's, Mr., b. c. Lentulus, by Emilius, out of Brown Betty, by William-
 son's Ditto
 Heseltine's, Mr., ch. f. Mansel Otz, sister to Bubastes
 Hancock's, Major, b. c. by Pollio, dam (foaled in 1822) by Soothsayer, out of
 Cobbea
 Johnson's, Mr., ch. c. Jupiter, by Langar, out of Proserpine
 Johnson's, Mr., b. c. by Tramp, dam by St. George, grandam by Hambletonian
 Jersey's, Lord, ch. c. Silenus, by Reveller, out of Trampoline
 Jersey's, Lord, br. c. Ibrahim, by Sultan, out of Sister to Cobweb
 Kelburne's, Lord, b. c. by Jerry, out of Purity
 Leeds's, Duke of, ch. f. by Malek, out of Rhodacantha
 Leeds's, Duke of, ch. c. by Actæon, out of Gin
 Lichfield's, Lord, b. c. Bassano, by Filho, out of Tintoretta
 Mulgrave's, Lord, ch. c. Ainderby, by Velocipede
 Marson's, Mr., b. f. by Tramp, out of Zirza
 Mostyn's, Mr., b. f. Queen of Trumps, by Velocipede
 Mostyn's, Mr., ch. f. L'Hirondelle, by Velocipede
 Mostyn's, Mr., ch. f. Usury, by Banker
 Mostyn's, Mr., ch. The Miner, by Teniers
 Mill's, Mr., br. f. Hester, by Camel, out of Monimia
 Nanney's, Mr., br. c. Friar Tuck, by Emilius, out of Signorina
 Orford's, Lord, b. c. Ascot, by Reveller, out of Angelica
 Portland's, Duke of, c. by Reveller, out of Manto
 Powlett's, Mr. T. O., b. c. by Langar, out of Giovanni's dam, by Don Juan
 Pottinger's, Mr. T., ch. c. Crescent, by Zealot, out of The Woman of Endor,
 by Moses
 Peel's, Mr. J. H., br. c. Trim, by Edmund
 Pettit's, Mr., b. e. Ibrahim, by Emilius, out of Pera
 Robinson's, Mr., br. c. Stockport, by Langar
 Ridsdale's, Mr., c. Bamfylde, by Tramp or Comus, out of Young Petuaria
 Ridsdale's, Mr., ch. c. Coriolanus, by Emilius, out of Linda
 Ridsdale's, Mr., gr. c. Luck's-All, by Tramp, out of Flora
 Ridsdale's, Mr., br. c. Marcian, by Chateau Margaux, out of Marchesa
 Ruthven's, Mr., Leinster, by Munster, out of Stays, own Sister to Starch
 Richmond's, Duke of, b. c. by Camel, out of Leopoldine
 Smith's, Mr., b. c. by Memnon, out of Chorister's dam
 Smith's, Mr. W., ch. c. Doubtful, by Muley, out of Bequest
 St. Paul's, Mr. C. M., b. f. by Tramp, dam by Orville
 Taylor's, Capt., b. c. by Velocipede, out of Sister to Maria
 Thompson's, Mr., b. c. by Sandbeck, out of Johanna, by Selim
 Theobald's, Mr., br. c. Tommy Whitehead, by Mameluke, out of Puzzle, by
 Whisker
 Turner's, Mr. W., ch. c. Equator, by Battledore
 Vansittart, Mr., names gr. c. Cavendish, by Lottery or Pierse, out of Rocking-
 ham's dam
 Walker's, Mr., ch. c. Curtius, by Emilius, out of Quadrille
 Walker's, Mr., ch. c. Pilgrim, by Langar
 Wilton's, Lord, ch. f. Barbara Bell, by Catton, out of Barbara, by The Laird
 Watt's, Mr., b. f. Madame Pelerine, by Velocipede, out of Baleine
 Warwick's, Lord, b. c. Pelops, by Middleton, out of Niobe
 Wood's, Sir M., b. c. Dromio, by Shakespeare, out of Waterloo

Review.

THE GUN; or, a Treatise on the Various Descriptions of Small Fire Arms. By WILLIAM GREENER.

LONGMAN & Co.

THE author of this treatise is a practical, operative gunsmith, who, having in the course of his business experienced the enormous extent to which the manufacture of guns of an inferior and dangerous quality is carried on, has determined to expose to the public the frauds of the gun trade, and by exposing, if possible, to destroy them. He is induced to make this exposure not only from the humane motive of rendering accidents less frequent, but from the more patriotic one of raising English guns in the estimation of the world, by improving their manufacture. Loss of life and limb, he says, is not the only consequence of these frauds; they have brought our manufacture into such disrepute, that English-made guns, at one time prized beyond the guns of every other country, are now regarded with very general distrust, and considered no better than those of Holland and Germany.

The work is divided into thirty chapters, eleven of which are devoted to descriptions of the various sorts of iron of which gun-barrels are and ought to be manufactured, the method of preparing them, and the arts used by the manufacturer to give to inferior barrels the appearance of the best. These descriptions are illustrated by engravings, showing the appearance of finished barrels made from the different sorts of iron.

Gun-barrels are made from a mixture of steel and what are technically called *scraps*,—that is, pieces of *old* iron. Old iron is preferred to new, from the latter possessing a great deal of impurity, which can only be extracted by repeated workings. The best kind of scraps for gun-barrels are old horse-nail stubs; and hence all twist barrels are, whether really so made or not, generally denominated *stub-twist* barrels. The following is a description of the first stage of the manufacture of the genuine stub-twist barrel:

“Before proceeding to manufacture them into iron, women are employed to sort and examine each stub, to see that no malleable cast-iron nails, or other impurities, are mixed with them. They are then taken and put into a drum, resembling a barrel-churn, through the centre of which passes a shaft, that is attached to the steam-engine which works the rolling-mill, bellows, &c. When the machine is set a going, the stubs are rolled and tumbled over each other to such a degree, that the friction completely cleanses them of all rust, and they come forth with the brightness of silver. The steel with which they are mixed (being generally coach-springs), after being separated and softened, is clipped into small pieces, corresponding in size to the stubs, by a pair of large

shears worked by steam. These pieces are then, like the stubs, put into the drum, in order to be divested of any rust they may retain, and are subsequently weighed out in the proportion of 25 lbs. of stubs to 15 lbs. of steel, in quantities of 42 lbs. After being properly mixed together, they are put into an air-furnace and heated to a state of fusion, in which state they are stirred up by a bar of the same mixture of iron and steel, until by their adhesion they form a ball of apparently melting metal. During this process the bar has become sufficiently heated to attach itself to the burning mass, technically called a bloom of iron, and by its aid the whole is removed from the furnace to the forge-hammer, by which it is reduced down to a bar of iron, now about 40 lbs., the weight lost being wasted in the process of welding and hammering. From the forge it passes to the rolling-mill, where it is reduced to the size wanted. By this mode of manufacturing, the iron and steel are so intimately united and blended, that the peculiar properties of each are imparted to every portion of the mass, and the whole receives the degree of hardness and softness required. The process is admirable, and the mixture is calculated to produce a metal the best fitted, under the circumstances, to answer the purpose of manufacturing gun-barrels of the best description."

The next stage in the process is barrel-welding; but we can neither afford room for an extract from that, nor from the chapters on boring, grinding, and turning gun-barrels; or the discussions on locks, stocks, and staining,—all of which are minutely explained and commented upon. The account of the mode of proving the strength of barrels will be more interesting to most of our readers.

The Proof-company, which was incorporated in the year 1813, obtained an Act of Parliament that made it penal to manufacture and sell any gun without first having it proved, either at the proof-house in London, or at the house established for this purpose at Birmingham; but the penalties of the Act, the author thinks, are not severe enough, and its provisions are evaded in various ways.

The act directs that all barrels shall be sent immediately from the maker to the proof-house for proof, before the same shall be sold, or transmitted for sale, or under pretence of sale, to any person whatever. It also gives a scale by which all barrels are to be tested. "As soon as a number of gun-barrels are loaded according to this scale, they are taken to a house or detached building standing apart from the other offices of the company. It is lined throughout with thick sheet iron. The windows, which resemble Venetian blinds, are constructed of the same metal. Iron frames are laid the whole length of the room; on these the barrels of various qualities, when about to be fired, are placed. In the front of these frames lies a large mass of sand, to receive the balls. Behind the frame, on which the twist barrels are fixed, lies another bed

of sand, in which, on the recoil, the barrels are buried. Behind the frame, on which the common barrels or muskets are tried, a strong iron bar is placed, having a number of holes large enough to receive the tang of the breech, but not the barrel. The barrels being thus fixed, it is impossible for them to fly back. A groove runs along the whole length of each frame, in which the train of powder is strewed to ignite the charges, upon which the barrels, with the touch-holes downwards, are laid. When every thing is ready for the proof, the windows are let close down, the door is shut and secured; an iron rod is then heated red hot, and introduced through a hole in the wall. On touching the train, a tremendous explosion takes place. The windows are then drawn up, the door opened, the smoke dissipated, and the twist barrels are found buried in the sand, the common ones are thrown forward—some are found perfect, others burst to pieces. It is rare that best barrels are found burst, more frequently bulged or swelled out in places which are faulty or of a softer temper. Those that are found perfect, are then marked with punches of different sizes (but having the same impression) according to the quality of the barrel."

Mr. Greener considers this mode of proving liable to many objections, but we have not room to state them at length, nor indeed to enter at all into what may be termed the controversial part of the work, though the whole of the author's arguments and the statements by which they are supported (and he has made no statements, he says, which he has not deduced from many experiments, and of the truth of which those experiments have not satisfied him) deserve the attentive consideration of every gunsmith in the kingdom. Sportsmen also, and all who take an interest in guns and shooting, will derive amusement and instruction from a perusal of Mr. Greener's Treatise, and will find much curious information, which (being the secrets of the trade) cannot be obtained from any other work on the subject.

A HINT TO PRESERVERS OF FOXES.

SIR,

THERE are probably but few of your fox-hunting friends who have not, like myself, had to lament the scarcity of foxes which frequently prevails even where the greatest care is taken for their preservation. Want of sufficient extent of woodlands, ill-natured neighbours, an unprotected district, and many other causes, constantly occasion foxes either to be not found when the hunting season arrives, or, if found and saved after a run, to be shy of returning to the same neighbourhood for a considerable time. Thus, after going to great expense in making gorse covers, keeping hunters, giving game to, and making friends with, the farmers,

paying the cottagers for the damage done to their poultry (too often unfairly set down to the fox's account), the fox himself is not forthcoming; and the best covers are drawn blank, though shooting in them has been almost abandoned, in order that they may remain undisturbed. To remedy this evil, recourse is had either to purchasing foxes and turning them out in the spring, or to hunting "bagmen,"—both of them repugnant to the feelings of the genuine fox-hunter, and disgraceful to the character of fox-hunting.

Any method likely to do away with the encouragement thus given to the wholesale system of fox-stealing now practised where they are plentiful, and which would also tend to increase the preservation of foxes where they are scarce, is well worth trying. Perhaps the plan I am about to suggest may not prove in every instance so successful at first as may be wished, still I doubt not, if taken up with that earnestness of spirit which a real fox-hunting farmer always shows in everything he undertakes, great assistance may be afforded in providing foxes for his own and his neighbour's amusement. I feel the more confident that much may be achieved by this method, because for several successive years past it has succeeded I know with one individual, and I believe in frequent instances with others. The following are the circumstances which occurred in the case I allude to; they are well known to the whole of the hunt in which they took place, and will fully explain the suggestions I venture to press upon others to carry into effect, as I will myself certainly attempt to do in the course of next spring.

Near a most excellent gorse cover, on the knoll and slope of a steep bank, facing a warm aspect, and well protected with paling, and which invariably held a fox, stands a gentleman's house. The owner is himself no sportsman, but his lady is a most determined lover of the chase, and whenever the hounds come anywhere within a lady-like distance, she and her fair niece are sure to be seen at the meet, accompanied by a servant. So zealous is this Shropshire Diana,—known I believe to each of the three packs which hunt that county,—in behalf of the sport of fox-hunting, that she has for several years past kept a tame vixen fox fastened up at the house, with length of chain sufficient to allow of her going down an earth made on purpose for her accommodation and safety. When spring arrives, the fox is always allowed a few days' liberty, and of course a stroll to the gorse cover before alluded to is the consequence of this indulgence,—and in no instance has she been ungrateful for the kindness shown to her, but always returned home after a certain leave of absence had expired. I recollect on one occasion, when the hounds drew up to this cover, the lady's servant said—"Missus's fox is loose, and gone to the cover again." To which the huntsman replied, "Never mind, she'll be sure to go straight home as soon as she hears us, though

I would not have her killed for £100;" but the master more wisely ordered the hounds away,—and it was observed by perhaps the best sporting clergyman in England, that this vixen was worth "*all his flock.*" This fox has now for several seasons past regularly brought forth a litter of cubs, which have done kindly with the mother till able to shift for themselves, when they wander off; and thus a constant supply of foxes is kept up in the adjacent cover, without in any way interfering with the regularly bred wild ones. Another advantage, besides that of these home-bred cubs being, from the manner in which they are brought up, infinitely better than those turned out tame, is, that they generally remain somewhere not very distant, and are an inducement for wild foxes to frequent the neighbourhood, and no doubt occasion many a travelling fox to lay up in the gorse, rather than go many miles in a country where no traces of a companion can be found. Why then might not the same plan be adopted by some of the gentlemen and principal farmers, or gamekeepers, whose residences happen to be situated in a sequestered place, and contiguous to a cover suitable for foxes to harbour in? Let one or more *vixen* foxes be chained up in the manner above described, and where they can be quite free from disturbance, with a proper earth made for their protection and concealment, and there can be little doubt the same result will take place as in the case before mentioned. At first a wild fox may perhaps be suspicious of the chain attached to the vixen, but when the spring approaches he will show so much boldness and perseverance, that this objection will soon be got over. A little loose sand put round the mouth of the vixen's earth, in the month of March, will demonstrate, if there are foxes about, that they will not hesitate to form an acquaintance with the tame one. Supposing that only ten friends to fox-hunting in each county, where foxes are now scarce, adopted this method, the number of cubs thus brought up would probably be considerable; but under any circumstance the result must be most beneficial, because it is at least certain to have the effect of bringing wild foxes, and inducing them to remain in those places where they can be preserved and kept quiet, instead of wandering to more unsafe covers, or crossing a wild country, and running the gauntlet of traps, guns, dogs, and a hundred other chances of "*flood and field.*"

In a future paper I will communicate the result of my intended experiment, and should I succeed in it, and the suggestion be generally adopted, there need never be a scarcity of foxes in any county wishing to keep up the sport of fox-hunting, even though it should contain individuals (as is too often the case) indifferent to the amusement, or, from personal malice to the master of the hounds or their neighbours, desirous of preventing their enjoying it.

A SALOPIAN.

HUNTING REMINISCENCES.

No. X.

By Nimrod.

THE CRACK RIDERS OF ENGLAND.

How can I do better than commence the list in T with a right good Leicestershire grazier—I mean Mr. Thomlin, who lives in the neighbourhood of Lord Lonsdale's hounds, but is a constant attendant on the other packs also, having generally had from six to eight hunters in his stables. Few men have sustained a higher character as a rider and a sportsman than Mr. Thomlin has, and, although well enough able to bear the expenses of hunting, he has sold several horses for large sums. A few years back, however, he was near being run to ground, for he had one of the worst falls that a man ever recovered from. Nothing daunted, he has been riding as well as ever since, and had not the horse fallen amiss, he was to have ridden Mr. Tollemache's Jerry, once Mr. Assheton Smith's, in the grand Leicestershire steeple-chase.

A song made on a capital run with the Oakley, has the following verse.

"See, the Marquess is gallantly charging a stile,
You may guess what a burst it will be by his smile;
And Whitbread is riding right desperate hard,
That he well knows the country around, to a yard."

The Marquess alluded to is the Marquess of Tavistock, then master of the Oakley, and one of the best sportsmen of modern days. He is a beautiful horseman, and had his health admitted it, would have been as signal a sportsman as any of his compeers in the field, and particularly well adapted for the mastership of a pack of fox-hounds. It was an unlucky day for Bedfordshire in which his lordship gave them up.

Mr. Thornhill of Oxfordshire is a good rider to hounds, and I understand that his namesake, the present master of the Warwickshire country, is quite an *out-and-outer*! I hope, ere I die, to be able to speak to this fact from personal observation.

Cheshire has given birth to two very eminent horsemen—Mr. James Tomkinson of Dorfold-hall, near Namptwich, and Major Tomkinson, his brother. I believe I may say of the former, that he has not only been the very crack man of Cheshire for the last twenty-five years, but that there have been but very few better men over a country anywhere. Some years back he made his appearance in Leicestershire, and so brilliantly did he go, that he attracted the notice of the "nobs." It so

happened, that the morning being wet, he had a silk handkerchief about his neck, and according to the costume of the Cheshire, was breeched in leather—then the type of a slow one. The red coat also being wanting—my old schoolfellow's colour is *black*—he was not taken for what he is, and was asked by several if he would sell his horse? That not being his object, we may presume he had an answer at hand, although he could not but consider the question as complimentary.* His stud has generally consisted of from four to six of the very best sort, money not being a consideration. Major Tomkinson is also a brilliant horseman, but not perhaps so well mounted as his brother.

The West of England produces three very good riders. Imprimis—the well known George Templar, one of the cleverest sportsmen of the age; and his friend, Mr. Henry Taylor, who officiated as whipper-in to him when I visited his country. He is a surprising man, as the saying is, to get across that awkward country—Devonshire. Mr. Tatchell, late a master of fox-hounds, in Dorsetshire, is quite an out-and-outer, and fit to go into any country. He is nothing short of sixteen stone, but the character he bears is, that no man could beat him in Mr. Farquharson's or Mr. Yeatman's hunts. He was singularly fortunate in purchasing a black Sultan horse, out of the Duke of Beaufort's country, *supposed to be a roarer*, which has carried him brilliantly several seasons, and I must say I never saw a more complete hunter—up to every difficulty, and fast enough for any hounds. Mr. Tilbury of London is a prime horseman; and so is Dr. Trotter, whom I saw in the North of England. He is well bred to ride, being the son of the very celebrated Mr. Trotter of Staindrop (called by his friends Jack Trotter), who, the Duke of Cleveland told me, was the best horseman he ever saw in a field. "He has not only," added his Grace, "been a most superior rider over a country, but he has ridden with admirable temper and judgment, and never pressed upon hounds." Though now I believe in his seventy-fifth year, I am happy to add that he is still well able to go, and it is only a few seasons back (three, I believe), that mounted on one of Mr. Spiers's horses, he led the Lambton hunt, in a very fine run in the Sedgefield country! Well done threescore years and ten!

I am old enough to remember the celebrated Mr. Vernon—commonly called Harry Vernon—of Hilton, Staffordshire, the great dandy of the last century, and perhaps it is enough to say, that he wore ear-rings. Notwithstanding this, he could ride to hounds, and was an accomplished sportsman—and particularly so, if you believed all he told you. He was in Leicestershire in Mr. Meynell's time. And so was the Hon. Joshua Vanneck, now Lord Huntingfield, and right well he went. He was a steady, good horseman, with what may be called a snug seat on his saddle,

* He afterwards appeared often in Leicestershire, always going well.

and quick enough for any thing, when he liked. In short, the circumstance of himself and his "wonderful mare," not being able to live to the end of the Coplow run—immortalized in verse by Mr. Lowth—is produced as one proof of the severity of it. Mr. Frederick Villebois, now at the head of the Craven hounds, is an excellent hand over an awkward country. In a beautiful run of an hour, with Mr. Warde's hounds, I had the pleasure of being led by him over an extremely difficult country, on his old white-nose horse, and I thought I never witnessed a more workmanlike performance. This was the horse which was never well till he was nine years old, and never ill afterwards.

Mr. Vansittart was in great repute for many years in Leicestershire; and is one of the figures represented on the snuff-boxes, as going "swish at a rasper." There is a fine horseman in Herefordshire, by the name of Vever, who is famous for making raw horses into hunters, but is better known on the turf than with hounds. He is however a perfect schoolmaster, and I bought one of the most accomplished hunters from him, of his own making (Bolus, the race horse), that was ever taken into a field. I hear a very good account of Mr. Villiers, Lord Jersey's second son, whom I only saw in his boyhood.

I shall not, however, forget the fears of Ransom (Lord Jersey's second horse rider, of whom I have before spoken,) that he might lose his taste for hunting, when his father sent him to the Continent. "I have taken a deal of pains with him," said Ransom, "and now they have sent him abroad. What a pity!" I shall conclude this list with a very good man for his weight—*good eighteen stone*—and I am sure Sir Bellingham Graham and Mr. Osbaldeston will confirm what I say of him. I mean Mr. Vaughton, who resides near Coventry, a very thrusting rider.

The Rev. John Vennor, was one of the best men over Warwickshire in the early part of Mr. Corbet's hunting it. He particularly distinguished himself on a little horse called Hero, which I sold him when in my teens. He was got by Hero, a son of Herod, out of a Welsh pony, but so restive that no one would venture on him, at thirteen pounds, when four years old. Putting little value on neck or limbs in those days, I became his owner, and after much trouble, his master; but throwing himself down one day in his ill humours, and blemishing himself, I sold him to Mr. Vennor for twenty-eight pounds. He was the sort of animal which we very rarely see—showing a deal of blood, with much bone and great length, although very near the ground, and as stout as steel; indeed requiring a great deal of work to keep his temper down. In short, he was what was called in the language of the *old stud book*, "a little horse of very high form," and will be remembered in Warwickshire for many years to come.

Now comes the who-whoop—W being my last letter, but it appears to

favour hard riders, there being a very long list. I will begin with some of the old ones. The late General Sir Harry Warde—brother to the non-pareil of this name—was one of the clippers of his day both as a horseman and as a sportsman. I well remember seeing him sailing away on his famous horse, *Star*, a *roarer*, for which he was offered 500 gs. He was undoubtedly one of the ablest and best riders of his day, and had a remarkable eye to a country. When his brother hunted Northamptonshire, his hounds had a magnificent run from Marston-wood, in Northamptonshire, to Skeffington-park, Leicestershire, where they killed him. The distance, as the crow flies, cannot be less than twenty miles; yet I saw a map of the general's, on which *he had marked every parish through which the hounds ran*—and there were many acute angles in their course—*himself being with them to the last*. Mr. Henry Waller the well known "Harry Waller"—was an excellent rider for a long series of years, in the Duke of Beaufort's country, although labouring under the disadvantage of deafness. Ditto Mr. Worrall (not deaf) of race-riding celebrity, who has long hunted with his Grace. I like to see Mr. Worrall at work; the position of his hands are worthy of remark and imitation. Mr. Wharton—commonly called "Jerry Wharton"—used to go well over Oxfordshire, in Sir Thomas Mostyn's days, but for some years past he has divided his time between Yorkshire and Melton. He is a good horseman, and a bruiser over a country.

One of the *strongest* horsemen I know, is Mr. Reginald Wynniatt, of Guiting Grange, Gloucestershire, well known with all the packs in his part of the world. I have seen a great deal of this gentleman's performance with the Warwickshire, and the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, and although he has not the tender hand of a Worrall or a White, he has that which can lift a horse over, or support him in struggling through, rough fences, and deep countries, equal to any man that ever sat in a saddle. A few years back, he particularly distinguished himself in a run with the duke's hounds from Snell-gorse to Woolford-wood, the pace and country being unusually severe. Mr. Wroughton of Wroughton—in the Craven country—is an eminent horseman, and has had experience in better countries than his own. He is among the welters, but is always well mounted.

Perhaps not many of your readers remember the renowned Jacob Wardell in the field, but I do; and I also remember that it took a very good man to beat him over Leicestershire, where he hunted in Meynell's time. In fact, he appears in the Coplow poem, but not to advantage, having, it seems, not realized on the morrow what he threatened over night. But Mr. Wardell was a horseman, and very good at water, of which he cleared eight yards on his famous grey horse that he sold to the Duke of Rutland for 800 gs. He is likewise a better than com-

mon judge of a hunter, and long after he declined hunting his opinion was sought for in London, when large sums have been to be given. For my own part it always gave me pleasure to see Jacob Wardell in the field. There was something straight-forward, hard, and business-like in his appearance, and his seat on his horse was sportsmanlike and good. He generally rode with a large hooked stick, instead of a whip, which he carried high in his hand—as if a means of defence—which he found useful in pushing open gates; and, in fact, the cane-handled whips of modern days were introduced for that purpose. When I knew him in Leicestershire, he was in the spring of life and so was I; but each may now say—“*Non sum qualis eram.*”

Mr. Willan—better known in the sporting world as “Jack Willan”—must have a good word here, being a top-sawyer and a heavy weight. I have often lamented that, like Mr. Wardell, he preferred other pursuits to fox-hunting, for I consider him a slashing rider, and I am certain both these gentlemen might have enjoyed hunting *gratis*. But to speak seriously—I consider Mr. Willan a very fine horseman, and I once saw almost the largest and most difficult fence taken by him, on his famous sprig-tail horse, that I ever saw taken by any one. It was one of a peculiar description, and might be produced in proof of the wonderful powers of a horse, *under weight*. There was, first, a brook, then a naked space of ground, quite sufficient for his horse to have alighted upon previously to his taking his second leap at the rails which were beyond it, and which his rider intended him to do. Old sprig-tail, however, was up to trap; he had *his suspicion* of the ground not being firm enough for himself and his load, so he cleared the whole at one spring! It must moreover be told, that he was going up hill at the time, and was ridden slowly at the fence, with the expectation of his doubling it, which made the clearing of such space and height, still more remarkable; and also spoke much for the hand of the rider. It was with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, about six years back.

Decidedly the best man Warwickshire ever saw, next to Mr. Robert Canning, is Mr. Henry Wyatt, a native of that sporting county, six feet three inches high—Mr. Canning beat him by an inch—who was chiefly conspicuous in the periods of Lord Middleton and Mr. Shirley hunting that country, although he commenced in Mr. Corbet's time. A more daring rider than Mr. Wyatt there not only could not be, but there need not be; for if it were within the powers of his horse to carry him to hounds, there was nothing wanting on his part. I speak of him now in the past tense, because he has given up hunting; but it is due to him to say, that a more gallant horseman England never saw. From his pace and weight—fifteen stone—the casualties of his stable were considerable, and every now and then *smashing* was the order of the day. On the

other hand, several of his horses stood proof, and of course commanded high prices*. He had, however, a singular piece of ill luck with his famous grey mare, for which he had refused 300 gs. She got cast in her box in the night, and was found dead, from a ruptured blood vessel, in the morning. But I cannot quit Mr. Wyatt yet. As my eyes become spell-bound when looking at such a workman as he was—and I saw much of him—so does my pen stick to my fingers, as if unwilling to drop the subject. I could, indeed, dwell for an hour on the scenes I have witnessed in his presence; and were it not that I might be suspected of a desire to extol myself by sharing his fame, I would relate a few of his master-strokes, I have seen him in all situations with hounds. I have seen him on the wrong side of a large cover, at starting, and I have seen hounds slip away from him owing to other causes. I have known him meet with falls and perplexities, and appear in his place again in a trice, as though he had been dropped from the clouds; but I never heard of, or saw a good run that, if Henry Wyatt was out, he did not see the best part of it and make his appearance at the finish. Neither shall I ever forget one fence I saw him ride over, after his horse had been going some time. It was a hog-back oaken stile, quite as high as his horse's back, on a narrow slippery footpath, and on a considerable ascent. I certainly did not consider it a practicable fence, situated as it was, and was surprised to see him well landed in the next field. To be sure he was upon a rare bit of stuff—his Morgan Rattler horse, long and wide, but not tall.

In an account in your number for March, 1833, of a capital run with Lord Forester's hounds, I observed that the names of the three leading men out of four all began with *W*; namely, Messrs. White, Willerton, and Wing. Your correspondent states, and states truly, that this Mr. Wing was "a famous old sportsman of the late Lord Forester's time." I remember him well; he is a great grazier, and it was he who followed Lord Forester over the Belvoir brook, when his horse cleared the amazing space of ten yards. The brook itself measured twenty-one feet six inches, in the clear. It was in a run from the noted Jericho cover. The well known Bill Wright, of Uppingham, who rode Mr. Patrick's mare in the great Leicestershire steeple-chase and was so near winning it, was in high repute at the same time, and has ever been considered one of the very best men with the Cottesmore hounds. Indeed, at the end of their famous run, some eight or nine years back, from Woodwell-head to Barkby, he was said to have taken such a desperate fence near Gaddesby, that he was for some time alone with the hounds. This leads me to the mention of Tom Wingfield, so many years whipper-in at

* Mr. Maxse gave him either 300 or 400 gs. for one.

Quorn, and afterwards huntsman to Sir Thomas Mostyn, a horseman of great merit. On that celebrated occasion when Messrs. Smith and Lindow ran away from the field on Jack-a-Lantern and The Clipper, one man was visible and only one, and that was Tom Wingfield, who was sinking the wind to reach some earths that were open. Few men could ride better than Tom could before Old Time laid hold of him, and although he himself is fast (*tempus fugit*, says the proverb) he makes others slow. Mr. Whitworth, the Northampton draper, must not be overlooked. He is a good rider, and so is his son. The former once sold a hunter for 500 gs., and several others for large prices—a certain test of their having distinguished themselves. There is a very sporting doctor at Shrewsbury, of the name of Wynoe. He weighs heavy and rides hard, so that a bad horse is never long in his stable. He has bred and sold some good ones. I saw a quick yeoman in Holderness—Mr. Watson, of Wandby; and having got so far to the northward, I must not overlook the renowned “Matty Wilkinson,” as they call that good sportsman, who owns the Hurworth hounds. It is all very fine talking of going “best pace up wind, with your twelve stone men, with twelve thorough-bred ones in their stables.” It reminds me of “the charms of a cottage,” but of a cottage with a double coach-house. The rest, as Crabbe says, is a phantom. So give me a man who mounts his horse eighteen stone, good weight, as Mr. Wilkinson does, and is able to live with hounds best pace, *down wind*. I followed this gentleman for an hour one day, over a very cramped country, as the term is, and I never saw any one handle a horse better than he did his.

I will now make one more cast into the midland counties. There has been a fine rider these last seven or eight years in Oxfordshire—I mean Mr. Webb, of Kiddington-house, well known before in the Old Berkeley hunt. We may put him down as one of the very best going in his part of the world, and I have been pleased to hear some good accounts of his late performance with Mr. Drake's hounds. Barring accidents, he will be “with 'em.” Mr. Wightwick, of Staffordshire goes well—at least *did* when I last saw him, and he had a capital grey horse which he sold to Sir James Musgrave for 300 gs. Colonel Wallace, of the 5th Dragoon Guards is a fine horseman, and was thought much of in the North when I was there. One of his stud was picked out at £400 by Lord Kennedy, for the great steeple-chase between himself and Mr. Ross, but he was superseded by Radical. The Colonel had an awful fall when I was in Yorkshire, having been dragged in his stirrup and badly kicked by his horse. When I was in Surrey, Mr. Edward Woodbridge appeared to me almost the best man in that country. At least he was reputed to be the best in Colonel Jolliffe's hunt. Mr. Richard Williams

—better known as Dick Williams—son of the general of that name, is a proper dare-devil over a country, and a very good horseman withal. The last time I saw him was in Warwickshire, about six years ago, when he was going in his usual dread-nought style. But do I not remember seeing his father doing the same thing? To be sure I do, as the hard riding “Harry Williams” of my boyish days, and to whom I looked up with, I fear, more reverence than to any other being, because I had heard he had swam the river Severn, when bank-full, after hounds. General Williams was, however, one of the best, as well as boldest, riders of his day in Shropshire and the counties neighbouring to it.

Mr. John Wormald—much heavier than he looks to be, possesses all the attributes of a horseman. As for nerve, I can only say I was shown a ravine that he had ridden over in Leicestershire, which I think even Mytton might have declined in his *most daring moments*. Had his horse fallen backwards, inevitable destruction of his rider would have been the consequence; but he kept his legs. I also witnessed another proof of nerve in this bold Yorkshireman, when he was visiting Mr. Nicoll, in the New Forest. Getting upon a horse of mine, he exclaimed—“I wonder whether Nimrod’s horse will jump timber?” and slapped him at a new and high gate, out of a road, which, luckily for his rider, he cleared! His brother Henry I have never seen with hounds, but they have both had good studs at Melton.

Mr. Wood, of Brixworth, in Northamptonshire,—a welter weight—is a good man across country, when he likes his horse, of which he generally has a first rater or two. Mr. Waters, the Veterinary Surgeon of Northampton and Clerk of the Course there, is also a very good one across country, and a useful man in the field, having a good eye to what hounds are about. “The Yorkshireman” I saw gave him a good place last season, at the end of a fine run with Mr. Osbaldeston’s hounds, over some of the best of their splendid country, and doubtless there are many other good W.’s in that sporting “shire” if I could but bring them to my recollection.

I am sorry to say I have never seen Williamson, the Duke of Buccleugh’s huntsman, but, *Deo volente*, I will see him. His namesake Mr. William Williamson, brother to Sir Hedworth,—better known in the North as “Billy Williamson”—is what we call an out-and-outer; “an extraordinary fellow,” says Nim North of him in one of his excellent letters, “for riding over odd places, such as single planks across a brook, with a stile at the end. He walked over one on the 19th inst., when the ditch was quite practicable on either side: and on my remonstrating with him, he said—I like to make them handy.” This is the gentleman whom I ventured to call the Ajax of the field when I saw him in Dur-

ham. But in one respect he differs from that brave man—he is *not invulnerable*, which he ought to be, for the desperate manner in which he rides ; and I saw him have all his upper teeth knocked out in a fall. No doubt one alteration has taken place by this time in Mr. Williamson's riding. He has taken into his consideration the following facts. First, that he is above six feet high, and weighs more than sixteen stone ; and next, that *horses cannot fly*. I don't wonder at the old Yorkshire farmer telling me, that " nought but an iron nag could carry Mister Williamson." John Winter, Mr. Ralph Lambton's huntsman and formerly his pad groom in Leicestershire, has a very fine hand upon a horse, and, though somewhat advanced in life, was still a very good man across a country when I saw him.

The mention of Winter reminds me of two other very celebrated men in the same line—Jack Wood, of the Warwickshire ; and Bob Williams, late whipper-in to the Duke of Cleveland, and previously to Sir Richard Puleston, but commencing his sporting career as whipper-in to Sir Watkin Williams Wynn's harriers—an artist of the first pretensions. But, I fancy I hear you say, " no doubt Bob was famously mounted in the stables of the great Welch Baronet !" Not he, indeed ; Bob's stud would have averaged about £40 a head, being for the most part cat-legged, light-carcased, bits of blood, either turned out of the racing stable as good for nothing, or bought from some neighbouring farmer at the price above quoted. But Bob soon made them fencers if he could make nothing else of them, for he had good courage and a beautiful hand. As a proof of these qualifications, if any friend of the Baronet's had a young horse not quite *au fait* a request was made that Bob should ride him for a month. On my asking him in Yorkshire how he had come off as to broken bones, &c., he thus answered me, and I know he spoke the truth. " I have broke three ribs on one side," said he, " and two on the other ; both collar bones, *and been scalped*." Now I know the horse* that scalped him, by kicking him on the head after throwing him ; but Bob's description of the accident was rich. " He tumbled me down as we were coming away with our fox," said he, " and kicked me on the head till the skin hung down all over my eyes and face ; and *do you know, sir*, when I got to the doctor, *I fainted for loss of blood !*" The last sentence was given in a tone indicative of its creating surprise, that a whipper-in could faint. I dare say Bob conceived that fainting was the peculiar accomplishment of a lady. Bob was a great favourite with the Duke, but was obliged to give up his situation as his Grace's first whip, for reasons I need not state ; and when I was at Raby my horses stood at his stables in Staindrop, where he keeps a public house.

* A vicious brute, called Valentine, that used to be ridden in winkers. No servant should be put on horses of that description.

There is no finer horseman than Jack Wood—superior, I should say, to Bob Williams, having a more graceful seat and a still lighter hand. In fact Wood rides like a gentleman. But he has also been unlucky, having broken a leg, a thigh, and his collar bone. Perhaps Dick Christian would call all this “something *particular*,” although he considered his own fractured leg “nothing particular.”

Were this worthy of being called the Temple of Fame, no man would be more entitled to a niche than Major Wyndham, of the Scotch Greys, or “big Wyndham,” as he is sometimes styled, to distinguish him from others of his name known in the hunting world. Major Wyndham rides over a country, as he fought at Waterloo, with the courage of a lion; and, to carry on the parallel, in an account given of a run with Lord Lichfield’s hounds, in which the writer said “he rode to admiration,” he was compared to flying and heavy artillery, bearing every thing before him by his velocity and weight. He is undoubtedly a most wonderful man over a country—quite a Tom Edge, or a Dick Gurney, though I should imagine never so well mounted as either of them has been, which adds a feather to his plume. He is the same man every where, with hounds. He can go well over the grass, as he has often proved in Leicestershire. He can struggle through fallows, and he can race over downs—which I saw him doing with the East Sussex hounds, a short time before I left England, and at a slapping pace too. But he is a horseman and a sportsman, and I was greatly pleased with the *general* eulogium passed on him in Nim South’s Tour, of 1832. May I be allowed to notice the way in which Major Wyndham buys his horses? Instead of giving £250 for one tried good one—and he could not expect to give less, for his weight and pace—he gives seventy or eighty guineas a piece for three, out of which he is sure to have *one* turn up a trump, and perhaps *two*. Indeed, it *might be three*. I have reason to know that Colonel Henry Wyndham is a prime hand over a country (and he has hunted hounds over one of the roughest in England), but I never saw him in the field, that I am aware of.

Lord Waterford as yet I have not had the happiness of seeing, though, from all accounts, he is quite first rate; and I now conclude my list with two celebrated Meltonians, the Earl of Wilton and Mr. White. Of the former I have seen more in the racing saddle than with hounds; but, having seen him in the field, I am at liberty to speak of what I have observed and heard. His lordship comes under the denomination of a first-rate horseman, and on one or two occasions—particularly in the Duke of Rutland’s famous run from Sproxton-thorns—has “out-stripped his fellows.” But, as the Quarterly says of Earl Jersey, Earl Wilton “does every thing well,” and may be called the fogleman of the fashions, at Melton. Then comes a fogleman of another description, but one

which, *when the pace tells*, not many can get a glimpse of; for, as the song says,

*"White on the right, sir, 'midst the first flight, sir,
Is quite out of sight, sir, of those in the rear."*

Mr. White is now becoming an old Melton resident, having spent at least seventeen or eighteen seasons there, and has invariably been looked upon as a leading man with hounds. Indeed, he may safely be placed amongst the hardest and best riders England ever produced; and, taken in the double capacity of a rider of races and a rider to hounds, is decidedly *the very best*. I consider him the exemplar of horsemen, for he has every requisite attribute. In addition to an elegant seat, he has fine hands, a quick eye, good temper, and undaunted nerve—despite of the awful falls he has had. I am happy to pay this warm tribute to his talents, because it delights me to see a man *excel* in what he undertakes; and as Hudibras says—

*"He who excels in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes."*

Mr. White's character as a rider to hounds is thus put before us, in a very few words. "He was never out in his life," says one who has seen much of and well able to judge him, "whether he liked his horse or not, that he did not try to get to hounds." It will be remembered that this gentleman also once played a duet over the country with Mr. Asheton Smith (as was Lindow's case), every other man being beaten. I allude to the run of nineteen miles, point blank, eight or nine years back, with the Duke of Rutland's hounds, which was commemorated afterwards as "the Belvoir day." The letter Y affords me but one solitary name, but that is a good one. I mean Colonel Yates who used to go so well—and particularly so on his famous stump-tail horse—in the Atherstone country, some years back. He is one of the welters, but a right good man to get to hounds—a first-rate workman, indeed.

I now conclude the subject of "Crack Riders," and hope it may have amused my brother sportsmen. To make a portrait perfect, shades as well as lights should be introduced, and consequently mine is in this respect deficient, for the bright side only is presented. "Comparisons are odious," says the proverb, and as such have been avoided; and the negative praise of pretty horsemen, or neat riders, I have for the most part thought proper to withhold, howmuchsoever the mention of such might have swelled my list. A slow man with hounds, how good soever his horsemanship, is little thought of in these days. He is compared to a squirrel in a cage, labouring hard, but to no purpose, as the further he goes the further he is beat. Quickness is the characteristic of the modern horseman, and I have only noticed a few slow ones. I have

also omitted many fast ones, because they have not come under my observation ; but it is possible I may soon return to the subject, when I may add some who have escaped my recollection at the present time. I may likewise continue my remarks upon riding to hounds, which, I believe, were left in an unfinished state.

NIMROD.

MY GRANDFATHER'S BOOTS.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

FRIEND JOHN,

You have oftentimes indulged in a sneer
At the old pair of boots I've kept year after year,
And I promised to tell you (when "funning" last night)
The reasons I have thus to keep them in sight.

Those boots were my grandsire's (a better ne'er strode
A hunter or hack, in the field—on the road—
None more true to his friend, or his bottle when full,
In short you may call him a thorough John Bull).

Now this world you must own's a strange compound of fate,
(A kind of tee-to-tum resembling of late)
Where hope promised joy *there* will sorrow be found,
And the vessel best trimm'd is oft soonest aground.

I've come in for my share of "Take-up" and "Put-down,"
And that rogue, Disappointment, oft makes me look brown,
And then (you may sneer and look wise if you will)
From those old pair of boots I can comfort distil.

I but cast my eyes on them and old T—y-hall
Is before me again, with its ivy crown'd wall,
Its brook of soft murmurs—its rook-laden trees,
The gilt vane on its dovecot swung round by the breeze.

I see its old owner descend from the door,
I feel his warm grasp as I felt it of yore ;
Whilst old servants crowd round—as they once us'd to do,
And their old smiles of welcome beam on me anew.

I am in the old bed-room that looks on the lawn,
The old cock is crowing to herald the dawn ;
There ! old Jerry is rapping, and hark how he hoots,
“ ’Tis past five o’clock, sir, and here are your boots.”

I am in the old homestead, and there comes “ old Jack,”
And old Wilmot has help’d Master Tom to his back ;
Whilst old *Towler*, old *Gypsey*, and little *Blue-boar*
Lead the merry-tongued hounds through the old kennel door.

I’m by the old wood, and I hear the old cry—
“ Od’s rat ye dogs—wind him ! Hi ! *Towler*, lad, hi !”
I see the old fox steal away through the gap,
Whilst old Bob cheers the hounds with his old velvet cap.

I’m seated again by my old grandad’s chair,
Around me old friends and before me old fare ;
Every guest is a sportsman, and scarlet his suit,
And each leg ’neath the table is cas’d in a boot.

I hear the old toasts and the old songs again,
“ *Old Towler*”—“ *Tom Moody*”—“ *Poor Jack*”—“ *Honest Ben* ;”
I drink the old wine, and I hear the old call—
“ Clean glasses, fresh bottles, and *pipes* for us all.”

I hear the old jokes and the old laugh they raise—
The old tales of old friends and the scenes of old days,
And I see the old winks that to Jerry convey
“ Stop the clock”—that its silence the guests may delay.

Oh ! these are old visions, but brighter each dream
The older it grows to my fancy doth seem,
And I think every evil I’ve known had its root
When I took to the *trouser* and left off the *boof*.

Then can you, Jack, sneer, if my heart won’t consent
To have those old friends from my “ *snuggery*” sent,
To hang at a door in Duke’s-place or Rag-fair,
With this notice chalk’d on them—“ three shillings the pair.”

No, I’m sure you’ll exclaim, “ Let them hang where they are,
Such magians as these are too precious by far ;
And whenever you’re dress’d in your last of all suits,
I’ll take care you have on, Tom, your grandfather’s boots.”

TOM MOODY.

Hints to Sportsmen, ON THE BREEDING AND TREATMENT OF HORSES.

INTRODUCTION.

THE necessity for some papers on this subject is apparent from the singular fact of there not being any publication—scarcely a line indeed—from the pen of a veterinary surgeon, or groom, on the treatment and condition of the Hunter, and especially of the Hunter in work, with the exception of Nimrod's Letters, published unedited, and consequently unrevised, by himself, and at a price beyond the reach of many to whom information, the result of experience touching such subjects, must be valuable. The difficulties and risks also attending the purchase and sale of horses being so notorious, we intend to offer some advice too on these points, as also a concise summary of the Law of Warranty, deduced from the best legal authorities of past and present days.

CHAPTER I.

IN every age of the world there have arisen persons who have upset systems which had been previously considered faultless. Within the last fifty years striking changes have been effected in the management of every description of horse, but particularly the Racer and the Hunter. According to instructions, indeed, given in books written a hundred years ago, the stable preparation of the former for the race course, was not even equal to that now considered necessary for the latter to enable him to follow hounds in the field. It is true the old, and till lately usual, system of summering the hunter in parks and fields, was long since suspected to be a wrong one. Mr. Beckford, in his hitherto unrivalled treatise upon Fox-hunting, says, when recommending his brother sportsmen to turn out their hunters in the summer, "There are *some* who disapprove of grass, saying that when a horse is in good order, the turning him out undoes it all again,"—adding the words, "*it certainly does*;"—yet we have reason to believe that the "*some*" could in those days have been very easily counted, even in the best of the then hunting countries. The fatal predilection for grass, however, in Mr. Beckford's time, getting the better of more weighty considerations, appears to have been mainly caused by the want of knowing how to manage and preserve the feet and legs of hunters during the non-hunting months. But this part of a hunting groom's business becoming now pretty generally understood, the advantages (admitted as we see even in Mr. Beckford's time) of summering the hunter in the stable, have been for some past years very generally resorted to by sportsmen, not only in England but in all parts of the world; and we may with truth assert, that it is to the illu-

tration of those advantages in the several letters of Nimrod on the Condition of Hunters in the Old Sporting Magazine, that the general adoption of them is to be attributed. It is true there are still a few veterinary surgeons, and an *old lady* of the name of Lawrence, who are disposed to uphold the grazing system; but if they would take the trouble to inquire in all those counties in which the powers of horses are most called upon, they will find practice *versus* theory, and that is fearful odds. No person can form so correct an estimate of what is beneficial to horses in their work, as those who put them to severe trials, and thus is the difficult art of training the race horse alone acquired.

Knowing from experience the vast importance of condition to the hunter—in fact that it forms a large portion of his efficiency in the field, and that without it his fine form and high blood are in danger of being rivalled, or even disgraced, by animals naturally very much his inferior, we are induced to yield to the suggestion of numbers of our sporting acquaintances of publishing some instructions on this important subject, which may be within the reach of sporting tradesmen, farmers, grooms, and others, who do not approve of giving fifteen shillings for Nimrod's Letters (the only work now extant) in their scattered and unconnected form. We have good reason to know that the author has never dared to look into the published volume, being aware of the errors and absurdities with which it must abound, from the manner in which it was brought out.

The object of the present treatise being its usefulness, we shall treat our subjects briefly, and in language suitable to every description of reader, from the nobleman to his helper, who may one day become his groom. We will commence then with the hunter in embryo.

Noblemen, gentlemen, and farmers, and indeed various other classes of his Majesty's subjects who have roomy premises and grass land, are tempted to breed hunters, although generally speaking they are not the most profitable stock. It is also singular, that comparatively few of them arrive at the honour of carrying their original possessor. In fact, out of a field of a hundred sportsmen we doubt whether we could find, in any county, more than half a dozen mounted on horses bred by themselves. They will be found to have passed through several hands previously to their reaching theirs. Let us, however, suppose any man to have a well shapen, well bred mare*, originally sound, and free from seri-

* We often lament the antipathy sportsmen have to ride mares, by which many a good one remains untried as a hunter, and gets so knocked to pieces in harness that she is unfit to breed from. For ourselves we have so often seen "the grey mare the better horse," that we no longer believe it to be a fiction in the stable, as well as elsewhere. Most of the great feats in old times have been performed by mares, and what a list of splendid hunters we could make out belonging to that sex.

ous *natural* blemishes—of a good constitution and proved to be stout, which he puts to a bony, thorough-bred stallion, but *none of the half-mile sort*. We need scarcely insist upon the good and nourishing keep of the said mare during the period of gestation, and subsequently, but that of the produce is too often neglected, because it is *only* intended for a hunter. But reader remember the words of the Prince of Fox-hunters, Mr. Warde. “The goodness of most horses,” says he, “goes in at their mouths.” “Now,” said he, once in our hearing, as his hounds were going away with their fox, “we shall see whose horse has been eating *new* oats, and whose have been eating *old*.” There is much truth in this. What produces our gigantic two years old racing colts but their high and forcing keep, from the very day they are foaled? But some persons are afraid to “cram colts with corn,” as they term it. Let us tell them then, that without cramming them with corn two out of three will be worth nothing to sportsmen, and there is no other market but their’s which will remunerate the breeder. When properly managed there is no more danger in feeding young horse-stock plentifully than cattle or sheep-stock, and with the former the effect of physic (the safety valve, as we may here call it) is astonishing in promoting their growth. It should even be administered to them whilst foals, and afterwards periodically, as to horses in work. In short, six horses in every ten of this description owe their false points to indifferent food when young, and their true ones to good food. Great attention must also be paid to their feet from four months old and onward, keeping the toe short, and, by consequence, expanding the heel. Neither must their temper be overlooked. They should be haltered as soon as foaled, and handled with tenderness and care, which obviates the danger of breaking.

Their education for the field is the next step. This should commence early—even in the hands of the breaker. Keeping clear of the horses, and still more so of the hounds, he may occasionally ride him in their wake, thus, as it were, entering him to the business he is designed for. At four years old he may be ridden once a week with harriers, following the chase at a distance, and taking the broken fences in his way. It will give him a fondness for hounds and a confidence in his powers—a great requisite in a hunter; and many a naturally good one is spoiled by being bullied at large fences in his colthood. At five years old a horse is called a hunter, but really miscalled. We maintain that no five year old horse should be ridden with fox-hounds, taking the chances of long or short runs. One of the former may destroy him; and this tardy arrival at perfection in the hunter is a great take-off from the anticipated profit by the breeding of him. For our own part, we have always hated the sight of a five year old horse in our hunting stable, although we have been occasionally well carried by them in the spring of the year, when

the ground rides light and their condition is at its height; but we always dreaded the appearance of curbs, splents, foot fever, big legs, or inflamed eyes, on the morrow, and too often found them after a severe day. It must be observed, that the plan we have laid down for the education of the hunter alludes only to those of high promise, for if every brute bred in a county were to be thus sent to school, a serious evil would be inflicted, and some masters of hounds would go mad.

With gentlemen sportsmen who do not breed them, the chief sources for hunters are sporting farmers and dealers. From the hands of either of these much is required to be done to a horse—old or young—before he is fit to carry a fast riding man to hounds. Barring the wealthy graziers in the crack grass counties of England, few farmers have their horses in any thing like good condition. In the first place, they are badly summered; secondly, their exercise and work are uncertain; and lastly, a point of very great importance, they are not regularly fed. Jack is gone to the mill, or else on an errand for Missis, or perhaps with a cow to the bull, when he ought to be feeding his horse. "*Business*," however, says Missis, "must be attended to; and Master's nag won't hurt if he's not fed till two o'clock instead of twelve." But the fact is, the nag is all this time on the fret, and throwing away the stamina that he may perhaps be in want of on the morrow. In fact, the whole economy of the stable is defective. Dealers' horses are still less fit to take the field. "*Flesh hides many faults*," is a standing proverb with them, though not to be found in Don Quixote, and truly it deceives the best judges. We consider then that the best portion of a year is necessary to bring a horse from the stable of either of this description of persons, to a cover side, in a fit state to be ridden to hounds; and supposing him purchased when five years old at the end of the present season, we will proceed to show in what manner he should be treated to put him into that desirable state by the usual commencement of the hunting season—say the first Monday in November, and the fixture Kirby-gate.

To begin—he should be very carefully looked over by a skilful groom, or we should rather say by a neighbouring veterinary surgeon; and if any incipient ailments are visible, the remedy should instantly be applied. Two light doses of physic should be given to him, and his feet scientifically cleaned out, as the term is, by the drawing knife; when or whether he should be quite stopped from his work, would be a point for his groom to decide upon; but supposing him to be sound, we should say he would be the better for two hours exercise throughout the summer—in the dawn of the morning in the fly season. We cannot bring ourselves to believe, that perfect idleness at one time of the year, in an animal which is to be put to most severe labour at another, can be consistent with rational principles or justified by any argument. Still less

can we persuade ourselves, that a change from rich and exciting food to that which is lowering and debilitating can be conducive to a state of health, or in any wise essential to its preservation. The new purchase, then, now become a six year old, should, in our opinion, be thus treated throughout the summer. He should have a spacious loose box, sufficient to admit of his being in action—if with an outlet of a few square yards during day time, in cool weather, perhaps, the better—and he should be occasionally soiled for three or four days in succession, by the aid of green meat of some sort mixed in almost equal parts with his hay. If not a very large horse, or too low in flesh, or suspected to be delicate in his work, we should say half a peck, imperial measure, of good old oats per day, divided into three feeds, would be sufficient for him during the hot months, provided his hay be sweet. We know some eminent sportsmen—the late Sir H. Goodricke was one—who gave their hunters beans in the summer, but we cannot recommend their use, excepting in peculiar instances, and such we have occasionally met with. As to where a hunter, sound and well, having neither been operated upon nor an invalid, should pass the night at all seasons of the year, we shall never alter an opinion formed upon pretty extensive experience. He is no where so safe from accidents or disease as when shut up in an airy box. The plant of the torrid will not vegetate in the frigid zone; neither can the extremes of our ever varying climate be borne with impunity during three months of the year, by an animal who, during the other nine, had been kept in an artificial state, in a high and *steady* atmosphere. But, speaking still more plainly—can it be expected that every horse, hardy or not hardy by nature, should not be in some way or another affected by lying at one time on dry straw, in a temperature of 63°, and another on the wet ground, with the thermometer under 40° and occasionally under 30°? Indeed, we well remember Nimrod's statement of the severe night's frost he encountered on the box of the Chester mail coach, on the 2nd of May, on his road to the late Mr. Mytton's house, and his finding on his arrival all Mr. Mytton's hunters in the park turned out for the summer! Can it be wondered at, that the best and most valuable of them came up a roarer, and another blind? We say it cannot; for although, to man or beast, nature is more kind and forbearing than upon reflection we could reasonable expect, yet she will not very often remain passive under so daring an outrage of her laws.

A large proportion of the veterinary profession have at length abandoned the out-of-door-at-night system, excepting after severe blistering and firing, when they insist upon the aid of the refrigerating and bracing effects of cold night air. We bow to them and would have recourse to it ourselves if time pressed; but under more favourable circumstances, we have seen such rapid recovery of legs so acted upon by means of

gentle physic, repellent lotions, standing in running water, and *rest*, that if we had a hunter that carried us *quite to our taste*, we should risk something ere we said to our groom, "Let that horse remain out all night."

But we are over-shooting the mark, for we have not got our six year old horse into condition, and fit to appear at Kirby-gate, which we will now proceed to do. Supposing him to have been going gently all the summer, this is soon effected. A little work over the soft fallows, or any other soft ground, in August, and then a little physic, and afterwards some stronger work—*stronger still as the season approaches*—is all that is necessary except a few alterative balls to assist his general secretions, and purify his whole system. Bleed him not, unless attacked by disease; for with the food and treatment we have prescribed, and from the effects of his gentle sweats and alterative medicine, his blood will neither be too redundant, nor become foul, and in good hands we will warrant his appearing in tip-top twig by the first week in November, and a better horse by at least a stone, than if he had been summered at grass. The Editor of the Veterinarian, in his Review of Nimrod's Letters on the Condition of Hunters, says (p. 648), "A horse out of condition, and a horse in condition, are two different animals. As Nimrod happily imprints it upon the mind, *in person* he is the same; in *re*, quite another being; in the one state, weak and powerless; in the other equal to greater exertion of power and speed combined, than any other animal which the hand of nature has formed"—and such we hope would the six year old hunter appear, which we have endeavoured to exhibit upon paper.

Now then for the hunter summered in the field,—but really it is so long since we have ever been eye witnesses of this slow, unsportsman-like, proceeding, that we scarcely feel ourselves confident that our memory will furnish us with the generally considered best method to pursue with him. We can, however, without much stretch of our imagination, fancy we see a strong-constituted, hard-feeding bay gelding brought into his owner's stable, on the 12th of August, the usual time—from some neighbouring gentleman's park, or from his own rich grass grounds. If the summer have been dry, and the land sweet, he has accumulated a mountain of flesh, and has every appearance of being within three weeks of foaling. But we must be allowed to state what this mountain is composed of. If cut into it would resemble the oleaginous, or oily flesh of the ox fatted for market, rather than that of the one which has been labouring daily in the yoke; but it would be widely different from the tough and stringy texture of the same horse's flesh when he was turned out to grass at the end of the previous hunting season. He was in fact at that period a mass of muscle—he is now a mass of flesh. What then is to be done with him to relieve him from this plethoric state,

and enable him to follow hounds. Why the first thing we recommend is what the late Mr. Canning recommended to his suffering countrymen—*Patience*. At least one third of out of door summered hunters have been ruined by being hurried in their work, to get rid of their grass flesh, and to put on better. In spite of all we have read, and indeed of what we now read, of the purgative effects of spring grass, the grass-fed hunter has always been physiced *most severely* on being taken to house—aye, even to the production of very severe debility, apparent by the cedematous state of his legs. This appears to us to savour of inconsistency, or at all events damnatory of the much insisted on operation of spring grass; for if a horse be purged in May and June, whilst remaining in a quiet and nearly natural state, what occasion can there be for physicing him again in July or August, and so severely too (three doses in succession, followed by about as many urine balls)? But, reader, take our word for it, that *there is no physic in spring grass*, and that Dr. Solomon himself was never half such a quack as the very celebrated Dr. Green. On the contrary, we are quite certain that if a horse be turned out to grass foul, he will come up from it still more foul*. We do not then object to physic on stabling the grass-fed hunter. On the contrary, it will help to get rid of some of the filth and abomination that has entered into his system, but it should be proportioned to the then state of the animal, and the doses not follow each other too closely. But

* The writer upon the "Horse," in the Farmer's Series (Library of Useful Knowledge Part II.) says, "The spring grass is the best physic that can possibly be administered to the horse. To a degree which no artificial aperient or diuretic can attain, it carries off every humour which may be lurking about the animal." Here is another striking instance of the folly of not employing a practical man to write on these subjects, as the experience of any sportsman would have prevented his asserting such an absurdity as this. Now hear what Mr. Percival says, in his Lecture on Staggers (p. 438), so prevalent among the Ordnance horses, at Woolwich, which he tells us, having become low in condition and stale upon their legs, were turned into the marshes to recruit their strength. "No case was more common," says he, "than an attack of staggers among these horses, which my father (as eminent in practice as himself) attributed to the luxuriant pasture they were *suddenly* (mind the word suddenly, reader!) turned into, which invariably loaded them with fat, and consequently plethorized their systems—combined with the dependent posture of the head." &c. It is true, that the writer in the Farmer's Series does admit among the evils of a run at grass (p. 56, No. 2.) "a host of tormentors, in the shape of flies, from sunset to sunrise; running and stamping to rid himself of his plagues, his feet battered by the hard ground,"—a nice recipe, reader, for "removing every enlargement and strain"—"superior to all the embrocations and bandages of the most experienced veterinarian—the renovating process of nature!!!" We earnestly recommend the writer to try this experiment on his own leg, when next he sprains an ankle. Let him stamp a brick floor one half of the day, and run around his house the other. Observe also, page 57, his advice that the hunter should be turned out "as soon as possible after the hunting season is over!" What! to encounter a hot sun and north easterly winds by day, and sharp frosts by night!

unfortunately for the horse, physic judiciously given does not get rid of superfluous flesh, and it is in accomplishing this that the grass-fed hunters have been destroyed. Here, again we cry, "*Patience.*" No galloping on hard ground and on legs tottering under the superincumbent weight. The great point to be observed in this stage—we mean the first two months—of the grass-fed hunter's conditioning is, to keep him out, in gentle exercise, several hours every day. Nothing else will harden his flesh and invigorate his frame. Profuse sweating is at this time injurious and for the best of reasons—the animal is not in a state to bear it. In the month of October, ground hard or soft,—he must do some strong work if he is to appear at the cover side in November, but even then he is little better than an offensive mass of fat, blubber, and froth. Hence originated, we believe, the phrase, "stinking for a gallop," as the old ones were used to say of their stud, when anticipating the opening of the season.

WALTHAM ABBEY STEEPLE-CHASE.

THIS event came off on Wednesday the 14th of January, in the presence of an immense concourse of spectators, and afforded excellent sport. The four miles of ground selected commenced at a field belonging to Mr. Gingle, near Epping Church, continued (over a fine and somewhat hilly country) through farms in the occupation of Messrs. Dyson, Chapman, &c., and finished on Broomstick Hall Common, about three quarters of a mile on the other side of Waltham Abbey. The fences were numerous and severe, and two or three awkward brooks served to give variety to the jumping, the last of these being within half a mile of the winning-flags. There were no double or ox fences, but the leaps, without being dangerous, were admirably calculated to try the nerves and capacities of horses and riders; nearly the whole of the four miles was over grass land. The Sweepstakes was for 5 sovs. each, and the weight 12st. The distance, nearly four miles, with thirty-six fences to clear, and the brook four times, was done under fifteen minutes.

The following is the order in which the horses came in:—

Mr. Anderson's ch. m. Hare.....	Mr. Rice
Mr. Bean's Hawk's Eye	Capt. Beecher
Capt. Jenkins's h. h. Brush	Mr. D. Seffert
Mr. James Reynolds's ch. m. Cripple.....	Mr. Charlton
Mr. Elmore's b. g. Orion	Mr. Bean
Mr. Henry Osborne's b. g. Liberty.....	Mr. J. Mason
Mr. Brown's (jun.) w. g. Robin Grey.....	Owner
Mr. Heward's b. m. Parasol	T. Rickman, Esq.
Major Brandon's Venture.....	Mr. H. Newman
Mr. Bryan's Harlequin.....	Owner.

The Omnibus Ruisance;

A TALE OF TRANSFORMATIONS.

—
"De rebus omnibus et quibusdam aliis."
 —

ONE morning, in the month of May last, I set out from my mother's house, in Bryanstone-square, charged with a variety of commissions. The first on my list led me to Tattersall's, and I therefore walked straight down to Cumberland-gate, and crossed the Park. I had got as far as Hyde-Park-Corner, and was crossing over the road, towards Grosvenor-place, when I felt somebody lay hold of my arm. I looked round, and there was my friend, Markham Lane. He shook hands with me, exclaiming, "How are you, old fellow? I am so glad to see you!" "Why," I replied, "I thought you were in the West Indies —," and was going on, when our greetings were interrupted by a sudden "Hei! hei!" and, on turning sharp round, I saw a cab almost upon us. I jumped on one side, Lane on the other, and we both contrived to get clear. But it had hardly passed before I heard "Hei! hei!" again, and had just time enough to see an omnibus coming the opposite way, and that it was impossible to escape it. The next moment the pole struck me on the shoulder, and knocked me down; the horses trotted on, and trampled upon me; I got a lick on the head from the hoof of one, and felt two wheels pass over me. I had fallen just in a part of the road which was in a course of repair, and laid with sharp Mc Adam stones. I thought that all my ribs, and indeed every bone in my body was broken. There I lay, in extreme pain, and utterly unable to move, for I suppose about a minute, when suddenly I felt the ground move from under me. It rocked violently three or four times—a great chasm opened: down I fell into it, and the earth closed above me. I was in perfect darkness—my head went round, and I knew not what became of me. When I came to myself, I found that I was sitting in some carriage, but what it was, or where going, I could not tell, for it was pitch dark. The sun however broke out all at once, and I saw that I was at the mouth of a great tunnel.

The carriage stopped, and I looked about, and thought I recognised the place. By my side sat two gentlemen, and opposite to me two ladies and another gentleman, not one of whom I knew. The door opened; a conductor in a green livery asked for our tickets. The man next to me put his hand in his waistcoat pocket; I did the same instinctively, and pulled out a scrap of paper on which was inscribed "No. 81." The conductor took it, at the same time telling me "Your bag is under the seat, sir." I looked, and there was my bag sure enough; I was sitting

also upon my own cloak, though how they had got there was more than I could tell. Somebody said, "Go on." On we went, and in about half a minute, the rate at which we were moving left no longer any room to doubt that we were on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. When I had ascertained this fact, I put my head back in the corner, and in two minutes I was asleep.

The stopping of the carriage awoke me, and finding we had arrived at Manchester, I got a fly, and in a few minutes was safely deposited at one of the inns. I walked into the coffee-room, and took up a newspaper, when the first thing that presented itself was a paragraph, headed with my own name. "Mr. George Sunburn.—We are concerned to state that no tidings of Mr. George Sunburn have yet reached his family. He left his mother's house, in Bryanstone-square, we understand, on the 15th instant, leaving word that he should return home to dinner, and was observed shortly afterwards walking in Hyde-park; but no clue whatever to the cause of his mysterious disappearance has yet been obtained." As soon as I had read this, I thought the best thing I could do would be to go up to town at once, and account for my disappearance in person. I was not aware what money I had got; but on putting my hand in my pocket, I found five sovereigns and some silver, besides my cheque-book. I went out and booked myself by the first coach to town; I then returned to the inn and got some dinner—and in a couple of hours from the time I had arrived at Manchester was on my way to London. At eight o'clock the next evening I reached the Golden-cross. I thought if I went at once to Bryanstone-square, without giving my mother notice of my return, it might probably alarm her. I decided therefore, as the most prudent plan, to remain and sleep where I was, and rest myself after my journey.

When I woke in the morning it was nearly ten o'clock. I jumped up, dressed as quick as I could, and went down stairs to breakfast. Handsomes', the bankers, being close at hand, I thought I might as well get some money at once. Accordingly I called the waiter, wrote a cheque for £50, desired him to send it immediately by somebody whom he could trust, and went on with my miserable bad coffee and the newspaper. I was in the midst of one of Lord Brougham's speeches on the Poor Laws Amendment Bill, when I heard some one come into the room. I looked up, and saw Mr. Henry Handsome, one of the bankers. I wondered what could bring him there just then. However, I was very glad to see him; held out my hand, and asked him how he did. He drew himself up, and stared at me (without saying anything), and then at the waiter, to whom I had delivered the cheque a few minutes before. The waiter said very gravely, "That's the gentleman, sir." Mr. Handsome beckoned to somebody outside, and immediately in walked a policeman,

right up to my table, and making me a bow, he addressed me, "I am very sorry, sir, but you must come along with me, if you please." I asked what for, and where. "To the station-house first, sir, and then to Marlborough-street." "But what for?" I repeated. "For forging a cheque, sir." "Forging the devil! you have made some mistake," I said. "Mr. Handsome, what is the meaning of all this? Don't you know me?" "No," said Mr. Handsome, "I have not that pleasure; I never saw you in my life before." I was dumb-founded. I asked if I might finish my breakfast. The policeman said he was very sorry indeed, but I must come immediately. "Might I pay my bill?" "Yes, if I would make haste." As soon as I had settled for my bed and breakfast, I told them I was ready. "Then come along, sir," said the policeman; and out I marched to the station-house, escorted by the policeman, Mr. Handsome, one of his clerks, and the Golden-cross waiter and porter. When we arrived there I was asked by the sergeant on duty my name; and when I gave it, Mr. Handsome stared at me, as much as to say, you are a cool impudent fellow. I was searched, and the cheque-book of Handsomes' house, as well as the remains of my five sovereigns were taken from me. In two minutes we proceeded on to Marlborough-street; here I was handed over to the care of another policeman, who put me in a room with eight or ten most villainous looking thieves, pickpockets, and disorderlies. In ten minutes or a quarter of an hour I was called into the public room, and placed at the bar. On the bench with the magistrates sat Mr. Henry Handsome, the banker. The depositions were taken. The waiter said that I had arrived the night before by the "Pioneer" coach from Manchester; that this morning I had in his presence written the cheque, and directed him to send it to the banker's; and that he had delivered it to the porter. The porter stated that he had presented it at the bank; and the clerk that he had detained the porter, and shown the cheque to Mr. Henry Handsome. Mr. Henry Handsome declared, that the handwriting bore such a resemblance to Mr. Sunburn's, that he should not have dreamt of its being a forgery, but knowing that that gentleman had not been heard of for some days, he questioned the porter who had brought it, who referred him to the waiter, and upon their information he had procured a policeman and apprehended me at breakfast, at the Golden-cross. Both Mr. Handsome and his clerk declared also that they knew Mr. Sunburn perfectly well; and that I bore not the least resemblance to him in person. One of the magistrates asked me if I wished to say anything, at the same time cautioning me that I need not unless I liked it; and that whatever I said would be all taken down in writing. "Thank you, sir," I answered; "I have nothing whatever to say, except that I *am* Mr. Sunburn, and that Mr. Handsome and his clerk both know it." "A jury must judge of that,"

replied the magistrate; and the clerk was directed to make out my commitment. I asked if I might send for any witnesses who could identify me. "Oh!" said the same gentleman who had addressed me before, you will have plenty of opportunities of sending for witnesses before your trial—take him away, policeman." A policeman touched my arm, and I followed him. "Where am I going to?" I asked. "To Newgate," replied the officer. There I duly arrived in less than an hour, and was introduced to the governor of the gaol, Mr. Vintner, who received me with great politeness, took me to his own house, offered me some luncheon, and said he was very glad to assure me that I should not be kept waiting for my trial, as the sessions were going on, and he had received a communication from one of the judges to have me in readiness immediately; that as it was extremely inconvenient to Mr. Handsome, the banker, to be kept from his business, he had been applying for the trial to take place at the earliest possible moment. "He is very kind," I said; "but I should like to send for my solicitor, and get some witnesses." "I will send for you with great pleasure, sir, immediately," said Mr. Vintner; but he had no sooner said it, than I was called for, and conducted through various passages, and at last up a large flight of steps, into court. I was led immediately to the dock. The jury were sworn. The indictment was read, describing me in one count as George Sunburn, and in another as a man whose name was unknown, but whose person was well known; and charging me with forging a cheque for the payment of fifty pounds of lawful money of Great Britain; and also with uttering such cheque, knowing it to be forged, with intent to defraud—a whole string of names—the bankers.

I was called upon to plead—"How say you, prisoner, are you guilty of this felony with which you are charged, or not guilty?" "My lords," I said (for I saw two judges on the bench whom I recognised to be Baron Sealy and Mr. Justice Greathill, and near them Mr. Handsome, the banker, who was conversing with a couple of important looking aldermen; and on looking around, beheld the sheriffs with their white wands stuck up in their sentry-boxes—barristers, attorneys, reporters, amateurs, and all the crowd of spectators with which a criminal court is always crammed)—"My lords, I have an application to make to your lordships before I plead." Baron Sealy motioned to me to go on. I pulled out my watch and looked at it, then at a large clock against one of the walls, and then at the judge; at the same moment my eye caught the squint of a red-haired reporter, with his note-book and pen all ready to scribble down every sentence that was uttered. "My lords, it is now five minutes past three—" "Well!" said Baron Sealy—there was dead silence, and I went on. "I was apprehended this morning at eleven o'clock; I have not been a quarter of an hour in this gaol, nor have I

had any opportunity to see one of my friends, to obtain legal assistance, or send for witnesses. My application to your lordships therefore is, that my trial may be postponed till to-morrow."

The two judges put their heads together for half a minute, and shook them. Baron Sealy then addressed me: "Prisoner, it is very painful to refuse anything to a person in your situation, but it is quite impossible to postpone your trial till to-morrow. Were we to do so, we should be bound to accede to similar applications from every one who might think proper to make them, and I dare say, that in such cases (turning to his colleague) it would take at least a month to deliver the gaol." "Can it be postponed, my lord," I asked, "for a single hour?—my defence rests entirely upon a question as to the identity of my person. If I had till to-morrow, I could collect at least fifty witnesses who know me; but even in an hour, if I might have so much time, I could procure some.—My lord, it would not take long to send as far as the Temple; all the porters there know me by sight perfectly well. If your lordship would direct Mr. Cope, the marshal, to bring into court every person whom he can find there with a white apron and a badge upon his arm, I shall be perfectly ready to take my trial as soon as they arrive." While I was speaking, I saw a wig squeezing its way through one of the narrow entrances to the table—in came Mr. Gustavus. Mr. Pelican spoke across the table to him immediately: "Gustavus, do you defend Doherty?" "Doherty—Doherty," said the other, looking at a list, putting his hand into his bag, pulling out half a dozen books, and twice as many briefs; "yes." Up got Mr. Pelican—"My lord, we are ready with Doherty and Smith." "Do you prosecute?" said the judge. "Yes, my lord." "I will send then to the Temple," he added, addressing me. I was directed to stand down. I took my seat on a bench near the door, by the side of a couple of fierce-looking ruffians, who were called up immediately. There I remained under the surveillance of a turnkey, waiting for the arrival of my witnesses, in a state of mind not at all to be envied, grumbling and muttering to myself, and vowing vengeance against Mr. Handsome, the banker.

The trial of Messrs. Doherty and Smith bid fair to last a long time. Mr. Pelican made a speech about half an hour long, and was proceeding to call his first witness, when up got Mr. Gustavus, and submitted—that the indictment was bad; that there was a misjoinder, which rendered it vicious, and entitled the prisoners to an acquittal. Mr. Pelican was heard on the other side, and Mr. Gustavus in reply; when the jury were directed to acquit the prisoners. The judge admonished them, and the fellows walked away grinning and chuckling. My name was then called, and again I was brought to the bar. The Temple porters had arrived, and I pleaded "Not guilty." The banker and his clerk, the

Golden-cross waiter and porter, and the policeman, in a few minutes told the same story as they had done at Marlborough-street. The banker and his clerk insisted they had never seen me before. The counsel for the prosecution, whose name was unknown to me, but whose person was well known, turned round to the bench—"That is the case, my lord." I was told I might make my defence, and call my witnesses. "May it please your lordships," I began—"Gentleman of the jury, I have very little to say to you—it is all true that I did write this cheque, just as the witnesses have told you, but it is also true that I am Mr. George Sunburn, and that I have a considerable balance in Mr. Handsome's house. He says he does not know me—he never saw me before. How he has contrived to forget me, he himself best knows. It is little more than a week since I dined at his house, and, if I had had time to have sent to them, I would have called before you every gentleman who dined with him that day; but though I have had hardly time allowed me to send for any one who does know anything about me, still I shall be able to satisfy you that I am George Sunburn. How many people are there here from the Temple?" I asked. One of the officers answered there were ten. "Put any one in the box," I said. The first witness was sworn. I began to examine him: "Your name is Carter?" "Yes." "Do you know me?" "No, sir." "No!" I replied in astonishment. "Do you not recollect my living in Mr. Woodville's chambers, in Pump-court for nearly two months during the last long vacation?" "No, sir." "Who did live there then during all last August?" "Mr. Sunburn." "And do you mean to say that I am not Mr. Sunburn?" "Certainly not, sir; I never saw you before." "Do you recollect my kicking you down stairs out of Mr. Archer's chambers, in Pump-court, because you said so much noise was made, and you must stop it, and complain to the benchers?" "No, sir; Mr. Sunburn did—and he gave me a sovereign the next day." "Is Mr. Sunburn anything like me?" "Not in the least, sir; besides he is a head taller." "Why then," I said, "I suppose I must have lost my own head!"—and I heard a suppressed laugh all round. "Then you don't know me at all?" "No, sir; I never saw you before." "Well then, stand down." With the next witness I was equally unfortunate. He had cleaned my boots and shoes day after day, and he acknowledged that he had cleaned Mr. Sunburn's, but he knew nothing of me. Another had taken parcels and letters for Mr. Sunburn, but one and all disclaimed all knowledge of me. When I had examined them all—"Well, my lord," I said, "it seems that they know nothing of me. If they all choose to forget me, I cannot help it—that is my case." As soon as I had finished, his lordship turned round—"Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard this; is it necessary that I should sum up?" The jury put their heads together, and in a few seconds answered

all in a breath—"No—no—no! my lord, not at all—oh no!" I was found guilty. The two judges then consulted together for a short space, and Mr. Baron Sealy thus addressed me: "Prisoner, you have been convicted on the clearest evidence of forging and uttering, knowing it to be forged, a cheque for the payment of £50, with intent to defraud John Handsome, Henry Handsome, and others, their partners. Had that offence been committed but a very short time since, your life would have paid the forfeit; I could not have recommended your case to the favourable consideration of his majesty. By the humanity, however, perhaps I may say the mistaken humanity, of a recent act of Parliament, I am spared the painful task of passing upon you a sentence of death. It is too evident, I am sorry to say, that you are no novice; indeed, that on the contrary, you are an accomplished proficient in crime. The accurate resemblance of the handwriting, such as would in an ordinary case have deceived the bankers' clerk, and even Mr. Henry Handsome himself, had not the disappearance of the gentleman whose name you have forged excited suspicions; the unaccounted for possession of the cheque-book, proved to be that of Mr. Sunburn; your knowledge of various circumstances which appear to have happened to him (how obtained is best known to yourself), lead strongly to the belief that some misfortune has befallen him, which cannot be unknown to you, and which, if you yourself have not been instrumental in causing it, you have endeavoured to turn to your own advantage. I should ill perform my duty to the public were I to pass upon you a sentence less than the extreme which the law permits me. The sentence upon you is, that you work like a horse for fourteen years!"

His lordship ceased—down fell a great drop-curtain—barristers, witnesses, spectators, were all gone. I felt something round my neck—I was pulled up and tied to a wall, but by whom I could not see. I thought I was going to be hanged or tortured. Suddenly I heard "clank-clank, clink-clank, clink-a-clank, clank-a-clink, clank." I turned my head as far as the rope would allow me, and saw three blacksmiths at work with a piece of hot iron. One of them took it up and put it into a pail of water—"phiz—phiz." There was a blazing fire, and a great bellows blowing away in formidable long puffs; somebody put his hands upon me, and asked—"Will he bite?" "No," answered another voice; "he is very quiet." Upon which the first speaker laid hold of me by the nose and opened my mouth, looked into it, and shut it again. I thought it all very odd. My trousers were gone, and when I looked down at my legs, and saw the colour and shape of them, and tried to feel for my arms but found instead that I had got two more legs; when moreover I felt the flies crawling over my skin and biting me, I became satisfied that I actually was a horse. Presently one of the operators came, put one of

my legs in his lap, took off my old shoe, and began cutting and paring, and hammering. I had fresh shoes put on all round, and submitted as patiently as I could; I felt nevertheless rather nervous while the nails were being knocked in. When it was all over, I was led out into a street, which I at once recognised to be East-street, Southampton, up the High-street, through the Bargate, to some stables at the back of the Coach and Horses, close to Mr. Page's nursery-garden, where I found four other horses. There were no stalls, and we were separated only by brails. We were all dressed, and watered, and fed; and our beds were made, during which time I was rather awkward, and afraid the pitchfork would be stuck into me. Our racks were then filled with hay, and at last we were shut up, and left to ourselves. The others began to pick up their corn—I felt hungry myself, so I followed their example as well as I could. I was munching away very quietly, when my next neighbour pricked up his ears, and turning his head, addressed me—"May I take the liberty of asking your name?" I told him. "You don't seem to like your corn," he said. "I can't say I do," I replied; "it is the first time I have had such a dinner." "Indeed!—why then you have only just become a horse?" "Just so," I answered. "May I venture to ask the particulars of your transformation?" "Certainly," I said; and I proceeded to give them to him, but I had got a very little way in my story, when he interrupted me—"Surely you are not George Sunburn?" "I am, indeed," I said. "Why then," he replied, "I am Scramble, of Trinity-hall."

Great was our astonishment at meeting. I told him all that had happened to me, and when I had finished, I asked him in his turn to give me his history. "I will do so," he replied, "with much pleasure to-morrow; at present I would recommend you to finish your corn, and lie down and go to sleep. I will only tell you first what you will have to do to-morrow—and let me introduce you to my friends on the other side, Mr. White, Mr. Brown, and Mr. Bolter. You said you knew you were at Southampton, but you are not aware, perhaps, that you will have to work to-morrow morning in the Southampton Telegraph. The speed of the mail has just been increased, and its time shortened one hour between here and London. Trotter, of St. John's, who did run with us, as near wheeler, has been removed to it, and is to go out his first journey at ten o'clock to-night. You, I presume, are to supply his place." I asked if Taylor drove still, and if we ran to the stables at Chandler's Ford. "Yes," he said; "and you cannot have a better coachman. I am going to lie down now, and I would recommend you to do the same—so good night."

I slept very soundly. When I awoke in the morning, I could not at first recollect where I was, but somebody came in, took me out into the

yard, and scrubbed me over with a broom. Then we were all watered and fed, and dressed and harnessed. I did not feel at all comfortable in harness—with a bit in my mouth, my head kept back by a bearing rein, and my shoulder pinched with a collar that was rather too small for me; but there was no remedy, so I grinned and bore it. Still more uncomfortable did I feel when I was put to. My friend Scramble was with me. Mr. Taylor came, and we started very quietly out of the yard, and went down to the bottom of the town and up again. I found as soon as I got out of the yard that at all events I could go. When we came back to the coach-office, Mr. Taylor praised me, and patted me; he said I had a very light mouth, and rowed the horsekeeper for poling me up so tight. Our load were being completed, our leaders put to. Half a dozen other coaches were at the door, starting for Bath, Oxford, Portsmouth, Cheltenham, and Weymouth. I looked out for the Independent; it came by very light; a minute after we followed, and passed it at the Asylum, where it was stopping to take up a passenger. On I went, trotting out very satisfactorily, my friend Scramble complimenting me upon my action. I did very well, except that my collar galled me; but when we began to descend Marlbrook-pond Hill I found it no joke to hold back with a heavy load behind me. I made a false step, and a blunder, for which Mr. Taylor gave me the double thong. This I did not at all approve of, and I shewed my displeasure by kicking; in so doing I hurt my own heels, and got a couple more double thongs, and the coach began to sway about. Scramble however gave me a gentle bite, and stopped me. He said I had much better be quiet, I should do myself no good, and it would only make the work uneasy for all of us. I ceased therefore kicking; still my mouth was pulled about, so that I could not forbear shaking my head; but I settled gradually into steady work again, and got through my first journey very much better than I had anticipated. We were well taken care of at Chandler's Ford. When we had all been made comfortable, and finished our luncheon, I asked Scramble to recount his adventures. After one or two coughs—for he had a small cold upon him—he began as follows: "I think," commenced Scramble, "we have not seen one another since I took my bachelor's degree. After that, you may recollect, I went abroad. For two years I travelled over the Continent—Spain and Portugal, the South of France, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany. I don't intend to inflict a history of my travels upon you at present; I did intend publishing an account of them at one time, and if ever I should be restored to humanity, perhaps I may yet do so. When I came home, my father wished me to go into the church—I said I would do anything he wished except that; upon which he recommended the law. I hated the idea of law most cordially; nevertheless I submitted—was entered of Lincoln's Inn—got chambers—

and went to read with a special pleader, a Mr. Shadow, in the Temple. Of all dry and disgusting studies in the world, I think special pleading is the worst. I worked however with tolerable diligence, and became reconciled to it, especially as my fellow pupils—half a dozen of them—were all very sociable and agreeable fellows. One day one of them, whose father was a considerable West India proprietor, proposed to me to go down to the House of Commons and hear a debate on the West India Slavery Question. We struck work therefore—I leaving unfinished a replication in trover, about a haystack, which some one was stated to have casually found; and he stopping short in the middle of the sixth count of a declaration against somebody for having, with force and arms, and against the peace of our sovereign lord the King, his crown and dignity, cut a switch out of somebody's hedge. We adjourned to my chambers, had a mutton-chop, some Stilton cheese, and Scotch ale, and then walked down to Westminster, and got located in the gallery of the House.

"I had never been there before, and was a good deal disappointed with the proceedings. For hours nothing was done, except presenting petition after petition, upon all sorts of subjects. I was sick of hearing the speaker for ever repeating—'Those who are of that opinion say "aye"—the contrary, "no"—I think the "ayes" have it.' At last a debate arose upon the question whether a petition should be printed; strangers were ordered to withdraw, and we were all bundled out. My special pleading friend told me to stick close to him, and make a charge up another staircase, by which we were to re-enter the gallery. I pushed and squeezed with the rest—we were all huddled together, waiting about ten minutes, and then were readmitted. The order for the second reading of the Slavery Bill came on—up got Mr. Holdforth. I listened with profound attention, but when I heard him gravely propose that the proprietors should be compensated for the loss of their slaves by a loan of twenty millions, for which they were to pay five per cent. interest, I exclaimed involuntarily, at the top of my voice, 'What a damned shame!' All eyes were turned towards me immediately, and I heard several voices cry—'Order in the gallery—take him into custody!' One of the officers came round, made me his prisoner, reported it to some one else, the debate was stopped, and I was ordered to appear at the bar forthwith. The speaker having asked my name and residence, and what I was, when I had satisfied him upon these points, inquired if I wished to say anything to the house in explanation of or apology for my conduct. 'In explanation, sir,' I answered, 'I have nothing to say; my observation was very simple—so much so, that any attempt at explanation would render it less clear than it is at present. I think, moreover, that it is perfectly true—and having made it, I cannot

retract it; at the same time I would wish to state, that it was purely an involuntary expression—I could not restrain myself at the moment; and I very much regret that I should have caused any interruption to the debate.’ The speaker signified to me that I might withdraw. I was taken out, and sent for again in a few minutes, when he thus addressed me: ‘Samuel Scramble, you have committed a gross and flagrant breach of the privileges of this House—and that in two respects; first, as regards the presence of strangers in the House at all during a debate; and secondly, in scandalously and uncourtously interrupting the business of the House. If you have not yet learnt that by the ancient and undoubted privileges of the House of Commons no stranger is permitted to print, publish, listen to, or even be present at a debate, still less to offer any interruption to their debates or proceedings, it will be my duty to impress it upon you in such a way, that you may remember it for the future. It is very far from the wish of the House to visit offences with undue severity. They are anxious only to assert and vindicate their own rights; and when you were asked if it was your wish to explain or make any apology, had you shown any signs of contrition—had you even been content to preserve silence—and if you could not offer anything in extenuation of your conduct, had you abstained from a further aggravation of it, a moderate punishment might have sufficed. The House, however, considers what you have stated to be such an aggravation of the original offence—such a manifestation of a turbulent and unconstitutional spirit, which, if unrestrained, and permitted to circulate at large, may produce incalculable mischief, that I am constrained to pass upon you the severest sentence in my power. The sentence of the House upon you is, that you be transformed into a horse, and in that capacity undergo hard labour for the space of fourteen years.’

“As soon as he had passed sentence upon me, a most extraordinary scene took place. I heard up in the gallery behind me a confused noise, like the howling and baying of hounds; I looked round, thinking what a monstrous breach of privilege was taking place, and found that all the strangers and reporters had actually been changed into hounds, and were all rushing and squeezing, and crowding through the door as well as they could. I turned to the body of the House again, and every member was on horseback—and at the same moment I felt something in my mouth, and somebody on my back, who gave me a gentle touch of the spur in my side—I had hardly time to look at myself; but it was too evident that I also had become a horse. Every one rushed to the door immediately—I dashed in amongst the crowd, and threading two or three passages, got out, and at one leap cleared the flight of steps into Westminster-hall. Twenty or thirty of us were there already—the hounds were running through the other door into Palace-yard. The speaker,

who acted as huntsman, took off his wig, waved it, gave a shrill halloo, and shouted—‘Hark forward! Tally-ho!—those who are of that opinion say “aye”—the contrary, “no”—I think the “ayes” have it.’ Away we all galloped! There were cabs and hackney coaches all adrift—one or two upset—their owners swearing—policemen, watermen, and foot-passengers running. I made a cut through a passage into Bridge-street, and over Westminster-bridge, close upon the hounds, knocking down one or two people in my way. There were several riders with me on the bridge, and I could see, over the battlements, some of them swimming across the river. On we went at full speed to the Elephant and Castle, where two or three coaches that were at the door bolted away, and one of them upset with a terrible crash. We kept on the road till past Newington, when we struck off to the right, and got down very soon near the river, among fields and cabbage-gardens, at Battersea; here we had some severe fencing. We turned away from the river again, and crossed the Kingston-road, near Wandsworth-church; from thence, at a slapping pace, over Putney-beath and Wimbledon-common, back again to the Kingston-road, at the top of Robin-Hood-hill, to Richmond-park. I went right at the palings, and got over, leaving two or three behind me planted in the road; I believe, however, they contrived to find or make a gap for themselves. Some more had got in at other places, and we mustered about fourteen or fifteen inside the park. Here we viewed our fox. I saw him run into the Zoological Asylum, amongst birds and beasts, with the hounds at his brush. The confusion inside I thought must have been something like storming a stockade. They made their way straight through, and I followed them over a wall, most of the riders going round it; I contrived to get over, though I nearly fell on the other side. I got a famous start again across the park, and out of it at the lodge upon Ham-common—over the common, and beyond it, till we came down to the river again, opposite Eel-pie Island. Here the hounds were at fault. The speaker made a cast, but unsuccessfully. At last we got a ‘halloo’ from the island, upon which he turned round to my master, and addressed him—‘Darest thou, Cassius, now leap in with me into this angry flood, and swim to yonder point?’ Upon the word, bespattered as we were, we plunged in with half a dozen more, cheering the hounds, who followed—some swimming—some carried over in boats. They were laid on again in the garden of the inn. Away we went, right through the island, and were obliged to swim again across to Twickenham. We went through the town, and across some thundering broad ditches and brooks, to the review ground at Hounslow—across the great Western road—on to Cranford-bridge, where we made a turn to the left, and struck down again to Stanwell; from thence, across the Bath-

road, leaving Colnbrook about a mile on our left, to Langley-broom—back across the Bath-road again, to Ditton-park, close to Datchet, out of the park to Upton, and leaving Slough on the right—into the middle of Chalvey-field. Here we lost him, and were obliged to hark back across the Slough-road; but we soon got the scent again, and ran our fox in view through the shooting-fields and playing-fields at Eton, into Weston's yard, where he made for the door of the lower-school. My master and the speaker, who by this time had it all to themselves, went out at the further gate, into the road, and then over the Long-walk wall, into the school-yard, where Dr. Keate was calling absence. It was all over with master reynard now. He was killed—not at the base of Pompey's statue, but the base of the statue of King Henry the VIth. The speaker dismounted, ran in amongst the hounds, cut off the brush, and presented it to my master—threw up the mangled beast into the air, which fell among the hounds, torn to pieces almost before he reached the ground, while the yard rung again with shouts of 'whoop—whoop!' I was led out to the Christopher, where I found, to my satisfaction, I was to sleep—for I need not tell you that I was knocked up with my exertions. I could hardly feed, and was in a fever all night—I succeeded however in getting to sleep towards morning. I woke refreshed, but very stiff, and lay in bed nearly the whole day. The following morning my master came to see me with a servant, who saddled me, and rode me very gently to Rickmansworth, having been entered, as I understood from a conversation at the Christopher, in a steeple-chase, to take place in a few days.

“At Rickmansworth I found a stable full of horses, with whom I soon became acquainted, and lived very pleasantly for a week, being taken out only for exercise and a gentle gallop now and then. At length the morning of the steeple-chase arrived, and I was brought out with seven horses to run against me, (one of them I recognised as the speaker's in our run from Westminster,) and a whole regiment of amateurs. The word was given, and away we went. After about ten minutes the other six were left behind, and the race rested between me and the speaker. We continued very evenly—sometimes one a little a-head, sometimes the other. At length we came to a wood, where we separated—I went down one side of it, in at a little wicket, down a long ride, through a narrow path, out over an awkward slippery wet ditch. I caught sight of my opponent again in a minute, one field off, and just even with me still. We very soon came together again, and began a long ascent over heavy ground, with high banks and double ditches—here a severe trial took place between us. I found I was getting rather the best of it, and caught sight of the winning-post about half a mile off, with flags and tents, and horsemen about it. There was only one more hedge in the

way, and my opponent was nearly one hundred yards behind. I went at it with all my might, but just as I made my spring, my foot slipped, and over I purred on the other side into the ditch, with my heels in the air, and my master under me. I fell on my back, bruised and helpless, with a great stake sticking into my side. I remained in this uncomfortable position what appeared to me an endless time, when at last ropes were brought by some labourers, who put a noose round my neck (which I thought would have strangled me), and after infinite difficulty I was dragged out, bleeding, staggering, and dead lame; I could hardly walk or stand, and was led to a public-house a quarter of a mile off, where I was put into a loose box, and remained several days very unwell. (What became of my master I never heard; in all probability he was killed.)

"I had received two or three severe strains, the effects of which I feel to this day, and had been shaken and cut, and bruised all over; in about three weeks I was able to walk out and take exercise, but still lame. One day I heard the ostler say that I was for sale. A dealer-looking man came into the stable, examined my mouth, ordered me out to be trotted up and down, and made a bargain for myself, and my saddle and bridle, for 35 gs. I don't think he got much by the saddle; it had been pretty well accounted for in my fall. He took me away immediately, riding another horse, and leading me along what I soon found was the road to London; and late in the evening we arrived at a stable-keeper's, in Oxford-street. The next morning I was put into a break. I had never been in harness before, and did not much like going about the streets among cabs, drays, coaches, and omnibuses; nevertheless I gave satisfaction. I got pretty stout upon my legs again, and was very soon removed, with a horse so much like myself, and such a good match, that the coachman who drove us could hardly tell the difference, to some mews at the back of Harley-street. We were put into stables belonging to a lady who gave us plenty of work—there was no knowing when we had finished. All day long we used to go out visiting and shopping—standing by the hour together at Howell and James's, or Redmayne's. In the evening we went to the opera, or to parties. We had to go home, come back again and wait, in all weathers, and at all hours. Often have I listened to gallopades, and waltzes, and quadrilles, while I have been shivering, and in such pain, that I was obliged to exert my utmost patience to keep quiet—*cough—cough—cough*, going on on all sides, horses and coachmen. I heard at last that the family were going out of town, and myself and my colleague were to go down also to their seat, in Hertfordshire. The coachman drove us down in a new phaeton. I was very glad indeed to get into the country, for we lived very comfortably, and our work was very gentle. We were used both to ride and drive, and were considered so quiet, that sometimes we were honoured with

carrying the ladies, which I liked much better than driving; and for myself, I was fortunate enough to become a great favourite with a lady, staying there on a visit, whom I had known before my transformation. On the whole, I was very kindly treated, and I suppose as happy as a horse could be. But happiness never lasts long. The family went abroad, and I and my companion were sent up to town again, to be sold at the Baker-street bazaar. I was bought by a coach proprietor, and taken to the Bolt-in-Tun. The next morning I was put into the Red Rover, Southampton coach; and saw Mr. Peer, looking rather fat and elderly, and his whiskers uncommonly grey. I ran the stage to Kingston for one week, which I thought a great deal too long, and did not like it at all. I was then removed to a pair-horse Tunbridge-wells coach. The first journey I went, we had got to the bottom of Bromley-hill, where a leader was waiting to help us up; as soon as the beast was put to, up went his heels, *kick—kick—right* in my face. One blow hit me on the nose, the other on the chin—I thought my jaw was broken, and with the pain I reared, plunged, and kicked. The leader threw the boy who rode him, and nearly got us all into the ditch. Two of the passengers got down and cut his traces, while I walked up the hill as well as I could. The whole night afterwards I was in great pain, and unable to sleep; and when I was put to the next day, I determined I would not start. I shook my head, reared and kicked, and after a desperate fight, when my head had been nearly pulled off, and I was sore all over with the whip, I was taken out. In the course of the day somebody came to look at my jaw, and before I was aware of it, I was thrown on the ground, my head tied down, my mouth kept open, one of my teeth lanced, and an instrument as big as half a dozen boot-hooks fixed round it. The operator put both hands to the handle, and screwed it round for half a minute—*tear—tear—tear*, and out it came—*scranch*. My mouth was spunged with something, and some medicine poked down my throat, bottle and all. The next day I was blistered and turned out in a field, where were three other horses, and half a dozen cows; but neither cows nor horses would converse with me, and I was very hard put to it to pass away the time. I had been there some days, when a gentleman came into the field with the man who had pulled my tooth out, and bought me—warranted quiet to ride or drive in single or double harness. My new master drove me down in a little four-wheeled carriage, by easy journies, to Winchester. I found he was a barrister, and intended me to go the circuit with him. I remained four or five days with him at Winchester, during the assizes. Of an evening he rode me out on the downs with another barrister, who used to tell such amusing stories, that I looked forward to the evening's ride with great pleasure. The last evening we rode out together, I was expecting to go on to Salisbury the next day, but my master told his

friend that he had just got appointed to an Indian judgeship, and intended to sell me immediately. In our way home we met Mr. Carger, the proprietor—a deal was made, and the next morning I was sent over to these stables. I have been running in the Telegraph now nearly six weeks—but here comes the horsekeeper; we must get ready for Mr. Taylor, who will be down in half an hour."

Mr. Taylor came down to his time, the other horses were off, and we were put to and started in about three quarters of a minute. As soon as we got through the common gate I saw that the Southampton races were going on, and I heard, as well as the rattle of the coach would permit me, from conversation on the top of it, that there was to be a ball at the Archery Rooms in the evening. When we had finished our work, and our horsekeepers had finished theirs, and taken care of us, and shut us up, we all began to feed, and comment upon the events of Scramble's history, till it got dark, when we wished one another good night, and all of us lay down. I was in the middle of a nice sleep, when I was wakened by the sound of music—I recollected the ball, and heard it going on. The other horses were awake also—indeed it was impossible to sleep for the noise. After listening some time, Bolter, who was next beyond Scramble, said—"Suppose I give you the history of my transformation?" We all declared we should be very happy to hear him. "Hang that French horn!" he said, "I wish I could stop it. You will be surprised to hear, perhaps," he continued, "that I am a captain in the navy. I need hardly give you at present any further account of myself than that I went to sea when I was thirteen years old, and that I was twenty-seven before I became a horse; that I have been knocked about in all climates, and seen as much and as various service as rarely falls to the lot of man or horse. I came home last from the West Indies, having been very ill with a fever before I left Jamaica. I got through the voyage, however, and as soon as I got on shore, what with change of climate, good advice, and nursing, I picked up, got stout again, and fell desperately in love. I will not trouble you with the particulars of my courtship.

"During my absence at sea, a relation of mine had happened to die; he left me a house, a couple of manors, I don't know how many acres of land—arable, woodland, pasture, land covered with water, as the lawyers say—together with a certain number of thousands in the three per cents. There was no difficulty opposed to all this by the lady's family. The day was named—and at St. George's, Hanover-square, I was married. We drove back to my wife's house, and had a great breakfast. The customary cryings were gone through, we got into the carriage again, and away we rattled, bound for St. Leonard's. I cannot say how happy I was. I was almost mad, and had the greatest difficulty to restrain my-

self in everything that I said or did. The first stage to Bromley, where Scramble got his kick upon the jaw, passed almost imperceptibly. By degrees, my ideas became a little more sober. We pulled up to drag at the top of Maram's-court hill, and began to descend it; I was leaning back in the carriage, thinking at the moment of the marriage service, and the curious manner in which the clerk at St. George's had made the responses. I had hardly been aware of his presence at all during the ceremony, till I heard some one exclaim, in a most peculiarly quaint voice—'Thy children like the olive branches round about thy table.' I was repeating this sentence to myself, and building all sorts of airy castles about olive branches and children, when with a sudden jerk, down came the near-wheel horse and the postboy. I put my head out of the front window, but the check and stop of the carriage gave me such an impetus, that I went like a harlequin through it, into the road amongst the horses. My fall was by no means soft. I tried to scramble up again as well as I could, but the postboy began to cut away with his whip most wickedly; I was in an enormous rage, and tried to hit at him, but quite in vain—I was confined in an extraordinary way. At last I got upon my legs, but to my astonishment I had got four, and I could not tell what had become of my arms. I had no time for deliberation. The postboy was on my back, and gave me a great spur in the side—the leaders pulled at the same moment; I gave such a kick, that I nearly pitched the postboy over my head—but I heard my wife scream, so I left off kicking; two or three persons came out of a public-house, stood at my head and patted me. Somebody said it was all right, and we started quietly. What had become of the horse that tumbled down I could not imagine, but there I was in his place, and I found it no joke, with a heavy fellow riding me, to hold back, though the carriage was dragged; besides that, my knees were sore and bleeding. We pulled up at the bottom of the hill to take off the drag. My postboy told the other—'Push along, Jem.' The spurs were in my sides again—the whip flourished over my head. Away we went full gallop—through Riverhead, and tugged and trotted about ten miles an hour up the hill into Seven-oaks—'Tramp, tramp, o'er pebble,' and 'Splash, splash, through puddle,' to Mr. Harris's family hotel. Dingle—dingle—went the door bell—horses out. First turn out. There was bowing and scampering of waiters and chambermaids, and touching of hats of postboys, while I was taken off and left standing in the road by myself, puffing and snorting, and shaking my tail. The flies came biting my knees and the sore places where I had been spurred. I wished for olive branches, or any branches to brush them off—and then I thought of my wife; was it possible she would go on without me. I walked up to the open carriage window, and there, to my horror, I saw a gentleman the very image of myself laughing and chat-

ting with her most agreeably, her hand in his; I believe he was assisting her to put on a pair of gloves. I was furious—without saying anything, (indeed I could have said nothing intelligible to him), I put my head in, and gave him such a bite, that made him roar again —” “What is that?” said Scramble, suddenly interrupting the narrator; “I thought I heard a cry of ‘fire!’” “Oh! nothing,” I answered, “only that infernal French horn. What did you do,” I asked Bolter, “after you bit the gentleman’s arm?” “There it is again,” said Scramble, “and the music has stopped; besides I think I smell it, and there are people running—‘Fire! fire! fire!’—there it is again, that is no joke.” Indeed it very soon appeared none. The archery-room was all in confusion—we could distinguish the shrieks of ladies, the swearing of men, the rattling and cutting, and crashing, and jostling of carriages. A great glare broke forth and lit up the stable. “I hope it will not come to us,” said Bolter. “I rather think it will,” I replied; “it feels monstrous hot, and I think I can hear it roaring and crackling. The wind howls too, and seems to carry it along—I don’t much like it.” While I was speaking the door opened, a cloud of smoke came in, and a couple of horsekeepers, who set to work to release us, and that not a bit too soon, for the flames burst in while they were about it, and in half a minute set the whole stable blazing. When we got out—at least when I did, for I don’t know whether all of us got out or not—the scene was most magnificent and terrific. We were nearly surrounded by fire—and men, women, and children, were running in all directions; some trying to save their property or their lives, others plundering in the confusion. I saw the lane in the High-street comparatively clear, and finding myself at liberty, I made a rush, and succeeded in getting into the High-street, though not quite unscathed. When I got there, the whole town seemed on fire from one end to the other. The flames hurried on from house to house with fearful rapidity—roof after roof fell in—crash! crash!—and up rose from each a fresh column of fire and smoke, fiercer than the one before it. The wind increased, and I thought the best thing I could do was to get out of the way as quick as I could. I set off, and galloped along the road as hard as I could, till I got to the iron-foundry, at the bottom of Freemantle-hill; there I stopped to breathe, and look about me again. The fire was raging with increased violence, and reminded me of a print I had once seen of the siege of Antwerp—for the wind was blowing such a gale, that blazing beams and rafters were flying through the air like shells and rockets. While I was gazing and watching the progress of the flames, one or two burning pieces fell in the river—not far from where I was standing. I thought it advisable to get beyond the range, but I could not help looking a little longer, as the sight was so splendid and glorious. I was just about to turn, and

make another start towards Nedbridge, when there shot out a great blazing fragment—larger and more brilliant than any I had yet seen. I followed it with my eye in the direction of Marchwood. On it went—blazing, tearing, rushing, and hissing—on—on—on—right for the powder-magazine,—would it go clear? No,—down it fell on one of the roofs, and such an explosion took place as I never before heard or could have conceived. I was nearly a mile distant (the breadth of the river), but up I went in the air—away went my legs from my body. I thought I never should stop. I was up among the clouds before the rapidity of my ascent at all diminished,—and then I rose slower and slower, till at last I became nearly stationary, and felt very giddy. At last I began to fall, and down I came faster than I had gone up—whirl—whirl—whirl—whirl—sploosh!—into the river. I came up to the surface, but I was about to sink again, for I had lost my legs, and the force with which I struck the water, had nearly driven out of me what little breath and sense I had left.

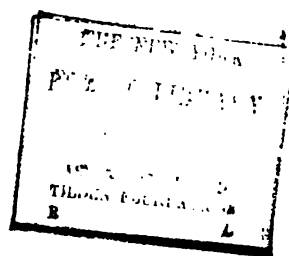
I was just about to sink—but I contrived to wriggle myself upon my back—and something supported me from underneath. The river disappeared. There were four walls round me,—a roof above me that did not look at all like a stable, and I felt exactly as if I was lying on a human bed. Three or four persons were standing round, and I heard some one say, “There, you stupid fellow, you have let the door slam and woke him!” I recognised the voice of my friend, Markham Lane. I called out and asked him—

“Lane! am I a horse?” “Not that I am aware of,” he said.

“Then where am I?” “At St. George’s Hospital,” he replied; “can you remember any thing about a cab and an omnibus? Have you any recollection of having been run over?” Then it did flash across me that I had been knocked down crossing over from Hyde-park-corner. I was going to lift my arm, but I found it bandaged and helpless, and my head felt queer, as well as one of my legs.

I asked how long I had been in the hospital? “Oh!” he said, “between two and three hours; but I am afraid you cannot get out for some little time. You must not move or stir on any account from the position in which you now are. You have had an operation performed on your head. Your leg is broken. Your ribs are damaged, and one of your arms besides. You must not think of moving for three or four days; but don’t be uneasy, or alarm yourself,—you are doing very well,—only you have been raving about all sorts of things. Try and compose yourself again to sleep, and I will go to Bryanstone-square and inform your mother of your accident.”

Reader, I did compose myself, but not to sleep, for I had no desire to work out my period of hard labour. I endeavoured to arrange the seat-





SNOWY GOOSE.

tered incidents of my singular dream, and heartily anathematizing cabs, and omnibuses, drivers, conductors, and all,—congratulated myself that it was but a dream, and that I was as little likely to be condemned to a Transformation of my Body here, as the Transmigration of my Soul hereafter!

G. S.

THE SHOVELLER.

(*Spathulea clypeata.*)

The Bird Painted by A COOPER, R. A., Engraved by W. RADDON.

THE Shoveller, though it sometimes breeds in the country, and is rather plentiful in Holland and Belgium, is not a very common bird with us. It inhabits more inland than the sheldrake, in the marshes and in the muddy banks of rivers, feeding on worms and other small animals, which it dabbles for, and for the capture of which its bill is well adapted. It is black, about three inches long, and increasing in breadth toward the tip, which is rounded, and has the nail small and turned inward. The margins are closely pectinated with their laminæ, which fit into each other so as to retain very small substances, while they allow the water to escape. It is, indeed, one of the most perfect dabbling bills in the whole family.

This bird is smaller than the sheldrake, or even than the common wild duck. It is about twenty-one inches in length, and weighs the same number of ounces. The feet are reddish orange; the irides bright yellow; the head and upper part of the neck green, with blue and purple reflections; the lower part of the neck, the breast, and scapulars, white; the back, brown; the greater coverts, brown, tipped with white; the lesser coverts, blue; the primaries, brown; the secondaries, glossy green on their outer webs, forming a wing-spot; the belly, chestnut brown; the vent, black; and the tail, dusky, margined and tipped with white. The birds are, however, subject to considerable variations in their plumage, both in the individual and with the season; and in the breeding season they are shy and retired, hiding themselves in the tall herbage in which the nest is concealed. The nest is formed of rushes or other aquatic plants, and the eggs are from ten to twelve, of a rusty brown colour. The young have the bill at first very large in proportion to the size of the body. As the birds live in the fresh water rather than in the sea, and feed upon substances analogous to those on which the grallidæ of the marshes feed, their flesh is free from fishy flavour, sweet, juicy, and much relished.

A CHIVEY THROUGH CHESHIRE.

By a Yorkshireman.

I ARRIVED at Chester about eight o'clock in the evening, and thanks to the recommendation of an invisible fellow traveller, who sat next me on the roof of the Mail, I declared my billet to be the Albion-hotel—one of the best and most comfortable in England. It was market night, and the narrow streets swarmed with people, while the curious wooden galleries that are formed on the first floor, and along which people may travel round a considerable portion of the city, were lighted up, the shops displaying a fine, but at the same time a most miscellaneous, assortment of goods; a hairdresser uniting the business of a grocer, a bookseller that of a confectioner, and so on. The mail stopped at a coaching-house—the Feathers I think was the name—a sort of half underground half aboveground hotel; but I declared for the Albion, and quickly found myself in a nice warm coffee-room, with a good blazing fire, where having discussed some scolloped oysters and cold pheasant, I retired to bed. Before I went, however, I had an interview with Mr. Boots, and sounded him on the prospects of getting a good horse in Chester, and finding him a very intelligent sort of fellow I requested him to look about in the morning, and fix on one or two for me to see before breakfast.

Accordingly, when I came down the next morning, he informed me that he had fixed upon an elegant chestnut mare that some gentleman had lately had on job at Sir Thomas Stanley's,—that she was a perfect beauty, and would set off her rider to great advantage. On looking her over in the stable, I found her with less of the hack cut about her than one generally finds, and after cautioning the ostler not to spoil the effect by turning her out in any ill-looking tackle, I told him I would hire her for a few days, and ordered her to be caparisoned by twelve o'clock or so. This was on a Sunday I recollect, for on making for the street-door of the Albion at the appointed hour, I found it closed, and on opening the same, I found my nag parading before the door in all the pride of horse clothing, running martingals, hunting breast-plate, rings, and trappings; her fore-quarters looking for all the world like the bowsprit of a frigate. "What's all this for?" inquired I; "is she vicious?" "Oh, no, sir; as quiet as a lamb," was the answer, "only we *always* rides her in these."

I had almost forgotten to mention that the object of my turning out on the Sunday, was to find a place called Crewood-hall, where the Cheshire hounds were advertised to meet on the following morning, but which it had baffled all my exertions to discover either on the map or

from "the well-informed people" of whom I had inquired its locality. Knowing that the kennel was near Delamere-forest, I resolved to ride in that direction, and take up my quarters at the nearest good inn to the kennel that I could find, and having stuffed a shirt and a few things into my pockets, in this perfect spirit of wandering independence I sallied forth from the city of Chester.

I had one of Sidney Hall's little pocket maps with me, things that no man going into a strange country should be without, and having tried all the paces of my nag, I laid the reins upon her neck, and producing the map again, began studying it, as she walked along the grass by the road side. All at once I discovered the place I had been hunting for so long and so anxiously, denoted by little unassuming letters in a part of the map that if my eye had wandered over once, it had been over at least a dozen times; but some how or other, the name had induced me to look at the green spots that generally denote parks and gentlemen's seats, though I afterwards discovered that "Hall" is added to the name of many single houses in Cheshire, just as "Place" is used in Northamptonshire. My original intention was to take up my quarters at Northwich, but finding Crewood-hall in quite a different direction to what I expected, and coming shortly after I had made the discovery to a side gate near the commencement of Delamere-forest, which sported a finger-post with the words "To Frodsham," upon it, and this place seeming handy for the meet, I just turned my mare's head up the lane, and quickly found myself wandering amid the splendid solitudes of the Forest, a wild, mountainous, rocky and wooded tract, but with not the best of roads to travel upon. I then passed either through or near to the village of Alvanley, a spot that gives a title to a famed Meltonian of former days, and just as evening began to draw on, I descended a steep hill, at the foot of which lies the neat little town of Frodsham. About the centre of it stands a very old-fashioned stone house, known by the singular sign of the Bear's Paw, into the yard of which I now rode, and having seen all proper respect and attention paid to my hunter, I went in to get "ditto" done for myself.

There is something pleasant in the quiet unassuming appearance of a small country inn, where the landlady and her daughters do the duty of a nasty greasy-collared knock-kneed waiter—and the Bear's Paw is eminently felicitous in its domestic arrangements. I had an excellent dinner, for which I was only charged two shillings and sixpence, and a nice clean bed for one shilling.

Having ascertained beyond a doubt from the ostler, that Crewood-hall was only four miles from Frodsham, and having traced the route on the map, I made a parcel of the few things I had carried with me on the

previous day, and requesting them to be sent by the first conveyance to Chester, started about ten o'clock for the meet.

After winding about several narrow lanes, the majority of which were paved, as indeed are most of the country roads in Cheshire, I overtook a groom with a couple of horses, which I found belonged to Major Brooke, and were for himself and his nephew, a son of Sir Richard Brooke. In the centre of some large grass enclosures the groom pointed out the place of meeting, an old-fashioned brick building, having the appearance of a Hall-house of former days, though now converted into a farm-house, with ivy mounting up to the roof in some parts. Just as we arrived, Maiden, the huntsman, attended by two whippers-in, and about thirty couple of hounds, came in the contrary direction, and presently a few horsemen joined the party. Maiden is a civil fellow, and notwithstanding my unsportsmanlike appearance, entered fully into the spirit of the thing, and told me all about "the horses and hounds, and the system of kennel," as the old song says, just the same as though I had been in scarlet, and mounted on a 300 gs. nag. Indeed he is a very respectable servant, both in manner and appearance, and seems uncommonly keen and fond of the thing. His hounds were looking extremely well, and as he expected to get into the forest, he had brought out a large pack, among which there were eight or nine couple of young ones. The two whips are also active, varmint-looking fellows, and the black-muzzled one has an uncommonly knowing screech and holloa of his own, more like the celebrated Dick Burton's than any other man's I know. They were all well mounted, on useful looking horses, in capital condition; and altogether the turn out, without the slightest approach to any thing flash, was extremely sporting and business-like. The hounds seemed to be about the average size of fox-hounds, neither very large nor very small, but just like what one finds in half the crack kennels in England, for I think we might bring ten packs together from different parts, that would present very little difference to the eye of a casual observer, so well understood is the breeding of fox-hounds all over the kingdom. Some countries of course require a larger, and some a smaller or lighter stamp of hound, but the Cheshire I believe is a country that admits of the happy medium.

The fixture, Crewood-hall, being so near the forest, is not in great favour, and we had not above half a dozen pinks in the field. Of these Major and the Messrs. Brookes furnished three, who the others were I either never heard or forget. One of the party I know, on a thoroughbred chestnut, nearly favoured another with a broken leg, his horse lashing out most viciously as he passed, just grazing the stirrup-iron, and landing his hoofs in the other horse's side.

After drawing the banks by the river side blank, and also several woods in the neighbourhood, Maiden, in the absence of Sir Harry Mainwaring, gave the word for the forest, and on we jogged, when arriving at the foot of a hill, or rather young mountain, we serpentine our ways to the top, and the hounds commenced drawing the wild and rugged sides—which appeared much better calculated for sheltering a fox than for the working of hounds. The summit of this hill commands a fine view of the neighbouring country, from the town of Frodsham with its handsome church at its base, over a tract of rich grazing land, with large enclosures, looking very much like hunting, to the river Mersey, which still maintains a noble breadth, and terminates the view. I should think this part of the Forest must partake a good deal of the style of Welsh hunting, for the precipitous nature of the country, with its thick under-wood and heath, with every now and then newly made plantations of stunted firs, render seeing or getting to hounds quite out of the question. The ear is all that a huntsman has to rely upon, and Maiden, having given his horse to one of the whippers-in, was seen every now and then perched on some projecting rock listening if his hounds were boiling up a hunt below. They found *something*, though what, nobody ever knew, and having worked to the far end of this wild region without driving out a fox, they suddenly threw up, and after casting forward over the down, and back into cover without recovering the scent, we were all very glad to leave that part, and proceed to a more favourable portion of the Forest. This Forest, like the New Forest, has lost a good deal of the wild nature indicated by the name, in consequence of the numerous new plantations made in all parts, but is an excellent country for hounds, though not favourable for riders, as it is absolutely necessary to keep to the rides in most parts.

The hounds soon found, but after running for an hour, they disturbed so many foxes, and there were so many holloas in different quarters, that I got tired of riding, and pulling up about three o'clock, found my way as well as I could out of the forest before it began to get dark, and quietly jogged my chestnut mare, who proved herself to be nothing but a good one, back to Chester.

The next day I gave her a rest, and examined the curiosities of the place, which certainly is one of the most beautiful and one of the nicest towns in England—I know of no place like it. Its covered walks, with the shops in the centre of the town, remind one something of those of Berne, in Switzerland; but the latter, if I recollect right, are of stone, and on a level, or nearly so, with the street; whereas at Chester they are what we would call on the first floor, and are made of wood. Then the fine walk on the walls round the town, the arches over the streets,

the old churches, the new castle, the old and new bridges, and above all, the circular race course, bounded on one side by the river Dee, and on the other by the town walls—are all peculiarly its own. The society I also understand is excellent; and I met some very pretty girls in the course of my peregrinations.

Though a bad sight-seer in a general way, I was induced, by the tempting appearance of a fine gravel drive, that extends from the house to within a few yards of the turnpike-gate, over the new bridge, (and which road, together with the park, is open at all times to the public,) to stroll to Eaton-hall, the seat of the Marquess of Westminster, where, I met with an intelligent carter carting away the grass that had just been cut within the rails before the house, who seeing I was a stranger, thought I might like to return by a different route to the one by which I came, directed me to a footpath through the fields, by the river side, which brought me home, and completed my circuit for the day. Of Eaton I have little to say, save what is applicable to almost every “work of nature” (as the Irishman designated the Tower) that I have ever seen, viz. that it looks better in a picture than in reality. Of the noble owner’s liberality and condescension, however, in thus sharing the good things with which Providence has blessed him with his fellow-men too much cannot be said in commendation; and the example is worthy of general imitation. On the following morning, my good little chestnut mare being refreshed by a whole day’s rest, a thing I should think she seldom got, I had her out at an early hour to go in quest of Carden-hall, the seat of the late celebrated Mr. Leche, and now of his son, who like his father is a master of fox-hounds, and who had advertised his fixture for that day at his own house. Though my “Sidney Hall” led me to believe that there was a shorter cut than by the high road, yet I thought it expedient to choose the easiest one to find, and accordingly proceeded by the Whitchurch turnpike, and after travelling some nine miles or so, turned off up a bye road; and after passing a gentleman on foot, in top boots and a green jacket, who was making love most industriously to *two* girls, I found myself in sight of Carden-lodges. The morning being foggy, and expecting from the style of the lodges, and the extent of the park into which I got, to find a large stone mansion, I actually rode straight through, and it was not until I came within sight of the triumphal arch that stands at the end of the approach on the other side, that I pulled up and inquired the locality of the house, and harking back, found I had passed it before ascending the hill, where I expected to have found it. Carden is the most singular of all the English houses I have ever seen. The whole exterior of the house is of wood, painted in broad streaks of black and white, and gives one more of the idea of a

large Swiss cottage, or rather palace, than any thing else. It is of considerable extent, and close adjoining are very extensive stabling, kennels, &c. The situation is low and sheltered, the park rising in front in beautifully undulating ground, studded with fine old timber, and terminating in parts with crags and rocky precipices. The country to the back and sides is flat, and well laid out in clumps and plantations; and the whole thing wears the appearance of the residence of a "fine old English gentleman," such as Mr. Leche's father was. As I approached, the hounds, consisting of about twenty couple, attended by three whippers-in in scarlet and caps, turned out of the kennel close by, and proceeded to take their walk in front. First there was the veteran, old Joe Sinclair, who had been huntsman to the "old squire;" then a sharp knowing looking chap, (on a thorough-bred chestnut mare,) called Gaff; and thirdly, a lad, I believe newly entered to the chase. The hounds were seen to disadvantage at that moment, for, owing to some mistake relative to Mr. Leche's returning home on the previous day, they had not been fed until the evening, and of course were looking heavy and sluggish, which went off after a few hours' work. Among them I observed what I never remember to have seen in a pack before, viz. a couple or a couple and a half of black and tan hounds, which I thought at first must have been produced by a cross with the blood-hound, but Mr. Leche informed me they were pure fox-hound blood. I remember when Mr. Smith had the Craven hounds he attempted a cross of this description with Lord Aylesbury's blood-hounds, at Tottenham-park, but the produce I believe was worthless.

After the hounds had taken a few turns upon and down, Mr. Leche made his appearance, attired in scarlet and a cap, mounted on a fine old white horse, carrying the horn in the saddle, and took the command of the pack. The field was not numerous, but among the number I recognised the gentleman I had seen in the lane in the green jacket, which he had now exchanged for the scarlet hunting-coat, and was riding a beautifully shaped grey horse. Small however as was the muster, there was a character out, to wit the very celebrated Roger Dutton, a fine, hearty, hale, John Bull sportsman, dressed in a green coat with a hunt button, white cords, and brown tops, riding a fine, large, stout, black horse, which he assured me had carried him three days a week for twelve years, without being either sick, sad, or sorry. Hear that, ye twelve-horse Meltonians! who think no man can ride the same horse above once a week, nor hunt without having two in the field, besides the cover hack in the morning. Roger Dutton, like his horse, is said to be as hard as nails—and he had been up all the previous night at a house-warming at a neighbouring friend's, where I believe he had filled the president's

chair, a post that his cheerful contented countenance seemed eminently calculated for. Roger I understand is a great favourite with the gentry in Cheshire; and I do not wonder at it, for there is something singularly taking in his honest jocose countenance and manner.

Mr. Leche has this season commenced hunting his own hounds, the famous Will Head having left him to go to the Marquess of Hastings; and I think that a gentleman who keeps hounds without a subscription, and hunts almost exclusively on his own property, is quite right in having as much fun for his money as possible. Indeed I am sorry to say that Mr. Leche is very much circumscribed in his country, and from all accounts has not experienced that liberal treatment to which his father's conduct and his own exertions are considered to have entitled him; but of the merits of the case of course I have no means of judging, though I think it is a pity that any obstacle should be thrown in the way of a gentleman wishing to do so popular an act as keeping a pack of fox-hounds at his own expense. Without a sufficiency of country fox-hunting is out of the question; and I was given to understand that Mr. Leche has scarcely sufficient for the two days' a week which he professes to hunt. A gentleman who was out, and who was extremely civil to the "stranger," took me to the top of a hill near the park, from whence there is a view over a fine tract of country on the Welsh side of Carden, consisting of a fair portion of grass land and very good-sized enclosures, which I believe had formerly formed part of Sir Richard Puleston's country.

We were not particularly fortunate in the commencement of the day, for after drawing two or three likely-looking covers blank, we came round to a gorse near the park, where, though there were plenty of foxes, it was a long time before one could be induced to go away, and when he did, owing to one of those unlucky events that so frequently occur just at the commencement, and prevent hounds settling properly to the scent, we could make nothing of him. With a second we were more fortunate, and hunted him up to a village beyond Carden, and lost; when returning by the house, it appeared to be the proper hour for luncheon, and in Roger Dutton and company went, leaving a few who were not luncheon-eaters, and who preferred the open air to seeing others eat and drink, to wait for their return. Plenty of good strong ale, in jugs bearing inscriptions commemorative of some feat with the old squire's "Carden dogs," as they were styled, was handed round outside to all that felt inclined that way; but I preferred having a look into the kennel, and in somewhat less than an hour the party returned, like "giants refreshed," to their steeds, and again mounted for the chase, each doubtless "determined to ride, and resolved to be first"—for after all is said and done,

one spur in the head is worth two at the heel. Another fox was found and lost, and just as it began to get dusk, Mr. Leche trotted off to a gorse about three miles out of my line, and I trotted off home, or at least what was my home for the time, viz. the Albion, at Chester.

As I commenced by saying, so will I conclude by repeating, that the Albion is an admirably managed house, and though it seems bad inn cannot be "shown up" with impunity, yet that is only an additional reason why good ones should be pointed out. I never was more comfortable in an hotel in my life than I was at that—everything was extremely good, and the charges moderate.

As a contrast to this picture, I will conclude with a story told me the other day by a Kentish gentleman of an innkeeper's "ways" on the Dover-road.

Two gentlemen having dined and stayed all night, called for the bill in the morning, and one of them happened to be within ear-shot when the waiter went to the landlord to have it made out, and overheard the following colloquy:

Waiter. Please, sir, the gemmen in No. 5 wants their bill.

Landlord. Very well (taking down a printed form). Let me hear what they had?

Waiter. Soup, sir.

Landlord. Soup—very well. What sort was it?

Waiter. Mock turtle.

Landlord. Mock turtle—three shillings. Did they make any remark about it?

Waiter. No, sir; only one of them said it was werry good.

Landlord. Did they eat of it twice?

Waiter. Yes, sir.

Landlord. Oh! then—mock turtle *five* shillings—now go on.

Waiter. Fried sole and shrimp sauce.

Landlord. Fried sole, two shillings; shrimp sauce, one—three shillings. Did they make any remark about that?

Waiter. One o' them said the fish was werry fresh.

Landlord. Indeed!—then fried sole, three shillings; shrimp sauce, one and six—four and six. Now go on.

Waiter. Small leg Welsh mutton, potatoes and French beans.

Landlord. Mutton, five shillings; potatoes, one; French beans, five—rather early for French beans, isn't it?

Waiter. Yes, sir—both the gemmens remarked that it was werry early.

Landlord. Oh, then—French beans *ten* shillings!

The Chase.

THE weather since our last has been of the most variable description. One day, with the wind at "north east, forbiddingly keen," and every prospect of a severe and long continued frost, has been succeeded by another with "a southerly wind and cloudy sky," and on the 8th ult. in some places it rained and froze at the same time; on the 20th and 21st it froze very severely in many places, and there was a heavy fall of snow in the north, particularly in Lancashire. The frost in the Metropolis about the beginning of the month was very severe for a few days, and many coach accidents occurred in consequence of it and the denseness of the fog. The capriciousness of the weather, and the occurrence of the elections, have tended to diminish the number of attendants on the hounds in many counties, but we trust now that the latter are over, that the asperities of the day may be forgotten, and men of all politics may unite in promoting the glorious cause of fox-hunting, which may truly be called the reformer and supporter of the (human) constitution. The Hon. Henry Moreton, whose health we are happy to hear is recovering, has retired from the representation of Gloucestershire, finding, we suppose, that fox-hunting and politics were incompatible. It affords us great and unfeigned pleasure to hear that that fine specimen of an English nobleman, the Duke of Beaufort, is better than he has been for some weeks, though still unable to grace the field by his presence. His hounds, under the able guidance of Will Long, have been doing pretty well since they arrived at Badminton, and had a good run from there on the 17th ult. We heard a report the other day, which we hope is not true, that Lord Radnor is likely to give up his hounds at the conclusion of the season, a resolution he is said to have come to in consequence of the accident that happened to him in the early part of it.

Lord Ranccliffe, we are sorry to hear, has given up hunting, in consequence of his recent accident.

We are sorry to add to our last month's list of accidents the name of Col. Standen, who broke his leg, in the beginning of the month, by being thrown from his horse whilst hunting with the East Sussex hounds, near Brighton.

We hear that the Nottinghamshire country will be vacant at the end of the season, and that the hounds and horses are now for sale by private contract, at Gunthorp, (eight miles north east of Nottingham,) to any gentleman who may like to treat for the country. Bailey, the huntsman, and Harry Fox, the whip, we are informed, will be in want of situations.

Mr. Horlock's hounds have been doing as well as their neighbours, and

had killed their twelve brace of foxes on the 23d ult., hunting five days a fortnight. Lord Lansdown has rescinded his orders of last year, and foxes are preserved on his property as heretofore.

The Tiverton fox-hounds, in Devon, under the able management of that excellent sportsman, Mr. Elton, are getting on famously, considering the short time they have been established, and have had some uncommonly good runs this season.

Mr. Francis Holland is proprietor of the Evesham harriers, Worcestershire, and hunts them himself.

DEAR SIR,

I RETURNED to meet my Lord Forester on the 9th of December, at Ancaster, hoping, from the quantity of rain we had had in Yorkshire, that Leicestershire had been equally favoured; but in this I was disappointed, as though some little had fallen, and the country rode rather better, yet the ground was still very hard, particularly the grass land about Melton, and indeed all the strong land. We had a good field at Ancaster, soon found at Wilsford-Carrs, but our fox was so repeatedly headed, that he could not get away; so to lose no more time there we left him, and went to Ancaster-gorse, found immediately, and away he went. We ran him gallantly, and killed him in thirty-five minutes, in Lord Brownlow's flower-garden, at Belton. About a mile before we got to Belton the hounds divided, and part of them went away with a fresh fox to Syston Barston, and so to near Marston village, where they lost him. Lord Forester was with them, and Goosey got to them (with the hounds that had killed their fox) at Marston.

Thursday, the 10th, no sport. On Saturday, the 12th, being very anxious to see Sir Richard Sutton's hounds, I started early, and met them at Coleby, a beautiful high situation on the Cliff-row of Lincolnshire, with a magnificent view over that county and over Nottinghamshire. The hounds were looking in excellent condition, and high bred, though not quite so bright in their coats as Lord Forester's; and that fine old veteran, Shirley, in high health, but not grown thinner since I had last seen him. Sir Richard was beautifully mounted. We soon started for the gorse cover just below the house, situated beautifully in a strong grass country, and immediately found a gallant fox, who went away over the vale at a tremendous pace. So fast was the pace, and so strong the fences, that only Sir R. Sutton, Mr. H. Houston, and Mr. W. Desborough, were really with them; the rest of the field tumbled about considerably, and got up as well as they could. They ran straight as you could wish through Wellington, &c. to near Bruton, and over Leadenham and Fulbeck lordships, through Reeve's gorse, where they were on the point of killing him, when most unfortunately they changed foxes.

The hounds ran the fresh fox very gallantly, but not so fast, and eventually lost him near Ancaster.

On Monday, the 14th, we had a superb day's sport with Lord Forester. We found our fox at a cover called the School Plats, and killed him near Ponton, after a flying thirty-five minutes. We then found at Smalley's gorse, and ran to ground in fifty-three minutes, a good hunting pace, no time to be lost—the best day's sport I have seen this year.

On Tuesday, the 15th, we met at Weaver's-lodge, but were unlucky. The end of that week I was with our hounds and Lord Lonsdale's, but did not see much sport.

On Tuesday, the 23d, I met Lord Forester at Fulbeck; a sharp frost, and no hopes of hunting, but it was a fine day, and I thought it would be a pleasant ride. About twelve o'clock, however, off we went to Bayard's Leap-gorse, instantly found no less than three foxes, two of which went away, and we, luckily, with the right one, at the best pace for thirty minutes, leaving Ancaster on the right, and Wilsford on the left, to a place called Myers's-plantation, almost without a check; here finding himself beat, he headed back, and in fifteen minutes more he got ground in the Ancaster valley. We then found at Ancaster, but did not do much.

On Friday, the 26th, we had a beautiful run from Newton-gorse, near Falkingham, over a fine strong country with yawning ditches, by Osbournby, Swaton, Horbling, and killed him in the open at Billinboro, in fifty-seven minutes; not satisfied, we got upon our second horses, and his Lordship soon found us a fox at Falkingham-gorse, who ran prettily to Newton, and back to Falkingham and to ground. Lord Rokeby and the foreigners were out, and rode well, and were very much pleased with the day. On Saturday I heard these hounds had no sport at Irnham, in the woods; I was myself out with Lord Lonsdale, at Woodwell Head.

On the 30th I was at Fulbeck again with Lord Forester,—a beautiful mild morning,—a perfect contrast to the Tuesday before, but we had not the least sport until in the evening, when we found again at Bayard's Leap, and ran a gallant fox at the very best pace for about fifteen minutes to Ranceby village, where they lost him at once and in a moment, in a most unaccountable manner; most probably he got into a drain, or one of the farm yards,—so fast was it, that only Lord Forester, Mr. Willerton, and Mr. King, who were lucky in going on the right side of Lord Bristol's plantation, were with them, and it was impossible for any one else to catch them. Poor Goosey, the huntsman, is still, I am sorry to say, laid up with the lumbago, the consequence of a thousand falls, for never was a more gallant fellow. About thirty-five years ago he began as whipper-in, and a better never followed hounds; a brilliant rider, and always in his place. When Shaw left, he succeeded him as

huntsman, and no man ever had hounds in such condition, or ever showed more superb sport. A subscription is now handsomely filling to purchase him a piece of plate, in commemoration of his services, and of the high estimation he is held in by every lover of fox-hunting. The head whip, a very gallant rider, from Shropshire, has hunted the hounds for the last three weeks, and given very promising proofs of his abilities as a huntsman, particularly in the open country.

The last day before the frost we met at Gipple, found about twelve o'clock at the Nightingale-gorse, and had a beautiful run of an hour over a beautiful country, through Dembleby-thorns, Newton-woods, Osbournby, Spanby, leaving Billingsboro to the left, and killed him in Falkingham-gorse—everybody delighted. The frost then set in, and there was no hunting until the 11th, when we had a bad day's sport from Boothby. The country is now getting into a beautiful state, and I look forward to much sport. I have said nothing about Mr. Goodricke's or Lord Lonsdale's hounds, as you have correspondents who send you accounts of them.

Your's,

FROM THE VALE OF BELVOIR.

I HAVE but little to communicate to you since my last, the weather having been so very frosty, till the last week, during which time we have had some very good sport; but are again stopped by a fall of snow, with severe frost. On Friday last Mr. Goodricke was at Widmerpool with a small field, had a capital ring of about fifty minutes, but lost our fox.

On Saturday Mr. Goodricke was at Brooksby, and had a tolerable fair day's sport. Lord Forester was this day at Piper's Hole, found a fox at Hose-gorse, had a splendid ring of one hour, ran back to the cover, and could not get him again to leave, therefore flogged off. Lord Lonsdale had also a splendid run to-day, but was obliged to whip off the hounds.

On Wednesday, January 14, Lord Forester had a fine day's sport at Piper's Hole, found at Melton-spiny, went away over the brook (at least some part of us, as many went to the bottom,) for Plymouth-lodge, was headed at the Nottingham-road, and turned short back to Melton; from thence to Thorp Arnold, Freeby, and Saxby, at a killing pace, where we came to a check for a few minutes,—then off again, leaving Stapleford to the right, to Coston, then to Buckminster, out at the far side of the park, towards Skillington, and made a direct line for Stoke-pasture, in one hour and fifty minutes, where a fresh fox was soon on foot, and after following him across a few fields, the scent became very bad; consequently, having been going hard for nearly two hours, we took the hounds off and came home.

Melton; January 23, 1835.

OXFORDSHIRE.

I WAS in hopes ere this to have sent you something worthy of a place in your Magazine, but unfortunately nothing out of the ordinary course has come under my observation. The excessive dryness of the commencement of the season, and the late frosts, have occasioned a lack of sport in most countries.

Early in the season I met Lord Radnor's hounds, and was much pleased with their appearance. His Lordship, I am sorry to say, has given notice to his servants of his intention to give up hunting after the present season, so that both Todd and Ned will be out of place, neither of whom, or the hounds (if to be sold), should be overlooked by masters in need of assistance either in field or kennel. The hounds appear generally to be well proportioned, stand about twenty to twenty-two inches, and are powerfully made.

The Craven are going on well, and both hounds and management justly call forth increased approbation from the subscribers. Their sport, however, has been nothing out of the common run.

Mr. Horlock's hounds are also in good order,—there drawing and hunting are peculiarly good, and would please the eye of any sportsman. They have had two or three good things; and one run from Laycock, by Moncks, to Muncton Farleigh, will be remembered by more than the three men whose horses suffered death by their trial. The young hounds have all entered well, and Charles Treadwell still has his eye to them. They now hunt three times a fortnight, but there appear to be hounds enough for twice the work, if their country would afford it.

I write this from fireside, with the weather cold and dry, and the country white and hard.

Your's,

DRYASDUST.

MR. BRISCOE AND EPSOM RACES.

At the East Surrey nomination, an elector requested an explanation from Mr. Briscoe with regard to a report which had been widely circulated, namely that he had been endeavouring to put a stop to the Epsom Races. Many of the electors not deeming the question relevant, objected to it; but Mr. Briscoe replied, that although not a political, it was still a question in which the public were interested, and required an explanation, more especially as he found the rumour had been injurious to his canvass. He had never any intention to put a stop to the races.

A paragraph had appeared in *Bell's Life in London* some time since, which from that had run the round of all the papers; and as it was calculated to do him injury, he was sure the press would afford him fair play, and allow the explanation to go abroad also. So far was he from wishing to curtail the amusements of the people, that on the contrary, he gave some waste lands for the purpose of rendering the course more commodious. The misstatement arose out of a question of right which was then under course of legal examination. Though lord of the manor for fifteen years, he had never pocketed one shilling of the money raised from

the race-grounds, nor was it his intention to do so; but he had a right to that money, and being but a tenant for life, he thought it his duty to his successor not to suffer that right to be alienated whilst he was in possession of the manor. This right had been claimed by a self-constituted body, who had gone so far as to set the fees up to auction. Under these circumstances, and by the advice of counsel, he had undertaken to protect the right of the manor.

HORSES GONE ABROAD.

THE following horses have been sent abroad by Mr. Tattersall since our last:

Tranby, the celebrated stallion, who distinguished himself in Mr. Osbaldeston's match.

The Whale, by Whalebone.

The above were purchased by J. Avery, Esq., of Hicks's Ford, Virginia.

The Maid of Underley, by Muley, out of Mufti and Mussulman's dam.

Chestnut mare, by Woful, out of Mandaline, in foal to Varro, own brother to Emilius.

Brown filly, 2 yrs. old, by Long-waist, dam by Orville, or Ivanhoe, out of Rantipole, by Selim.

Brown filly foal, by Shakspeare, out of Gavotte, by Election.

And several half-bred mares and geldings have been bought by Mr. Hart, to go to Germany.

An American gentleman has sent over two mares to this country to be covered—the one by Emilius, the other by Priam; we sincerely hope the produce will repay his great expense and risk.

The Duke of Dorset, new Master of of Horse to the king, has ordered sixty young horses to be added to the stud.

The St. Alban's Steeple-chase is fixed to take place on the 5th of March. It will be for 10 sovs. each, free for any horse carrying 12st., four miles across the country, without any impracticable rivers or fences. The entry closes on the 2nd of March.

The Cheltenham Annual Steeple

Chase will take place on the 1st of April. To close and name to Mr. Ballenger on the 10th of March. Lord Segrave to be umpire.

TATTERSALL'S.

ON referring to our monthly table and comparing it with that given in our last number, it will be seen that several variations have arisen in the prices of the favourites for the Derby. At the close of the year, Silenus and Ascot were at even betting, and so nicely balanced in favour, that the merest trifle of odds offered on the one were snapped at by the backers of the other; the commencement of the year, however, brought about a "new order of things,"—Silenus's party made strong running, and maintained it during the whole of the month, while, as if to give weight to their support, Ascot's most influential friend was taken out of town by the elections, and he receded in the same proportion as Silenus advanced. Lord Jersey's second favourite, Ibrahim, was not behind hand, inasmuch as he commenced the month at 25 to 1, and closed it seven or eight points better. His lordship's other nag, Mahomet, is out of training. Ridsdale's lot has not been forgotten, several parties being eager to take 9 to 2; the highest offers, however, have not exceeded 4 to 1, so that very little money has been laid out; one of them, Bamfylde (the Y. Petuaria colt), has been backed in several quarters; and in two or three others there has been some talk about Luck's All, but nothing done. Marcian (the Marchesa colt) declines, and Coriolanus, although nominally at 13 to 1, is seldom mentioned. Curtius has been creeping up by slow degrees, and in reality is as good a favourite as Coriolanus. Pucelle, Darioletta, Aurelius, Bee-in-a-Bonnet, Varennes, and Stockport, are in a state of quiescence—no one thinks of backing them, and the wonder is how they keep their places. Leopoldine and Luminary have sprung several points, and continue to be backed by those who are "goods-uns" to go and to follow. Amongst the outsiders Operator and Knobstick alone have a rising appearance. We subjoin the monthly prices.

DERBY.	Dec. 29.	Jan. 1.	Jan. 5.	Jan. 8.	Jan. 12.	Jan. 15.	Jan. 19.	Jan. 22.	Jan. 26.
Silenus.....	10 to 1	10 to 1	8 to 1	8 to 1	9 to 1	9 to 1	9 to 1 t.	8 to 1	9 to 1
Ascot.....	10...1	10...1	11...1	11 to 1	...	11...1	12...1 t.	11...1	11...1 t.
Coriolanus...	13...1	13...1	14...1	13...1	...	...	13...1 t.	13...1	...
Curtius.....	18...1	17...1	16...1	15...1	...	15...1	15...1 t.	...	14...1
Pacelle.....	17...1	16...1	16...1	16...1	16...1 t.	...	17...1	...	16...1
Ibrahim.....	20...1 t.	25...1	20...1	18...1	18...1	17...1	19...1 t.	17...1	18...1 t.
Leopoldine...	25...1 t.	25...1	20...1	...	22...1	20...1	...	20...1	25...1 t.
Marcian.....	...	18...1	...	...	...	...	...	20...1	...
Aurelius.....	...	18...1	...	...	...	...	22...1 t.	...	...
Bamfylde.....	22...1	22...1	20...1	...	...	26...1 t.	26...1 t.	22...1 t.	...
Darioletta...	...	18...1	...	...	...	22...1	23...1	...	22...1
Laminary.....	...	...	...	40...1 t.	33...1 t.	30...1 t.	25...1 t.	25...1	22...1 t.
Lock's All.....	...	...	...	22...1	...	...	22...1	...	...
Bee in a Bonnet	...	...	...	...	...	...	30...1 t.	...	28...1 t.
Varennes.....	...	...	...	...	...	40...1 t.	...	...	35...1 t.
Stockport.....	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Pelops (Niobe).	...	...	33...1 t.	...	...	33...1	...	...	...
Operator.....	...	...	...	...	...	...	35...1 t.	35...1 t.	...
Knobstick.....	...	...	...	...	...	...	40...1 t.	40...1 t.	...
Elizanne.....	...	...	66...1 t.	...	50...1 t.	...	...	...	...
Mulebird.....	...	...	...	...	...	...	100...1 t.	...	...
Free Will.....	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	50...1 t.	...
Ridsdale's Lot.	...	...	...	...	...	4...1	4...1	4...1	...
Lord Jersey's lot	...	...	...	...	...	...	6...1 t.	11...2 t.	11...2 t.
Ld Exeter's lot.	...	...	...	...	...	...	13...1	...	...
Sir M Wood's lot.	...	...	...	...	...	...	25...1 t.	...	...
Mr. Grant's lot.	...	...	...	...	...	25...1 t.	20...1	22...1 t.	...
Mr. Batson's lot	...	...	...	...	...	...	20...1	...	...

ST. LEGER.

10 to 1 agst. Pilgrim; 14 to 1 agst. Coriolanus; 18 to 1 agst. Sister to Bubastes; 22 to 1 agst. Powlett's colt; 25 to 1 agst. Stockport; 25 to 1 agst. Verbena; 18 to 1 agst. Preserve.

The St. Leger prices are those quoted from the country. The Oaks has not been mentioned since our last.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE length of one or two of our articles, has obliged us to omit some of our hunting correspondents' communications, and curtail others. Those that are omitted shall be embodied in our next month's accounts, which we shall be glad to receive by the 20th of February at latest.

To Cantabrigiensis. The idea long since suggested itself to us, but the time, trouble, and expense it would require to complete the series accurately (and unless accurate they would be useless) will not warrant us in pledging ourselves to them at present. As to the vignettes,—English animals first, and then foreign.

"Fido" should know the various and opposite tastes we have to consult, before he censures us.

Received, "A North Countryman,"—"An Old Sportsman's Hints,"—"Lumpo,"—"W."

"A Sportsman—Sancreed," is informed, that we expect all hunting communications sent to us to be original and *exclusive*.

Thanks to "A Single Dorset," but it would be making them of too much importance. Leave them for the present to digest (with what appetite they may) the "Ode."

The "Young Soldier" will agree with us, we think, that after Crofton Croker's, and the thousand and one other tourists' accounts, Killarney has lost a good deal of its interest. We shall be glad to receive the sporting communications he kindly promises.

We are ashamed to see that we have kept "Phasionocida—A. P. C." by us till the season is over. We must request his permission to let it remain till October.

"Paddy from Cork's" letter must have been making the tour of Ireland. We only received it as we were going to press. We shall be glad to hear from him again.

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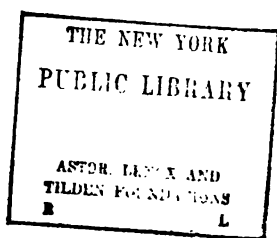
Engraved by ENGLEHEART from a painting by G. H. LAPORTE.

That's your sort! harden your heart and ride at it full tilt, and you'll be sure to get over.—

Having here, in continuation of our hunting series, shewn a gentleman going over as he ought, we shall next introduce some doing what they ought not but cannot help.

List of Stallions for 1835.

- AARON**, at Battersea, Surrey, at 5 sovs. (half-bred mares at 3 sovs. and 5s.)—by Moses, dam by Election; grandam Miss Manager by Giles.
- ACTÆON**, at the Royal Stud, Hampton Court, at 15 sovs. and 1 sov. to the groom:—by Scud out of Diana (Sister to Emily) by Stamford; grandam by Whisker.
- ADVANCE**, at Clipston, near Market Harborough, at 10 gs. and 5s. (half-bred mares at 3 gs. and 5s.)—by Cardinal York, dam by Golumpus; grandam Sister to Benningbrough, by King Fergus.
- AUGUSTUS**, at Putteridge Bury, near Luton, Beds, at 10 sovs.—by Sultan out of Augusta by Woful; grandam by Rubens out of Guildford Nan.
- BEAVER**, at Chiselden, near Marlborough, at 2 gs. and 5s.—by Swiss out of Wagtail by Young Woodpecker; grandam Lady Cow by John Bull.
- BEDLAMITE**, at Bonehill-farm, near Tamworth, at 10 gs. (half-bred mares at 3 gs.):—by Welbeck, out of Maniac, by Shuttle; grandam (Offa's Dyke's dam) by Benningbrough.
- BELZONI**, at Lutterworth, Leicestershire, at 10 sovs. and 5s.:—by Blacklock out of Manuella by Dick Andrews; grandam Mandane by Pot8o's.
- BOBADIL**, at Clearwell Court, Newland, Gloucestershire, at 20 sovs. and 1 sov.:—by Rubens, dam by Skyscraper out of Isabel by Woodpecker.
- BRUTANDORF**, at Huntington, near York, at 10 gs.—by Blacklock out of Mandane, by Pot8o's; grandam Young Camilla, Sister to Colibri, by Woodpecker.
- BUZZARD**, at Newmarket, at 12 gs. and one guinea.—by Blacklock out of Miss Newton, by Delpini; grandam Tipplecyder by King Fergus.
- CAIN**, at Bonehill Farm, near Tamworth, at 10 gs. (half-bred mares at 5 gs.)—by Paulowitz, dam by Paynator; grandam by Delpini.
- CACCIA PIATTI**, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 6 gs. and 10s. 6d. (half-bred mares 3 gs.):—by Whisker, dam by Walton, grandam by Shuttle.
- CAMEL**, at Stockwell, Surrey, by subscription, forty mares besides four of the owner's, at 20 gs. and 1 guinea:—by Whalebone dam by Selim; grandam Maiden by Sir Peter.
- CETUS**, at the Hare Park, near Newmarket, at 15 sovs. and 1 sov.:—by Whalebone out of Lamia (Sister to Quail) by Gohanna; grandam Certhia by Woodpecker.
- COLONEL, THE**, at the Royal Stud, Hampton Court, 30 mares, at 20 sovs. each and 1 sov.:—by Whisker, dam (My Lady's dam) by Delpini.
- CORINTHIAN**, at Nun Close, High Heskett, Cumberland, at 5 sovs. and 10s. (half-bred mares 2 sovs. and 2s. 6d.)—by Comus out of Louisa by Orville; grandam Thomasina by Timothy.





THE B R O D K.

- COUNT PORRO**, at Willesden, near London, blood mares gratis except 1 guinea to the groom;—by Leopold out of Wathcote Lass by Remembrancer; grandam (Gratitude's dam) by Walnut.
- CYDNUS**, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 5 gs. and 10s. 6d.:—by Quiz out of Persepolis by Alexander—Tipplecyder by King Fergus, Sister to Tickle Toby by Alfred.
- DANGEROUS**, at Prestbury, near Cheltenham, at 10 sovs. and 10s. (half-bred mares 5 sovs. and 5s.):—by Tramp out of Defiance by Rubens.
- DEFENCE**, at Stockbridge, at 20 gs. and 1 guinea:—by Whalebone out of Defiance by Rubens; grandam Little Folly by Highland Fling.
- DOCTOR EADY**, at Buscat Park, near Faringdon, at 5 sovs. and 5s.
- DUNCAN GREY**, at Whitby, at 5 sovs. (country mares 2 sovs.):—by Grey Walton, dam by Hambletonian; grandam Lady Caroline by Buzzard.
- EMANCIPATION**, at Dean's Hill, Stafford, at 12 gs.; by Whisker, dam by Ardrossan; grandam Lady Eliza by Whitworth.
- EMILIUS**, at Riddlesworth, near Thetford, not more than 40 mares, at 50 sovs. each and 1 sov.:—by Orville out of Emily by Stamford.
- EXQUISITE**, THE, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 5 gs. and 10s. 6d.:—by Whalebone out of Fair Ellen by the Wellesley Grey Arabian.
- FELT**, at Knowsley Hall, near Prescott, Lancashire, at 6 sovs. and 10s. (half-bred mares at half-price)—by Langar out of Steam by Waxy Pope; grandam Miss Staveley by Shuttle.
- FIRMAN**, at Marlborough, Wilts., at 10 sovs. and 10s. (winners and dams of winners at half price):—by Sultan, dam by Haphazard out of Miss Fury.
- FLEXIBLE**, at Aintree, Liverpool, at 6 gs. (half-bred mares at 2 gs.):—by Whalebone, dam Themis (Sister to Incantator) by Sorcerer out of Hannah by Gohanna.
- FLIBBERTIGIBBET**, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 2 gs. and 5s.:—by Comus out of Selima by Selim.
- FUNGUS**, at Chadlington, near Chipping Norton, at 11 sovs.:—by Truffle out of Sister to Rival by Sir Peter.
- HOOKEE POKEE**, at Michel Grove, near Arundel, at 10 gs. (half-bred mares at 3 gs.):—by Muley, dam (Longwaist's dam) by Dick Andrews; grandam Spitfire by Beningbrough.
- IDLE BOY**, at Buscat Park, near Faringdon, at 3 sovs. and 3s.
- ISHMAEL**, at Newmarket, at 10 sovs. and 1 sov.:—by Sultan out of a Sister to Cobweb, dam by Phantom.
- JERRY**, at Middleham, at 20 sovs. and 1 sov.:—by Smolensko out of Louisa, dam by Orville.
- LAMBTONIAN**, at Corneytrowe, near Taunton, at 10 gs. and 10s. (half-bred mares at 5 gs.):—by Filho da Puta out of Leopoldine by Walton; grandam Cressida (Priam's dam) by Whiskey.
- LAMPLIGHTER**, at Newmarket, at 12 gs.:—by Merlin out of Spotless (Sister to Bolter) by Walton; grandam by Trumpator.
- LANGAR**, at Tickhill, near Bawtry, by subscription, 45 mares, besides the owner's, at 15 gs. each and 1 guinea:—by Selim, dam by Walton; grandam Young Giantess (Sorcerer's dam) by Diomed.
- LAPDOG**, at Newmarket, at 10 gs.: by Whalebone, dam by Canopus; grandam by Young Woodpecker.
- LAUREL**, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 10 gs. (half-bred mares 5 gs.) and 10s. 6d.:—by Blacklock, dam Wagtail by Prime Minister; grandam by Orville.
- LINCROFT**, at Witton-le-Wear, Durham, at 4 sovs.—by Figaro, dam by Workingham.
- LITTLE RED ROVER**, at Stockton, near Salisbury, twenty mares, besides those of the owner, at 10 gs. and 10s. 6d.:—by Tramp out of a Sister to Dr Syntax by Paynator.

- LOGIC**, at Dawley Farm, near Hayes, at 11 sovs. (half-bred mares at 6 sovs.):—by Selim out of Piquet by Sorcerer; grandam Prupella by Highflyer.
- MAMBRINO**, at Wentworth Lodge, at 10 sovs. and 1 sov.—by Cervantes out of Governante by Governor; grandam by Benningbrough out of Camerton's dam by Precipitate.
- MAMELUKE**, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 12 gs. and 10s. 6d.:—by Partisan, out of Miss Sophia by Stamford.
- MARGRAVE**, at Bishop Burton, near Beverley, at 10 gs. and one guinea (half-bred mares at 5 gs. and 10s.)—by Muley, dam (Princessa's dam) by Election; grandam Fair Helen by Hambletonian.
- MEDORO**, at Wentworth Lodge, at 10 sovs. and 1 sov.—by Cervantes out of Marianne by Sorcerer; grandam Thomasina by Timothy.
- MERCHANT**, at Riddlesworth, near Thetford, at 7 gs. and 10s. 6d.:—by Merlin out of Quail by Gohanna; grandam Certhia by Woodpecker.
- MOTE, THE**, at Doncaster, at 5 sovs. and 10s.—by Whalebone out of Miss Emma by Walton; grandam by Orville—Buzzard.
- MULATTO**, at Mutton, near York, at 15 sovs. and 1 sov.—by Catton out of Desdemona by Orville; grandam Fanny by Sir Peter.
- MUSCAT**, a grey Arabian, at Friar's Place, Acton, at 3 gs. and 10s. 6d. Dams of winners of 100l. gratis.
- NIMROD**, at Sandlin, Leigh, near Worcester, at 2 sovs. and 5s.:—by Topsy-turvy out of Susan by Worthy, her dam by Trumpator; grandam by Mark Anthony.
- NORFOLK PHENOMENON, THE**, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 5 sovs. and 10s.
- OLYMPUS**, at Newton, near Warrington, at 6 sovs. and 1 sov.—by Blacklock out of Michaelmas by Thunderbolt; grandam Plover by Sir Peter.
- PARTISAN**, at the Links Farm, near Newmarket, not exceeding 30 mares, at 12 gs. each and 1 guinea:—by Walton out of Parasol by Pot80's; grandam Prunella by Highflyer.
- PATRON**, at Newmarket, at 10 sovs. and 10s.: by Partisan, dam by Rubens.
- PICKPOCKET**, at Melton Mowbray, at 10½ sovs. (half-bred mares at half price):—by St. Patrick, dam (Sister to Luss) by Hedley; grandam Jessy by Totteridge.
- PETER LELY**, at Lytham, near Preston, Lancashire, at 10 sovs. and 5s.—by Rubens out of Stella by Sir Oliver; grandam Scotilla by Anvil.
- PREDICTOR**, at Wigan, Lancashire, at 10 sovs.—by Soothsayer, dam by Precipitate; grandam Magnolia the Younger by Pegasus.
- PRIAM**, at Brethby-park, near Burton-on-Trent, Leicestershire, by subscription, thirty mares, besides the owner's, at 30 sovs.:—by Emilius out of Cressida (Sister to Eleanor) by Whiskey.
- RECOVERY**, at Newton, near Warrington, at 10 sovs. and 1 sov.:—by Emilius (Sire of Priam), dam (Camarine's dam) by Rubens; grandam Tippetwitchet by Waxy.
- REDGAUNTLET**, at Burghley, near Stamford, at 10 sovs. and 10s.:—by Scud out of Dulcinea by Cervantes; grandam Regina by Moorcock.
- REVELLER**, at Burghley, near Stamford, at 20 sovs. and 1 sov.—by Comus out of Rosette by Benningbrough; grandam Rosamond by Tandem.
- REVELLER**, at Newmarket, at 20 sovs. and 1 sov.:—by Comus out of Rosette by Benningbrough; grandam Rosamond by Tandem.
- ROWTON**, at Newmarket, at 20 gs. and 1 guinea:—by Oiseau out of Katherina by Woful; grandam Landscape by Rubens.
- RUBINI**, at the Royal Stud, Hampton Court, at 12 sovs. and 10s.:—by St. Patrick out of Slight by Selim; grandam by Pot80's out of Editha by Herod.
- SADDLER, THE**, at Ebberston Lodge, near Malton, at 10 sovs. and 10s.—by Waverley out of Castellina by Castrel; grandam by Waxy.
- SAILOR**, at Canford Farm, Westbury, near Bristol, at 5 gs. and 10s. 6d. (half-bred mares at 3 gs. and 10s. 6d.); by Candidate, dam by Corporal.

- SHAKSPEARE**, at Dawley Farm, near Hayes, at 8 sovs. (half bred mares 3 gs.) :—by Smolensko out of Charming Molly by Rubens ; grandam Comedy by Benningbrough.
- SHORTWAIST**, at Chiselden, near Marlborough Mills, 40 mares by subscription of 3 gs. each, and 5s. :—by Whalebone out of Precieuse by Dick Andrews ; grandam (Sister to Oatlands) by Dungannon.
- SIR HERCULES**, at East Acton, Middlesex, at 11 sovs. :—by Whalebone, out of Peri by Wanderer ; grandam Thalestis by Alexander.
- SKIFF**, at Putteridgebury, near Luton, at 10 sovs.—by Partisan, dam by Gohanna out of Kezia by Satellite.
- STAINBOROUGH**, at Dawley Wall Farm, at 5 gs. (half-bred mares at 2l. 5s.) :—by Dick Andrews out of Hornpipe by Trumpator, her dam Luna by Herod out of the Sister to Eclipse, &c. &c.
- STARCH**, at York, at 10 gs. and 10s. 6d. : by Waxy Pope, out of Miss Staveley by Shuttle ; grandam by Drone—Matchem.
- ST. NICHOLAS**, at St. Nicholas Place, York, at 7 sovs. and 10s. (half-bred mares at half price) :—by Emilius out of Seamew (Sister to Sailor) by Scud ; grandam Goosander by Hambletonian.
- ST. PATRICK**, at Riddlesworth, near Thetford, at 15 gs. and 10s. 6d. :—by Walton, dam by Dick Andrews—Trumpator.
- STUMPS**, at Bentley, near Broomsgrove, Worcestershire, at 11 sovs. :—by Whalebone out of Scotina by Delpini ; grandam Scota by Eclipse.
- SULTAN**, at Burghley, near Stamford, at 50 sovs. and 1 sov. :—by Selim out of Bacchante by Williamson's Ditto—Sister to Calomel by Mercury.
- SWAP**, at Canford Farm, Westbury, near Bristol, at 10 sovs. and 10s. (half-bred mares 5 gs. and 5s.) :—by Catton, dam by Hambletonian ; grandam Vesta by Delpini.
- TARRARE**, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 10 gs. (half-bred 5 gs.) and 10s. 6d. :—by Catton out of Henrietta by Sir Solomon—Woodpecker.
- TAURUS**, at the Palace Stables, Newmarket, at 12 gs.
- TERROR**, at Kingsfield Grove, near Bradford, Wilts., at 5 gs. (half-bred mares at 3 gs.) :—by Magistrate out of Torelli by Cerberus ; grandam Miss Cranfield by Sir Peter.
- THE PHYSICIAN**, at Catterick, at 5 gs. and 5s —by Brutandorf, dam by Prime Minister ; grandam Miss Paul by Sir Paul.
- TRANBY**, at the Royal Stud, Hampton Court, at 10 sovs. and half a sov. :—by Blacklock, dam by Orville, out of Miss Grimstone by Weasel.
- TRUMPETOR**, at Clearwell Court, Newland, Gloucestershire, at 10 sovs. and 10s.
- VELOCIFEDE**, at Morton-on-Swale, near Northallerton, at 15 gs. :—by Blacklock, dam by Juniper ; grandam by Sorcerer.
- VOLTAIRE**, at Middlethorpe, near York, at 10 sovs. :—by Blacklock, dam by Phantom ; grandam by Overton.
- WAVERLEY**, at Brompton-upon-Swale, near Richmond, at 10 gs. and 10s. :—by Whalebone out of Margareta by Sir Peter ; grandam by Highflyer.
- WINDCLIFFE**, at Stockbridge, at 5 gs. and 5s. :—by Waverley, dam by Catton ; grandam Hannah by Sorcerer out of Amelia by Highflyer.
- WISEACRE**, at Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk, at 10 sovs. and 10s. :—by Rubens, dam by Skyscraper out of Isabel by Woodpecker.
- YOUNG EMILIUS**, at Putteridgebury, near Luton, Beds, at 5 sovs. (half-bred mares at half price) :—by Emilius out of Mercy by Merlin ; grandam Showeler by Scud.
- YOUNG ISAAC**, at the same place (a beautiful grey Cob), at 2 sovs.
- ZINGANEE**, at Brethby Park, near Burton-on-Trent, at 15 sovs. and 1 sov. :—by Tramp out of Folly by Young Drone ; grandam Regina by Moorcock.

THE ROYAL STUD AT HAMPTON COURT.

THE DUKE OF DORSET MASTER OF THE HORSE.

THE following is a full list of the stallions, brood mares, and foals, of which this establishment is composed :—

COLT FOALS.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>b. c. by Sultan, out of Rachael
 b. c. by The Colonel, out of Miss Clifton
 b. c. by Priam, out of Delphine
 br. c. by Camel, out of Wings
 b. c. by Peter Lely, out of Miss O'Neill
 br. c. by Bizarre, out of Young Mouse
 b. c. by Young Phantom, out of the Juniper mare</p> | <p>b. c. by Peter Lely, out of Phantasima
 ch. c. by The Colonel, out of an Arabian mare
 b. c. by Shakspeare, out of Isabella
 ch. c. by Lamplighter, out of Oscar mare
 b. c. by Peter Lely, out of Maiden
 g. c. by Augustus or Shakspeare, out of Craven
 b. c. by Tranby, out of Codicil</p> |
|---|---|

FILLY FOALS.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>b. f. by The Colonel, out of Belvoirina
 b. f. by Emilius, out of Elizabeth
 ch. f. by Priam, out of Maria
 b. f. by Sultan, out of Spermaceti
 b. f. by Tranby, out of Ambrosia's dam, by Gohanna
 ch. f. by Emilius, out of Ada
 ch. f. by Waterloo, dam by Comus, out of Cobweb
 b. f. by The Colonel, out of Fleur-de-Lis</p> | <p>b. f. by The Colonel out of g. Comus mare
 b. f. by Tranby, out of Galatea
 ch. f. by The Colonel, dam by Partisan, out of Pawn
 b. f. by Shakspeare, out of Xarifa
 b. f. by Priam, out of Sister to Spermaceti
 b. f. by Bizarre, out of Young Espagnolle</p> |
|--|--|

STALLIONS.

The Colonel, Actæon, Rubini

BROOD MARES.

Belvoirina, by Stamford, dam by Mercury—covered by the Colonel
 Elizabeth, by Rainbow, out of Belvoirina—covered by Sultan
 Maria, by Waterloo, out of Belvoirina—covered by Priam
 A chestnut mare, by Oscar, out of Camarine's dam—covered by Sir Benjamin
 Rachel, by Whalebone, out of the dam of Moses—covered by Sultan
 Spermaceti, by Whalebone, dam by Gohanna—covered by The Colonel
 A bay mare (sister to Romana), by Gohanna, dam by Sir Peter—covered by Defence
 Scandal, by Selim, dam by Haphazard—covered by The Colonel
 Posthuma, by Orville, out of Medora, by Selim—covered by The Colonel
 Sultana (Sister to Sultan), by Selim, out of Bacchante—covered by The Colonel
 Fleur-de-Lis, by Bourbon, dam by Stamford—covered by The Colonel
 Ada (sister to Augusta), by Woful, dam by Rubens—covered by Emilius
 A chestnut mare, by Comus, out of Cobweb—covered by Waterloo and The Colonel
 Elfrida, by Whalebone, out of a sister to Gabelunzie—covered by Tranby
 Galatea, by Amadis, out of Paulina, by Sir Peter—covered by Tranby and The Colonel
 Delphine, by Whisker, out of My Lady, by Comus—covered by Priam
 A bay mare, by Partisan, out of Pawn—covered by The Colonel
 A grey mare, by Comus, dam by Sancho—covered by The Colonel
 A grey Arabian mare—covered by The Colonel

Peri (dam of Sir Hercules)—covered by The Colonel
 Miss Craven, by Mr. Lowe, dam by Soothsayer—covered by Sir Benjamin
 Isabella, by Comus, out of Shepherdess, by Shuttle—covered by Sir Benjamin
 Karifa, by Moses, dam by Rubens—covered by Grey Comus
 Miss O'Neil, by Camillus, out of Birmingham's dam, by Orville—covered by
 Peter Lely
 Maiden, by Orville, out of Merrymaid, by Buzzard—covered by Peter Lely
 Wings, by The Flyer, out of Oleander, by Sir David—covered by Camel
 Bildeston Lass, by Blacklock, out of Lily (Sister to Bourbon)—covered by
 Emilius
 A bay mare, by Juniper, out of Brown Bess, by Sir Peter—covered by Tranby
 Miss Clifton, by Partisan, out of Isis, by Sir Peter—covered by Taurus
 Young Mouse, by Godolphin, out of Mouse, by Sir David—covered by Bizarre
 Young Espagnolle, by Partisan, out of Espagnolle—covered by Bizarre
 Phantasima, by Phantom, out of Maid of the Mill—covered by Peter Lely
 Codicil, by Smolensko, out of Legacy—covered by Camel

MR. WALKER'S PILGRIM.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Walker's celebrated race-horse, Pilgrim, who has for some time been first favourite for the Doncaster St. Leger. He won the two-year-old stakes at the York August Meeting (being then the property of Colonel Hancock), beating Mr. Ridsdale's Marshall, and a large field. He was then purchased by Mr. Walker for 1,200gs., and won the two-year-old stakes at Doncaster, beating Mr. Watt's Sister to Bubastes, and several others. Mr. Walker has been singularly unfortunate with his racing-stud, having lost more valuable horses in this way than any other gentleman on the turf. The value of Pilgrim cannot be estimated at less than 2,000gs., independent of his engagements.

The horse was just being put into work, being at the time full of flesh, but in perfect health; on the Monday night he was made up, and left at eight o'clock in a loose box, the same which Rowton formerly occupied; on entering the stable on Tuesday morning, at five o'clock, he was found lying on the ground, with his head near the door, very much swollen; he lingered in great agony till one o'clock in the day, and expired, the immediate cause of his death being concussion of the brain. It is conjectured that he had either been rolling on the ground, or, in playing, had fallen backwards, and struck his head against the door post. His dam was bought at an auction sale by Henry Wright, valet to Colonel Hancock, for 20*l.*, the mare being in foal to Langar: she produced a fine colt, and the mare and foal were re-purchased by Colonel Hancock, and the foal named Pilgrim.

The celebrated trotting stallion, Merrylegs, late the property of Mr. Brigham, of Market Weighton, has been sold to Robert Dennison, Esq., of Kilnwick Percy, for 600*l.*

GULLY v. WESTMACOTT.

This action for libel, brought by Mr. Gully, M. P. for Pontefract, against the Editor of the Age newspaper, for stating, in allusion to the elections, that a Conservative would be sure to beat the "Plenipo. pill-dealer for Pontefract," was expected to have come on on the 11th ult; but, in consequence of the length of time the cases in priority occupied, it will not be tried until the next month. We understand that there were several influential sporting characters in attendance as witnesses, and among the number, Mr. Batson. If counsel for the defendant are clever, we may perhaps get at this gentleman's opinion of the Plenipo. business, an opinion which, notwithstanding repeated badgerings, he has hitherto most pertinaciously retained to himself.

MR. M. C. WYATT'S EXHIBITION.

We are not in general admirers of animals in marble or plaster of Paris; the attitudes in which they are usually represented are either, on the one hand, stiff, constrained, and hobby-horse like, or, on the other, extravagant and unnatural.—We had heard so much, however, of these Statues of Horses, and of the late Earl Dudley's Newfoundland dog, that we determined to visit them and judge for ourselves, and are glad that we did so, having been both surprised and gratified.—The dog, Bashaw, is, we believe, the "lion" of the Exhibition, and is certainly a most wonderful work of art. It is the figure of a dog of the genuine Newfoundland breed—not the large, lank, calf-like species so frequently mis-called Newfoundland, but a small, strong, compact animal—wrought in black and white marble, standing upon a cushion of yellow marble, and trampling upon a serpent. The effect, we think, would have been better had the cushion been without its gilded tassels, and the pedestal perfectly plain.—But though pleased and surprised with this curious and elaborately executed specimen of sculpture, the group of the Horse and Dragon is much more to our taste.—The figure of the horse is the most spirited, graceful, and natural representation of the sort we ever remember to have seen.—This group alone is worth going to see. The other horse, the model of the Charger intended for the equestrian statue of King George the Third, is almost as well executed, and the whole exhibition well worthy of a visit.

YORK STEEPLE CHASE.

A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, h.ft.; five year olds to carry 11st. 7lb., six and aged, 12st.; will be run for on Wednesday, in the first Assize week (April), over four miles of country near the city of York. Messrs. Reynard, Gilbert, Worsley, Beaumont, Thompson, Swann, Scott, and Key, have already entered.—Gentlemen-riders; and the horses to have been regularly hunted this season.

Scott's lot, now at Newmarket, consists of the following horses:—Coriolanus, Curtius, Marcian, Luck's-all, Valiant, Botanist, Fergus, Her Majesty, Mundig, Barbara Bell, Lady le Gros, Stockport, Silvertail filly, and Consol. Bamfylde and one or two two yr. olds are expected to follow.

RACES TO COME.

Warwick Spring Meeting ..	March 18
Lichfield	April 1
Pitchley Hunt	2
Bedford Spring	9
East Sussex Hunt	20

Newmarket Craven	20
Catterick Bridge	22
Bath Spring	29
Chester	May 4
Newmarket First Spring	4
Liverpool Craven	18
Bristol and Clifton	18
Newmarket Second Spring	19
York Spring	25
Epsom	June 2
Manchester	10
Reigate	10
Ascot	16
Buxton	24
Bath	July 1
Wenlock	3
Newmarket	7
Liverpool A. C.	7
Cheltenham	14
Lancaster	14
Goodwood	28
Worcester	Aug. 4
Brighton	5
York	6
Devon and Exeter	12
Stourbridge	25
Warwick	Sep. 2
Lichfield Autumn	8
Leicester	9
Doncaster	14
Heaton Park	23
Newmarket First October	29
Newmarket Second October ..	Oct. 12
Newmarket Houghton	26

Review.

THE COMIC ANNUAL.

BY THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

A. H. BAILY, & Co.

"WELL, men alive, here I am again!" is Hood's hearty introduction to us for 1835,—and "May you live for a thousand years, and we be there to count them!" is our cordial reply. "Although somewhat later than usual," he continues, "I am still in good time. The winter is not far advanced—its first snow is now lying on the ground. At all events January is not out, and the Comic is. I do not pretend to compete with the fast ones among my contemporaries, whom 'Time gallops withal,' till the Old Mower is blown and distressed by the rattling pace he must go at to keep up with them, to say nothing of the desperate leaps he must take that Christmas may fall about Michaelmas, and the New Year begin in October. 'There is a time,' it is written, 'for every thing,'—but the saying does not seem to be applied to *Annuaux*:—the 'quarter of an hour too soon,' recommended by Lord Nelson, is stretched into a quarter of a year. To judge by the distance at which certain Editors lay hold of it, Time's forelock must be a thousand times longer than a Chinese pig-tail!—but is there not something approaching to cruelty to animals, in hauling him along by it till he breaks his shins over his own calendar, or knocks his head against one of his own date trees?" He then points out, in his own peculiar style, to "these very *forward* Editors" (whose forwardness, by the way, we may thank for this most amusing of Prefaces) the absurdity of twining their "Winter's Wreath" about May Day, and bringing out their Christmas and New Year's Gifts coeval with "Bartlemy Fairings." He shows, too, that by thus precipitately publishing in September, their pages have been closed against such a subject as the burning of the Parliament Houses—a subject thoroughly exhausted, one would have imagined, but which receives new life from his *ever-pointed* pen, and furnishes matter for upwards of sixty pages of *originality*.

Besides the "Great Conflagration," there are nearly a score of other comicalities in prose and verse,—all excellent, but the "Sketches on the Road," the "Ode to Mr. Buckingham, M. P.," and "The Sweep's Complaint," pre-eminently so. In the two last, indeed, Mr. Hood seems to aim at something more than merely giving life to a grave subject, and making sport of a sober one. More admirable illustrations of Horace's *ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?* could hardly be found,—and if there

be any who still doubt the folly of parliamentary "preventive checks" for a propensity (call it a vice if they will) which has shewn itself among all nations, and in all ages, from the days of Noah downwards, or who are unconvinced of the injustice of the Chimney-sweepers' Act, let them read these humorous satires on hasty and crack-brained legislation. We would gladly transfer both of them to our pages, but that would hardly be fair, and we select, not as the better but the shorter, the

THE SWEEP'S COMPLAINT.

"I like to meet a sweep—such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes sounding like the *peep, peep*, of a young sparrow."

ESSAYS OF ELIA.

"A voice cried 'Sweep no more!
Macbeth hath murdered sweep."

SHAKESPEARE.

"ONE morning, ere my usual time,
I rose about the seventh chime,
When little stunted boys, that climb,
Still linger in the street;
And as I walk'd, I saw indeed
A sample of the sooty breed,
Though he was rather run to seed,
In height above five feet;
A mongrel tint he seemed to take,
Poetic simile to make,
Day through his Martin 'gan to break,
White overcoming jet—
From side to side he crossed oblique,
Like Frenchman who has friends to seek,
And yet no English word can speak,
He walked upon the fret!
And while he sought the dingy job,
His lab'ring breast appear'd to throb,
And half a hiccup, half a sob,
Betray'd internal woe,—
To cry the cry he had by rote
He yearn'd, but law forbade the note,
Like Chanticleer, with roudy throat,
He gaped—but not a crow!
I watch'd him, and the glimpse I snatch'd
Disclos'd his sorry eyelids, patch'd
With red, as if the soot had catch'd
That hung about the lid;
And soon I saw a tear-drop stray,
He did not care to brush away,
Thought I, the cause he will betray,
And thus at last he did.

Well, here's a pretty go! here's a Gagging Act, if ever there was a gagging!
 But I'm bound the members as silenced us, in doing it had plenty of magging.
 They'd better send us all off, they had, to the school for the Deaf and Dumb,
 To unlearn us our mother tongues, and to make signs and be regularly mum.
 But they can't undo natur—as sure as ever the morning begins to peep,
 Directly I open my eyes, I can't help a calling out sweep,
 As nateral as the sparrows among the chimbley pots that say cheep!
 For my own part I find my suppressed voice very uneasy,
 And comparable to nothing but having your tissue stopt when you are sneezy.
 Well, it's all up with us! tho' I suppose we mustn't cry all up.
 Here's a precious merry Christmas, I'm blest if I can earn either bit or sup:
 If crying sweep of mornings is going beyond quietnesses border,
 Them as pretends to be fond of silence oughtn't to cry hear, hear, and order, order.
 I wonder Mr. Sutton, as we've sut-on too, don't sympathize with us,
 As a Speaker what don't speak, and that's exactly our own cus.
 God help us, if we don't not cry how are we to pursue our callings?
 I'm sure we're not half so bad as other businesses with their bawlings.
 For instance, the general postmen that at six o'clock go about ringing
 And wake up all the babbies that their mothers have just got to sleep with singing.
 Greens oughtn't to be cried no more than blacks—to do the impartial job,
 If they bring in a Sooty Bill they ought to have brought in a Dusty Bob.
 Is a dustman's voice more sweet than ourn, when he comes a seeking after the
 cinders,
 Instead of a little boy like a blackbird in spring singing merrily under your
 winders?
 There's the omnibus cads as plies in Cheapside and keeps calling out Bank and
 City,
 Let his worship the Mayor decide if our call of sweep is not just as pretty.
 I can't see why the Jews should be let go about, crying Old Close thro' their
 hooky noses,
 And Christian laws should be ten times more hard than the old stone laws of
 Moses.
 Why isn't the mouths of the muffin men compell'd to be equally shut?
 Why because Parliament members eat muffins, but they never eat no sut.
 Next year there won't be any May-day at all,—we shan't have no heart to dance.
 And Jack-in-the-Green will go in black, like mourning for our mischance.
 If we live as long as May, that's to say, through the hard winter and pinching
 weather,
 For I don't see how we're to earn enough to keep body and soul together;
 I only wish Mr. Wilberforce, or some of them that pities the niggers
 Would take a peep down in our cellars, and look at our miserable starving figures
 A sitting idle on our empty sacks and all ready to eat each other,
 And a brood of little ones crying for bread to a heart-breaking father and mother,
 They hav'nt a rag of clothes to mend, if their mother's had threads and needles,
 But crawl naked about the cellars, poor things! like a swarm of common black
 beadles.
 If they'd only inquired before passing the act, and taken a few such peeps,
 I don't think that any real gentleman would have set his face against sweeps.

Climbing's an ancient respectable art, and if History's of any vally,
 Was recommended by Queen Elizabeth to the great Sir Walter Raleigh
 When he wrote on a pane of glass how I'd climb if the way I only knew,
 And she writ beneath, if your heart's afraid don't go to venture up the flue.
 As for me I was always loyal, and respected all powers that are higher,
 But how can I now say God save the King, if I an't to be a Cryer!
 Lord help us! what's to become of us if we mustn't cry no more?
 We shan't do for black mutes to go a standing at a Death's door,
 And we shan't do to emigrate, no not even to the Hottentot nations,
 For as time wears on, our black will wear off, and then think of our situations!
 And we should not do, in lieu of blackamoor footmen, to serve ladies of quality
 nimbly,
 For when we were drest, in our skyblue and silver, and large frills, all clean and
 neat, and white silk stockings, if they pleased to desire us to sweep the
 hearth we could never resist the chumblery.

The "Sketches on the Road" are inimitable,—but our readers shall judge for themselves,—here is sketch the second,

THE RUN-OVER.

" 'Do you see that ere gentleman in the buggy, with the clipt un?' inquired Ned Stocker, as he pointed with his whip at a chaise, some fifty yards in advance. 'Well, for all he's driving there so easy like, and comfortable, he once had a gig-shaft, and that's a fact, driv right through his body!'

" 'Rather him than me,' drawled a passenger on the box, without removing his cigar from his mouth.

" 'It's true for all that,' returned Ned, with a nod of his head equal to an affidavit. 'The shaft run in under one armpit, right up to the tug, and out again at t'other, besides pinning him to the wall of the stable—and that's a thing such as don't happen every day.'

" 'Lucky it don't,' said the smoker, between two puffs of his cigar.

" 'It an't likely to come often,' resumed Ned, 'let alone the getting over it afterwards, which is the wonderfulest part of it all. To see him bowling along there, he don't look like a man pinned to a stable wall with the rod through him, right up to the tug—do he?'

" 'Can't say he does,' said the smoker.

" 'For my part,' said Ned, 'or indeed any man's part, most people in such a case would have said, it's all up with me, as I said afore, with a shaft clean through your inside, right up to the tug—and two inches besides into the stable wall, by way of a benefit. But somehow he always stuck to it—not the wall, you know—but his own opinion, that he should get over it—he was as firm as flints about that—and sure enough the event came off exactly.'

" 'The better for him,' said the smoker.

" 'I don't know the rights on it,' said Ned, 'for I warn't there—but they do say when he was dextricated from the rod, there was a regular tunnel through him, and in course the greatest danger was of his ketching cold in the lungs from the thorough draught.'

" 'Nothing more likely,' said the fumigator.

" 'Howsomever,' continued Ned, 'he was cured by Dr. Maiden of Stratford, who giv him lots of physic to provoke his stomach, and make him eat hearty: and by taking his feeds well, warm mashes at first, and then hard meat, in course of time he filled up. Nobody hardly believed it, though when they see him about on his legs again—myself for one—but he always said he would overcome it, and he was as good as his word. If that an't game, I don't know what is.'

" 'No more do I,' said the man with the Harannah.

" 'I don't know the philosophy on it,' resumed Ned, 'but it's a remark of mine about recovering, if a man says he will, he will,—and if he says he won't, he won't,—you may book that for certain. Mayhap a good pluck helps the wounds in healing kindly,—but so it is, for I've observed it. You'll see one man with hardly a scratch on his face, and says he, I'm done for—and he turns out quite correct—while another as is cut to ribbons will say—never mind,—I'm good for another round, and so he proves, particularly if he's one of your small farmers. I'll give you a reason why.'

" 'Now then,' said the smoker.

" 'My reason is,' replied Ned, 'that they're all as hard as nails—regular pebbles for game. They take more thrashing than their own corn, and that's saying something. They're all fortitude, and nothing else. Talk about punishment, nothing comes amiss to 'em, from butt-ends of whips and brickbats down to bludgeons loaded with lead. You can't hurt their feelings. They're just like badgers, the more you welt 'em the more they grin, and when it's over, maybe a turn up at a cattle fair, or a stop by footpads, they'll go home to their missuses all over blood and wounds as cool and comfortable as cucumbers, with holes in their heads enough to scarify a whole hospital of army surgeons.'

" 'The very thing Scott has characterised,' I ventured to observe, 'in the person of honest Dandie.'

" 'Bagging your pardon, sir,' said Ned, 'I know Farmer Scott very well, and he's any thing but a dandy. I was just a going to bring forward, as one of the trumps, a regular out-and-outer. We become friends through an axident. It was a darkish night you see, and him a little lousy or so, making a bit of a swerve in his going towards the middle of the road, before you could cry Snacks! I was over him with the old Regulator.'

" ' Good God ! ' exclaimed my left hand companion on the roof. ' Was not the poor fellow much hurt ? '

" ' Why, not much for HIM, ' answered Ned, with a very decided emphasis on the pronoun. ' Though it would have been a quietus for nine men out of ten, and, as the Jews say, Take your pick of the basket. But he looked queer at first, and shook himself, and made a wryish face, like a man that hadn't got the exact bit of the joint he preferred. '

" ' Looked queer ! ' ejaculated the compassionate passenger, ' he must have looked dreadful ! I remember the Regulator, one of the oldest and heaviest vehicles on the road. But of course you picked him up, and got him inside, and—'

" ' Quite the reverse, ' answered Ned, quietly, ' and far from it ; he picked himself up, quite independent, and wouldn't even accept a lift on the box. He only felt about his head a bit, and then his back, and his arms, and his thighs, and his lines, and after that he giv a nod, and says he, " all right, " and away he toddled. '

" ' I can't credit it, ' exclaimed the man on the roof.

" ' That's just what his wife said, ' replied Ned, with considerable composure, in spite of the slur on his veracity. ' Let alone two black eyes, and his collar bone, and the broke rib, he'd a hole in his head, with a flint sticking in it bigger than any one you can find since Macdaming. But he made so light on it all, and not being very clear besides in his notions, I'm blest if he didn't tell her he'd only been knockt down by a man with a truck ! '

" ' Not a bad story, ' said the smoker, on the box. I confess I made internally a parallel remark. Naturally robust as my faith is, I could not, as Hamlet says, let ' Belief lay hold of me, ' with the coachman's narrative in his hand, like a copy of a writ. I am no stranger, indeed, to the peculiar hardihood of our native yeomanry ; but Ned, in his zeal for their credit, had certainly overdrawn the truth. As to his doctrine of presentiments, it had never been one of the subjects of my speculations ; but on a superficial view, it appeared to me improbable that life or death, in cases of casualty, could be predetermined with such certainty as he had averred ; and particularly as I happen to know a certain lady, who has been accepting the Bills of Mortality at two months' date, for many years past—but has never honoured them when due. It was fated, however, that honest Ned was to be confirmed in his theories and corroborated in his facts.

We had scarcely trotted half a mile in meditative silence, when we overtook a sturdy pedestrian, who was pacing the breadth as well as the length of the road, rather more like a land surveyor than a mere traveller. He evidently belonged to the agricultural class, which Ned had distin-

guished by the title of Small Farmers. Like Scott's Liddesdale Yeoman, he wore a shaggy dreadnought, below which you saw two well-fatted calves, penned in a pair of huge top-boots—the tops and the boots being of such different shades of brown as you may observe in two arable fields of various soil, a rich loam and a clay. In his hand he carried a formidable knotted club-stick, and a member of the Herald's College would have set him down at once a tenant of the Earl of Leicester, he looked so like a bear with a ragged staff. I observed that Ned seemed anxious. One of his leaders was a bolter, and his wheelers were far from steady; and the man ahead walked not quite so straightly as if he had been ploughing a furrow. We were almost upon him—Ned gave a sharp halloo—the man looked back, and wavered. A minute decided the matter. He escaped Scylla, but Charybdis yawned for him—in plain prose, he cleared the Rocket, but contrived to get under the broad wheel of a Warwickshire waggon, which was passing in the opposite direction. There was still a chance—even a fly-waggon may be stopped without much notice—but the waggoner was inside, sweethearting with three maids that were going to Coventry. Every voice cried out Woh! but the right one. The horses plodded on—the wheels rumbled—the bells jingled—we all thought a knell.

“Ned instantly pulled up, with his team upon their haunches—we all alighted, and in a moment the sixteen the Rocket was licensed to carry were at the fatal spot. In the midst of the circle lay, what we considered a bundle of last linen just come home from the mangle.

“‘That's a dead un,’ said the smoker, throwing away as he spoke the butt-end of a cigar.

“‘Poor wretch,’ exclaimed the humane man from the roof, ‘what a shocking spectacle.’

“‘It's over his chest,’ said I.

“‘It's all over,’ said the passenger on my right.

“‘And a happy release,’ said a lady on my left; ‘he must have been a cripple for life.’

“‘He can't have a whole rib in his body,’ said a man from the dickey.

“‘Hall to hattums,’ said a gentleman from the inside.

“‘The worst I ever see, and I've had the good luck to see many,’ said the guard.

“‘No, he can't get over that,’ said Ned himself.

“To our astonishment, however, the human mass still breathed. After a long sigh it opened one eye—the right—then the other—the mouth gasped—the tongue moved—and at last even spoke, though in disjointed syllables.

“‘We're nigh—hand—an't we—the nine—mile—stun?’

" 'Yes—yes—close to it,' answered a dozen voices, and one in its bewilderment asked, 'do you live there?' but was set right by the sufferer himself.

" 'No—a mile fudder.'

" 'Where is there a surgeon?' asked the humane man, 'I will ride off for him on one of the leaders.'

" 'Better not,' said the phlegmatic smoker, who had lighted a fresh cigar with some German tinder and a Lucifer—'not used to saddle—may want a surgeon yourself.'

" 'Is there never a doctor among the company?' inquired the guard.

" 'I am a medical man,' replied a squat, vulgar-looking personage. 'I sell Morison's pills—but I haven't any about me.'

" 'Glad of it,' said the smoker, casting a long puff in the other's face.

" 'Poor wretch,' sighed the compassionate man. 'He is beyond human aid. Heaven help the widow and the fatherless—he looks like a family man!'

" 'I were not to blame,' said the waggoner. 'His wife and childer in can't coom upon I.'

" 'Does any one know who he is?' inquired the coachman, but there was no answer.

" 'May be the gentleman has a card or summtut,' said the gentleman from the inside.

" 'Is there no house near?' inquired the lady.

" 'For to get a shutter off on,' added the gentleman.

" 'Ought we not to procure a postchaise?' inquired a gentleman's footman.

" 'Or a shell, in case,' suggested the man from the dickey.

" 'Shell be hanged!' said the sufferer, in a tone that made us all jump a yard backwards. 'Stick me up agin the mile-stun—there, easy does it—that's comfortable—and now tell me, and no nonsense,—"be I flat?"'

" 'A little pancakey,' said the man with the cigar.

" 'I say,' repeated the sufferer with some earnestness, 'be I flat—quite flat—as flat like as a sheet of paper? Yes or no?'

" 'No, no, no,' burst from sixteen voices at once, and the assurance seemed to take as great a load off his mind as had lately passed over his body. By an effort he contrived to get up and sit upon the mile-stone, from which he waved us a good by, accompanied by the following words:—

" 'Gentlefolk, my best thanks and my sarvice to you, and a pleasant journey. Don't consarn yourselves about me, for there's nothing dangerous. I shall do well, I know I shall; and I'll tell you what I go upon—if I bean't flat I shall get round.'"

We have not said a word yet about the wood-cuts, of which, with head and tail pieces, there are upwards of eighty in the volume. Choose which you may—heads or tails—you cannot choose wrong. Here is a specimen of each.



I wish you may get it.



The mane-chance.

Hints to Young Masters of Fox-Hounds.

LETTER THE SECOND.

THE HON. GRANTLEY BERKELEY'S SYSTEM OF MANAGEMENT IN THE FIELD.

THE moment your young hounds are in health, and have become acquainted with you, then couple them to the best tempered old hounds, (having previously taught them within the precincts of your kennel to wear their couples,) and walk out with them every day, and as they become tractable, then use them to follow your horse, taking care that you ride so quiet an animal, that he will bear their being entangled in their couples round his legs without kicking or stamping. As they proceed in their education, and as you observe their manners to become formed, (for some are quicker to learn than others,) then occasionally while out with them dismount, and still leaving couples round their neck so that it may appear as a sort of check, let those go singly whom you deem it safest to trust, and thus by degrees you will give them all their liberty. Hounds should be exercised on public roads, parks, and commons, and in all accessible places where they may meet with deer, sheep, game, and strange dogs; check them from riot at first with as little severity as possible, and by no means allow the free use of the whip, which all servants are apt to resort to on the most trifling occasion. While at exercise stop short very frequently, turn suddenly to the right or left, at a walk, trot and gallop, and use them to cluster round you, and to turn quickly to the voice and hand, making use of the word—"Here-*quote*"—which may be translated, "*here together.*"

I shall now pass on to the treatment of hounds in the hunting field, and commence with the following observations.

In the first place, remember that no animals take their character from their master so much as hounds do from their huntsman. If the huntsman is wild, noisy, or nervous, so will his hounds be; if steady, quick, and quiet, he may rely upon it that his pack will be the same.

Some men are apt, when the hounds are first unkennelled, to begin by rating all those who fling their tongue, though it must be obvious to all who think twice, that the hound does so in joyful recognition of the person he is attached to, *and not from any vicious propensity*, and therefore it cannot be a fault; and it should ever be remembered that a *superfluous* rate only tends to render the ears of the hound callous to reproof, when at other times such may really be required. A day com-

menced with noise rarely ends in success ; and if you begin with rating, it is ten chances to one but you have cause to chide upon your return.

It is also the custom of some men to rate hounds upon the road who may pick up a bone, &c., as loudly and as roughly as they would were they rioting in cover ; this, again, is a sad fault ; for a quiet word when the hound is close to you will suffice, and the coarser rate had better be kept for other times when, from its rare occurrence, it will have more effect than if used on every trifling occasion.

Some second whippers-in conceive that they are placed behind the hounds on the road to flog up all that stop within their reach, as if they had a drove of pigs before them ; *but the whip should never be applied unless for some immediate and decided fault.*

In going through riot let not the hounds be driven in a heap under their huntsman's horse, and indiscriminately rated without reason, as is too often the case ; but on the contrary let the huntsman seem carelessly to trust them, at a certain distance from him, to take their own way, with the simple precaution of having his men a little wide on either flank ; he will then see which hound is to be trusted and which not, and if riot is begun, his men are rightly placed to check it, with the further advantage of knowing and rating the hound that offends, instead of chiding indiscriminately. If hounds are driven under their huntsman's horse when approaching riot, they will pass it by without looking it in the face, noticing it no more than they would if a hare were turned down in their kennel while the men stood by with their whips. Such treatment cannot make hounds steady ; on the contrary, they have sense enough to know when they are out of your reach, and like boys from school, on the sudden removal of unnatural restraint, they are the more inclined to join in any riot that may offer. A rate when given at an improper time does more harm than good ; it disgusts your honest hound, it shies and prevents from hunting your timid one, and it is treated with contempt by those of another character who may at some future time deserve it.

It formerly was, and is now, the custom of some men, when a hound has hung on hare in cover, to catch him up when he comes out to his huntsman, and to flog him. The consequence of this is, the hound having more sense than the man who suffers this to be done, he takes very good care the next time he indulges in a fault, *not to come out of cover at all*, well knowing that while he remains there he is safe, and thus in all probability the fault is confirmed upon him for ever ; for depend upon it, you may flog two faults into a hound when you whip one out. If, on the other hand, the whipper-in dismounting, can catch the hound within the cover in the act of rioting, *there* let him be punished and driven forth, and when he comes out let the huntsman caress him,

always ordering that no hound should be struck who had once joined him: I have often seen the pack ridden into by the whippers-in, the hounds driven under the horses' feet, the wrong hounds struck, and in some cases timid hounds absolutely driven away, in the tailor-like attempt to strike a hound who had been doing wrong; but who had joined his huntsman; and such a system cannot be too severely condemned. Hounds, as I have said before, are great observers of manner, and if their huntsman reproves quietly and in terms rather of marked disgust than of loud objurcation, when he sees them inclined to dash at hare or deer, it will have more effect in making them steady than the loud rate of all the whippers-in in the world: it is the manner and not the noise that takes effect, and the more you fight with hounds the more they will fight with you. Even in retrievers and dogs in general, how often it is observable that a sign of reproof from the man they love, has more effect in rendering them steady than all the oaths and shouts of twenty gamekeepers to whom they are unattached.

This quiet plan of rendering hounds steady from hare was taught me by a friend of mine now no more, who had some of the best and steadiest pointers I ever saw, and where he used to shoot, from the nature of the ground and the quantity of hares, his dogs had plenty of temptation. At the time I am speaking of, it was the fashion for those who valued themselves on the steadiness of their pointers, never to suffer a hare to be shot before them; his plan was different, he always shot hares, but would immediately walk up saying, in a disgusted tone, "what nasty thing is this?" and would pick it up and pretend to smell to it, and then cast it with seeming contempt on the ground before him, bidding the dogs leave it. After he had passed on the keepers bagged the hare.

Another fault I have seen while hounds are waiting by the cover side, is that of rating hounds for listening to, and being anxious about, a sound as of a distant view-halloo, probably it may be but the voice of some distant birdkeeper, still the hounds cannot know that, the sound is the same, and they ought to be both attentive and anxious. I have heard men rate them with the words "ware halloo!" when in ten minutes' time, perhaps, they may cheer them to "hark halloo!" If hounds are not keenly observant of, and willing to fly to, a distant halloo, what becomes of your chance of sport in a wide woodland after Christmas, when foxes are scarce and will not wait to be found, but in all probability the only fox within the draw will be viewed over some ride a mile a-head, the moment the hounds are in cover? If hounds will not fly then, why the chance of a run is gone.

When hounds are running, a huntsman should not only commend a view of his hounds, but he should have an eye for each thing and circumstance within the circle of his observation. If they check there

must be a reason for it, either present or past, and it is his duty to find it out with as little delay as possible; the situation of objects, their probable position ten minutes before if they are living things, the song of a stationary labourer, the barking of a dog—right—left—or a-head, may all furnish a reason to guide him in his cast, and his resolution should be quick and decisive. He should suffer the hounds to make their own cast before he interferes; they know how far they were sure better than he does, and some of them will return to the exact spot where the doubt began. If they cannot hit it themselves, it is very probable that their instinctive inclination may serve to guide the huntsman if his mind should not be made up; but under all circumstances, let him not interfere till the hounds confess their inability. If hounds are never suffered to make their own cast, they will very soon so look for assistance as to have but little hunt left in them, and therefore in a woodland country where the huntsman cannot always see what takes place, frequently miss their fox. If there should be more than one fox in a cover, though one may break and the other hang, never take the hounds from that which they may have settled to; if you do, you are likely to do little good with either.

Never but under very extraordinary circumstances attempt to lift hounds in large woods full of rides, so long as they shall have a scent to hold by, for this reason: a fox generally runs down wind, and should you lift your hounds to a halloo over a ride, it is ten to one but that they catch the heelway first, and so defeat your object. In approaching a halloo given across a ride, take care for some distance before you reach the spot to give your hounds the right inclination, and wave them in with your hand in time to avoid their catching the heel; the man who viewed the fox ought to have his horse's head turned in the same direction. When hounds are running either in or out of cover, they frequently drive hares before them, and through the meuses through which the fox has previously passed. On these occasions I have often seen a well-meaning ignorant man, who had not wisdom sufficient to tell him that the fox might have passed unseen by him, crack his whip in the face of the hounds and cry "ware hare!" I have also heard the whole field shouting "ware heel!" because the fox had run a short distance down one side of a green lane or ride, been headed, and turned short back on the line he came, the hounds hitting him every inch of the way. Such well meant but mistaken interference should be stopped as soon as possible, and the field should remember that if the huntsman or whipper-in is by, he is most likely to see at least as much as the mere casual observers, and, if necessary, to render more effectual assistance.

On running a fox to ground, your sport for the day having been sufficient, and your hounds deserving him, I should, particularly in the com-

mencement, suffer my hounds to remain on the earth or drain during the time of digging; let them think that they assisted to get him out, and eventually they should be suffered to draw him themselves. It is a lesson to young hounds, and learns them the nature of the animal they hunt, and teaches them to mark him elsewhere under similar circumstances, and it pleases the old ones much. The death of the fox, and the giving him to the hounds, is often too lightly passed over. The best way is to take him, in the first place, out of the way of the horses, to set your back against a tree or fence, so that you can have your hounds before you, placing your foot upon the fox, while his scalp or nose, brush, and pads are cut off. (I prefer either scalping or nosing him to cutting off the head entirely.) This being done, you should then raise him in your left hand by the back of the neck, and hold him up, waving him in the face of the hounds so that all may have a full view of him, keeping them from catching hold of him gently with the threatening whip, and after a minute or two, toss him up so that he shall fall into their mouths, and cheer them while they break him up. On no account be too long about it; let it be done in the heat of exertion, and do you appear to be as pleased and eager as your hounds. Some men fling their fox across the bough of a tree, and put up their terriers to hang by him, while they cheer the hounds; this is all wrong; the terrier gets covered with blood, the young hounds hardly know whether it is the terrier or fox that you wish them to lay hold of, and your terrier is frequently lamed and more or less worried. Others in a still more careless manner place their foot on the fox wherever he may happen to be killed, and after cutting off the head, brush, &c., coldly abandon him to such hounds as feel inclined to break him up; but this is all wrong, and I have seen hounds made so slack by this treatment, that they not only lost all perseverance on a bad scent, but would barely break up a fox at all.

Always end your day if you can with blood, and avoid jading your hounds with too long days; there are times when your hounds will have a hard day, when, perhaps, your friends have had nothing to do; such as a fox running for two or three hours without breaking cover, &c. in severe woods. On these occasions the welfare of your pack, your future sport, and the character of your establishment, equally demand that you should turn a deaf ear to those who ask for a further draw. In the present day more is expected of hounds and huntsman than is in their power to do; you cannot please every body, and therefore the best way is to do that which is just by the animals under your command.

Now, as regards the use of the voice and the horn with hounds, too much caution cannot be used; never cheer a hound unless you are perfectly convinced that he is right, and never rate a hound unless you are as sure that he is wrong; I have known the steadiest old hound speak to

a pheasant, and I have also heard the wildest young hound in the pack find a fox. When you are not sure of what is going on, sit still, be silent, but keep a strict observance on all things, and a few moments may put you in possession of all that you wish to know : if hounds are running as fast as they can, all the shouting and whipping in the world will not mend their pace, and can only tend to get their heads up and confuse them. The horn should only be used on particular occasions, and a huntsman should speak by his horn as much as by his voice : for instance, particular notes should mean certain things, and the hounds, the whippers-in, and the field, should understand the language. I have seen some men blow their horn all day long, and the hounds become so careless of it from its constant repetition, as to render it of no use whatever. When a hound first speaks in cover to a fox, you may, if you think it necessary, use *one single* and prolonged note to get the pack together. You may also use the same note in large woodlands when in running the hounds cross a ride to a fresh quarter of the cover ; it will be a signal for the men to change their ground also, and the same note will do at any time to call up a lost or loitering hound. When the fox breaks cover, then let your horn be marked in its notes thus ; let it sound as if you said through it the words, " gone away !—gone away !—gone away !—away !—away !—away !" dwelling as much as you can on the last syllable. Hounds when used to this will fly from the cover the moment they hear the particular note, and it will tell your men and the field that the fox is away. Unless you have particular notes for certain occasions, if it is a bad hearing day, either from too much wind or from the situation of the covers you are drawing, how can your men know what you are about ? I have often seen a field sent galloping in all directions by an uncertain note from the horn, and the attention of the hounds taken away from the draw they were proceeding with ; the horn should be used but seldom and then *distinctly*, or with it much mischief may be done.

One more remark and I shall conclude my present letter. In drawing for a fox, always, if you can, take advantage of the wind the same as you would if you were beating for game in a field. In drawing up wind you have a treble advantage ; the hounds can better wind the fox, they do not hear any young hound who may hang behind on riot, while at the same time he can hear where you are, and if a fox should be on foot, you have, as he generally runs down wind, a better chance of meeting him.

SKIM.

FOX HUNTING AT THE CAPE.

"————— manet sub Jove frigido
 Venator tepere conjugis immemor,
 Seu visa est catulis cerva fidelibus,
 Seu rupit teretes torvus aper plagas."

In conceding the "pas" to fox-hunting among the wild sports of the Cape,—the term *field-sports* would be scarcely admissible in a country where fences are unknown, except for vineyards, and in the immediate proximity of the scattered and infrequent farm-houses,—I partly consult arrangement by beginning with the sports peculiar to the neighbourhood of Cape Town, and partly comply with the current opinion which places it at the head of all the varieties of the "chasse." Whether that opinion will be retained by those who have an opportunity of joining in the pursuit of the larger and nobler game may be a matter of doubt. Certainly no other sport in Great Britain inspires a tithe of the eager excitement, the absorbing interest that accompanies it, from the moment of the first hound's entering the cover, to the final running in view, and that consummation of the sportsman's joys, the death; and it might be thought rash to award the palm of superior interest to the most favoured sport of any other country.

"Non nostri est tantas componere lites."

Already, perhaps, some of your readers open their eyes in incredulous amazement, at the idea of fox-hunting at the Cape. Admitting at starting, that it might not suit the habits of one accustomed to the methodical, almost mechanical, routine of Melton, which combines elegance, luxury, and sport, in the most concentrated, rapid, and thoroughly English form; or still less, please a "swell with the Surrey;" yet fox-hunting it is, of no eckney sort, though in points of detail differing from the uniform modern tactique in England.

The (so called) fox is not the common kind, but a jackal, one of the several species peculiar to South Africa. Considerably larger, and standing higher on his legs than the English reynard, he very much resembles in figure the *greyhound* variety, but of handsomer fur; his sides and legs are of a light bay or orange, abruptly surmounted by a broad band, extending from the back of the ears down the whole line of the back, of a peculiar grizzle, of coarse long pencils of hair, barred alternately with white and black. The head is particularly fine and *varmint*. This species is found over all the colony; but it is only within the circle of some thirty miles from Cape Town that they seem to possess the speed and strength which they have perhaps acquired from being obliged to

travel a long way from their earths for food, prowling through the flats or along the sandy beach of False Bay. Their retreats are principally about the roots of the lofty Hottentot Holland range, or in the lower ridge of the Tiger-berg, from which at night they descend to the plains. Most of them at daylight, especially if disturbed, retreat again to the hills, although a few remain in the thicker patches of cover, or along the shore of False Bay, where a confused chain of sand hills, partly overgrown with heath, affords them shelter. They are not gregarious; nor do I believe that the old accounts of the jackals hunting in packs and running down their prey, are applicable to any species in the colony, but to a totally different animal—the wild dog.

Two packs of fox-hounds are kept up within a few miles of Cape Town; one by Mr. Blair, an English gentleman, formerly in the army, and now Collector of Customs at the Cape; the other by a Dutchman, Mr. Van Reenan, to whom sportsmen are much indebted for keeping up the hounds at a time when there was no other active supporter, and who seems to have quite an English passion for the turf as well as hunting, but whose weight renders it no easy matter to mount him properly, since the loss of a powerful brown gelding, that died after a severe day's work. His pack is numerous, and there is good blood among them; but one perceives a want of high working condition about them, and many are too fat to run. If their performance in the field is inferior, his points of meeting have the advantage of being less distant. Mr. Blair's are highly-bred hounds, their blood constantly crossed and kept up by importations from some of the best kennels in England, and they are admirably managed. It would not be easy to pick out fifteen couple of more beautiful foxhounds, or in finer working order, than he can turn out; nor a fitter representative of the old English squire than the owner, when jogging along on his wiry, well-bred nag, with the pack at his heels, and Solomon, the whipper-in, (a tawny son of a Caffre,) in his glory, bringing a refractory youngster up. Mr. B. hunts his own hounds with a degree of skill and judgment that only long experience of the country and the animal could mature; nor have his years chilled the yet keen ardour with which he rides to them, when a blazing scent leads them at a tremendous pace across the country. But it is necessary to describe the country, and the manner of proceeding to kill a fox on the flats.

The "flats" are the plain extending from the Simonstown road, at the rear of the Table Mountain, to the Tiger-berg Hills, a low range distant about fifteen, and the Hottentot Holland, about twenty-five miles from Cape Town; and shut in by Table Bay on one side and False Bay on the other, about fourteen miles across. The soil is a deep white sand, carpeted in patches with grass or the succulent Hottentot fig, and

overgrown with cover of numerous heaths and other shrubs. In some parts the matted vegetation crisps the surface into a tolerably firm turf; but the whole extent is, to a greater or less degree, burrowed through and riddled by countless multitudes of moles of a large species, nearly the size of rabbits. These holes vary in depth according to the lightness of the soil, from eight or nine inches to two feet and more, and in many parts so numerous that it is impossible for a horse to avoid them. It is therefore of the first necessity that he should have a light forehand and well-formed shoulders, and be well set on his haunches; and then, with the aid of a double bridle and firm and ready hand, the rider may (as Cromwell said) put his trust in Providence. Though purls will occasionally happen, they are not so numerous as one might apprehend: the same looseness of soil which yields without resistance to the mole, enables the horse to extricate his legs; but where the holes are numerous and deep, they of course materially stop his speed; and in such ground the hounds easily get away from the horse, which is unable to go the pace, and must, if possible, recover his distance where he can find a strip of firm galloping ground.

Along the shore of False Bay commences an irregular formation of sand-hills, extending in divergent ramifications for miles across the flats, and originating in the sand perpetually carried up by the south-east winds from the beach, drifting, wherever a bush or other obstacle stopped it, into ridges and banks, which, by the constant accumulation of ages, have grown to a great height. Those nearest the shore, probably the more ancient, are clothed with shrubs and herbage, and their surface is firm; but the greater number remain bare and loose, and to climb their steep sides or wade among the little intervening seas of sand is killing work. Blood, therefore, is essential, and fortunately the sportsman can obtain it. To the late Lord Charles Somerset the colony is indebted for the most material improvement in the breed of horses, by numerous importations of the best blood, and by the liberal encouragement and patronage of the turf under his government. The produce of his stallions and mares are spread through the colony; and several breeders keep up a tolerably large stock of thorough-breds, many of the best of which, after a successful or promising appearance at the half-yearly races at Cape Town, command high prices for the East Indies or Mauritius.

The country-breed, originally imported by the Portuguese, were probably what old writers call the Spanish jennet, a horse of Barb descent; and these, perhaps, crossed with an inferior kind introduced by the Dutch, and modified by climate, &c., left several varieties, the best and most common a small, but wiry, active, and useful animal, whose appearance and often colour—very generally a roan of various mixtures—

speaking his greater share of the Spanish blood. These are universally employed for light waggons and as hacks and shooting-nags; their prices vary, but on an average sell for 100 rix-dollars, or 7*l.* 10*s.*; and for journeys and sporting excursions they are invaluable, going long distances unshod, or with the fore feet, at the utmost, protected; neither requiring nor receiving any of the careful grooming and cleaning bestowed on the inmates of an English stable, and at night tied up in any shed with a sheaf of unthreshed oats (there called hay) thrown to him. Indeed the poorer boors will ride a mere pony for days together, on grass alone. Their only luxury, the substitute for all the meshes and cordials, is an "*out spaw*." This is, turning them out to roll and graze for a few minutes, without the saddle, by securing the "*rheim*" or halter of their headstalls, which they always carry on them, round the knee, leaving them just room to graze with freedom, but too short to let them raise their heads, unless the fore-leg accompanies it, held out like a flail, in which ludicrous position one may often see them stand, or hobble along on three legs. In riding a long journey, it is necessary, in justice to the animal, to off-saddle for this purpose every two hours, when a knowing horse will go down on his knees immediately, and enjoy three or four rolls-over before he rises again.

For the better style of saddle horses and for light draughts, all the farmers in the Cape district breed from English blood; and handsome nags for the saddle or buggy bring thirty or forty pounds, being generally smaller than the similar class in England, and seldom exceeding fifteen hands, though high prices will always procure greater size and more blood. A knowing hand can always pick up a neat and serviceable horse for much less money out of the waggons of the farmers in the markets, who cannot withstand the sight of "*gelt*" or ready money.

Supposing, then, the sportsman provided with his hunters and ready for work,—let us see him through his first day. It wants yet two hours of daylight, and the black wall of the Table Mountain rises like a screen across the deep blue expanse, twinkling with few but brilliant specks. No envious streak of cloud, stealing over the kloof between it and the Devil's Hill, threatens a south-easter to parch the flats; but yet we must be on the ground betimes. Here, no nine-o'clock breakfast precedes the arrival of the cover hacks or posters, and the merry canter out to throw off at eleven. Excepting after heavy rains, the sun soon dries up the slight surface-moisture; and the uncertainty of finding at once, requires that there should be time for trying various points before the morning is advanced. Unless we find before nine o'clock, the day is like to be a —: though runs, and brilliant runs too, I have known at a late hour, yet the chance is too small to trust. So let us mount and jog along the

high road to Rondebosch, from which we descend to the flats, and take our choice of the steep and heavy tracks that lead across them to various points. To-day we head for the nearest rendezvous—Fig-kraal, some seven miles from the town; and as we near it, a tinge of amber steals up the sky and brightens into gold behind the deep grey pinnacles and pyramids of the Hottentot Holland Mountains. On either side, a low long line of silvery haze marks the distant shore; while on our right, those dim specks which have seemed to move for some time past are more and more distinct, and the dusky object in front of them assumes in the broader light a tinge of red. Those are Mr. B. and some brother sportsmen from Weynburg. A few minutes suffice for the brief salutations of the morning,—for doffing of great coats, examining of girths, and uncoupling hounds; and then to the business of the morning.

The sun in five minutes more will be up, dazzling our eyes with his intense brightness, so at a brisk trot let us follow the master of the hounds across the level heath to yonder streamlet that wends its silent shallow course in a hollow, fit for the bed of a little river, and white as a chalk-road. In the close bush on the other side the hounds are thrown off, and spreading, but not dispersed, they eagerly try the ground; one moment hid in the cover, the next emerging from its concealment. We follow the course of the stream, till a bare and short green herbage terminates the bushes; and then, without a pause, strikes off to a favourite spot, where another more considerable hollow is marked by some piled stones, the ruins of some huts, and a few decayed acacias. A hasty, yet careful search is soon rewarded by a single hound's challenge, followed by a silence, only broken by the rustle of the others harrying to the spot. Another loud decided voice from a favourite hound, which is busily pushing on where the jackal has evidently been dodging, confirms our hopes, while others of the pack acknowledge the discovery; and while they still eagerly snuff the ground, the general motion forward becomes more rapid. A few more voices chime in with the cry, and away they go,—the start of the leading dogs taken up by the rest.

"Hold hard, hold hard!" "Gently now!" exclaims the experienced master to those whose zeal, outrunning discretion, hurries them on the heels of the hounds. But the pace increases—their line, straight for the mountains, dispels all doubt or fears of the chase turning out a buck, and proves him a fox, and "no mistake!" Clear, but not clamorous, is the peal of their musical tongues—sometimes almost mute from the speed which such a blazing scent courts. "And now you young bloods that were so forward, now ride!" No fear of over-riding. By Jove, they seem to skim along like swifts! Going in a straight line, without a fence, 'tis a perfect race, but sit well back, and keep your horse

firmly in hand; for though mole-holes innumerable beset his feet, and he sinks under you, now behind and now before, his pace must not be relaxed. On we fly, now stretching across the open level expanse, now among bushes and inequalities of ground, plunging like a vessel in a heavy sea,—now bounding into and through some deep pool of water! We near one of the wide snowy drifts of sand, its long undulating ridge stretching away like a wave before it breaks. At the foot of its precipitous bank, the hounds are at fault: a pause opportune for some of the steeds, whose quivering tails and distended nostrils proclaim “bellows to mend.”

The dry sand seldom retains the scent, and here the horsemen may assist, for on its smooth surface a foot-mark is impressed as distinctly as in snow; and if any one can see and trace the fox's ball over the drift, let him follow it, first assuring himself that it is fresh, while the hounds, re-assembled from an unsuccessful cast on both sides below, are quickly laid on it and harked forward. This office is generally performed by the whipper-in, if well mounted, who canters on as fast as he can follow the “spoor.” We follow, cheering on the hounds, (old dogs know and will follow the track correctly by the eye,) our horses sinking above the fetlock at every stride. From the top of the bank, we see Solomon going along, cap in hand; and now the sun is blazing in his power. The dazzling white sea of sand is uninterrupted by a speck, save where the clustered hounds and horsemen resplendent in glowing scarlet sweep along,—a brilliant and fantastic vision. The hollow we are ploughing through is bounded by a little mountain of sand, yet Solomon keeps on his course, but no longer mounted. On foot he climbs the steep ascent, while his jaded nag is with difficulty dragged up. One desperate effort, and we breathe on the summit. To our right lies a seemingly interminable collection of sand-hills, in which a skulking fox may double and tire out horses at least, in the unavailing pursuit which the increasing heat may compel us to relinquish. However, there is no time for consideration—we flounder down the slope, and trust to fortune. One circuit to the right, and then, hurrah! the fox has gallantly taken to the heath again. And now, after a few slight divergences to either side, among the dark and bushy knolls that border the region of sand, our course points right for the Tiger-berg. Surely we must kill him before he reaches that intricate and treacherous cover! Another mile terminates our suspense, for a last sweep to the right hand decides his desperate push for his mountainous home in the lofty range of the Hottentot Holland. Not a moment have our panting steeds to blow; for though no longer at the racing flight of the first burst, yet, with the hot, keen, unvarying speed of determined thirst for blood, the hounds are running in a cluster, compact as a flock of teal.

We dash through a high shrubbery of sugar-trees, whose branches crackle and fly beneath our horses' chests—skim across a patch of verdant yet treacherous sod; and as we approach another sandy bank, whose summit is dark with brush, the fox, emerging from the cover of the scattered shrubs, is seen ascending the white rampart, which betrays his dark form, now slowly and painfully toiling up the steep. Hark forward! Tally ho! We cheer, and urge our labouring horses up the bank, and from the surmounted ridge perceive the wearied chase still holding on, but his faltering pace announces his race nigh run. One final effort; and the victim, attempting to recall his over-tasked energies, darts first to the right, then to the left. In vain, a general rush, one short and bitter snarl of despair, drowned in the *mêlée* of his confused assailants, and all is over. And then for who shall snatch the lifeless and limber victim from the jaws of the greedy hounds—and seize the brush to be appropriated to the adornment of his hat, and the glorification of his prowess, on the way to its final place of rest, the stable-door. Who knows not the last ceremony, the consignment of the tailless, perhaps padless body to the instantaneous partition, and bolting of the "*disjecta membra*," by the greedy hounds?

After the eager excitement of the glorious finish has subsided, and (if any provident gentleman hath brought a paper of sandwiches and a flask of Madeira) a slight refectory, we gird up our loins to plod home the weary distance with an unmitigated sun in our faces. This is the least attractive part of the day's work; but if the find is speedy, and the run quick, we may be entering the barracks by eleven. But to confess the truth, such a speedy wind-up is not common. Blank days are but too well known, and often nine or ten hours on horseback, one half spent in fruitless and dispiriting traversing and scouring of the flats under a burning sun, is repaid by—only the trouble. Various too are the chances, even after finding. A cunning jackal, perhaps, will get into the labyrinth of sand-hills, and lead us a dance for an hour, to be baffled at last. Another may go from the northern division of the flats, right to the Tiger Valley; and then, after a sharp run of a few miles, we get involved in a piece of ground, from which I have seldom known *all* the party to come out unhurt. The side of the Tiger Hill where it runs down on this hollow, is intersected by abrupt and deep cracks or ravines, partially concealed by long thick bushes. Towards the foot the soil is extremely rotten, undermined by moles to the depth of two feet and more, and full of the pits formed by the ant-bear. And, as if this were not enough, it is overgrown with proteas and other shrubs, interspersed with mimosas, whose long stiff spikes of thorns pierce and wound the horses' legs, while the numerous stumps of bushes cut for firing expose them to be dangerously staked. It is hard to pull up when hounds are before

you, but the rider who cannot exercise discretion, and avoid entering this perilous ground, may have cause "to rue the hunting of that day," in a horse lamed with severe strains, or deep-seated thorns, perhaps incurable.

In the ground hunted by Mr. Van Reenen there were fewer sand-hills, but very generally one had a sharp and trying run up the face of the Tiger-berg, during which the hounds would get out of sight in crossing the hill top. The attempt to pull up one's distance in descending the other side, afforded every reasonable chance of a purl that could be desired; nor were fences at all required for this purpose, as I have both experienced in person, and seen in various others exemplified.

From the United Service Journal.

JORROCKS'S FAREWELL VALENTINE TO MISS J——A
G——LE ON HIS GOING TO CHELTENHAM.

ADIEU! my love, we're doom'd to part,
But think of me where'er thou hart,
Where'er thou hart, oh! think o' me,
Where'er I ham I'll think o' thee.

The days may come (I'm hapt to roam)
When I shall dwell remote from home;
But this believe, where'er I go,
I'll ne'er forget to love thee—no.

It p'rhaps may be my lot to fry
'Neath Afric's burning, scorching sky;
Or just as likely p'rhaps to freeze
In regions o' the Polar seas.

Where the poor sailor tempest tose'd is,
Where so sewere, so sharp the frost is,
That the bold traveller who goes there
Is wery like to leave his nose there.

Then think of me when we are parted,
Think of one wot's broken 'earted;
One whose 'eart will ne'er be mended,
Until his life is fairly hended.

JOHN JORROCKS.

Great Coram Street, Valentine's Day.

THE YOUNG LORD'S INVITATION.

(A Parody on the Beggar's Petition.)

ENVY the pleasures of a rich young lord,
Whose sporting drag has brought him to your gate;
O! come and share whate'er my walls afford,
Welcome alike, the humble and the great.

These 'Town-built clothes my "three per cents." bespeak,
These well-curl'd locks proclaim my tender age,
And many a smile upon my youthful cheek
Can prove as yet how smooth my pilgrimage.

Yon castle standing on the rising ground,
Built by my sires, descended now to me,
Looks in proud grandeur o'er the country round,
And owns me lord of all that it can see.

Here let the pauper, verging from his road,
Lured by the turrets of my proud domain,
Be sure, if, when distress or hunger goad,
He seeks for aid, he shall not seek in vain.

A short allowance was my early lot,
Then, like a fool, I squander'd sums away;
For well I knew how much my sire had got,
So gave "post obits" for a future day.

My college friends, gay partners of my sports,
With envy view'd my kennel and my stud;
They little knew how much a Jew extorts,
Before a minor keeps his "bit of blood."

My tutors all by mute consent agreed
To wink at follies that they would not see;
I paid my way, and did not choose to read,
And so was left to live in luxury.

Of age to-day—by birth and right a lord,
The lawful owner of a proud estate;
O! come, and share whate'er my walls afford,
Welcome alike the humble and the great.

CANTAB.

PURGEM SPA; OR, A DAY NEAR A WATERING PLACE.

HAVING been compelled, by the illness of my wife, to take up my abode at the above celebrated watering place during November and December, months which hitherto I have generally spent amongst the blackthorn fences and grass grounds of Northamptonshire, I have endeavoured to make the best of my sojourn here by becoming a sedulous attendant on the congregations of young and old maids, who nightly assemble to drink tea and talk scandal; and by ordering my horses to be brought over from home, in order to partake of the sport shewn by the Marquess of D——'s hounds, which hunt the neighbouring country.

It is not in the province of your Magazine, Mr. Editor, to celebrate the gaieties of a watering place; my observations on that head shall be forwarded to the Court Journal; suffice it here to state, that the *sore eyes*, as the fly men call them, are numerous, the old maids affable, the tea tolerable, and the politeness of the master of the ceremonies unbounded.

The day after my horses arrived, the following note was delivered me by the servant of a corpulent friend of mine, who is a great man with the Marquess's hounds.

DEAR SYLVAN,

I have just got the meets for next week.—On Tuesday the Marquess meets at High Grumbleton.—Will you make a fourth in a fly to cover with self, and old Harry Heavytail and his son?

Yours, truly,

JOHN STURDY.

I declined the honour of profiting by the imaginary fourth place in the worthy Mr. Sturdy's vehicle, which I conceived would form a very sufficient load for one horse when filled by him and his two friends, especially as the wood at which the hounds met, though only five miles off, was situated on the summit of a steepish hill, and decided, as the distance was so short, on riding my hunter to cover myself, that I might see all that was to be seen from first to last.

At half-past nine the road absolutely swarmed with pedestrians, chimney-sweeps, butchers' boys, nursery-maids, lollipop-venders, establishments for young ladies; in short, all the idle inhabitants of this idle town seemed to have unanimously agreed to rendezvous at the fifth milestone, and assist at the anticipated sport at High Grumbleton. The hounds, a noble pack, attended by the huntsman and two whips, duly attired in the livery of the hunt, arrived at the same time as myself, and

established themselves in a sheltered corner of a field adjoining the road. I wish I could do justice to all the subsequent arrivals. First of all came an open fly, freighted by six young ladies, who had set out with the intention of seeing how six different Mr. Smiths looked in their red coats. Next to them came a wheelbarrow full of ginger pop and brandy balls, drawn by a blind bull-dog and a Waterloo man with a medal and one leg. Then an old lady with a parasol, in a wheel-chair towed by a brandy-faced two-legged prad, with a red patch with a number on it on his arm. Then came ladies on donkeys, ladies on pillions, and a troop of damsels on very seedy looking hacks, chaperoned by a hairy-faced riding master, to whose care they were intrusted by their fond parents, and who looked, if I am any thing of a physiognomist, as if he was disposed to teach one of his tender charges considerably more than her mamma bargained for. Lots of horses of every sort and description arrived, mounted by every species of servant, from the stunted, wide-awake Leicestershire second horseman, to the hawbuck "what looked after a horse and chaise, waited at table, and worked in the garden." Then came the crowd of red, blue, and green coats, more flies and wheel-chairs, and last of all, the noble master of the pack.

"Gracious, how them dogs barks! I'm sure they'll bite the Markiss," quoth the lady with the parasol, as the hounds recognised their noble master, and rushed to greet him. The Marquess transferred himself from his hack to his hunter, nodded coldly to a few second-rate toadies who were skirting about in hopes of a cordial greeting from his sublimity, and proceeded to put the hounds into cover, while the guard of the London True Blue light post coach, which had stopped to put down a few sportsmen it had brought to cover, played the Hunting Chorus in *Der Freischütz* in the most lively and encouraging manner.

If the Marquess's intention was to catch the fox, I must say it was admirably seconded by the assembled sportsmen, horse and foot. The equestrians carefully surrounded the wood, whilst the pedestrians closed in on their wily antagonist. Various sage remarks were interchanged as to the probable course he would take.

"He's most sure to cross the road for Upton-spiny," observed the brandy-faced gentleman who towed the old lady with the parasol, and who was evidently looking out for a start.

"No, that he won't," was the reply, "cos he'd be most sure to be runned over by them flies, or chays, or summut; there's sich a lot on 'em."

"Good God, sir!" cried the cock druggist of the Spa, who had stationed himself with a few of his surviving customers down wind, exactly in the spot from which the fox might be expected to break, "good God, sir! look at that damned riding master and his troop; they'll spoil all

our sport. If we could but keep that point clear, we'd be sure of a run. The fox did come out there just now; but one of Miss Tripe's young ladies shied her ridicule at him, and headed him back." The riding master, I have since ascertained, was at that moment making precisely the same observation respecting the druggist, *et sic de cæteris*. I must here tell you, Mr. E., that the Marquess has the reputation amongst these gentry of being a very ill-tempered man in the field.

"Hullaballoo, hoo, hoo, hullaballoo!"

"Oh Lord! oh Lord! help me off!"

"What's the matter? Where's the doctor? A man in a fit!"

This horrible yell proceeded from a young farmer who was sitting on his horse next to me. He was lifted from his saddle, and laid on some straw in a corner of the field, whilst some one galloped off for the doctor; it appearing that a grey filly belonging to Mr. Chouse the dealer, which on my way to cover he had strongly recommended to me for my wife, had kicked him severely on the leg. The doctor, a retired practitioner of considerable skill, soon rode up. He is a good sportsman, keeps a couple of capital nags, and rides, as doctors and parsons generally do, "uncommon straight." He dismounted, and with the assistance of a pallid surgeon's apprentice, who had been enjoying the sport from the summit of a neighbouring tree, but had slipped down in the hopes of a job, proceeded to examine the hurt. The patient was most tenderly supported by Mr. Chouse, who, on seeing me, began to express his surprise at the accident, as the mare was the most sweet-temperdest creature breathing, and consoled the poor farmer by assuring him she must have done it "in play." The doctor in the meanwhile cut open the sufferer's boot, the pallid apprentice stripped down the stocking; both bones of the broken limb appeared protruding through the skin.

"Away, away! toot, toot, toot! he's off for the gorse!" shouted the huntsman, as he galloped by with a few couple of hounds at his horse's heels.

"It's a compound fracture, Mr. Pillbox; carry him home on a hurdle," screamed the doctor, scrambling on his horse, and putting him straight at a four-foot wall before he was well in his saddle, he being apparently of opinion that there was no time to be lost, even on a patient.

"She must have done it in play," reiterated Chouse, letting the farmer gently down on his back, and mounting the grey filly.

Off we went down a ride, terminated by a low stone wall, which soon became macadamized by the horses blundering over it.

"For God's sake, get on there!" exclaimed a cobby country gentleman in the rear, who believed himself that he made other people believe that he was a quick man over a country, by being very clamorous at gaps, and riding fast when there was no occasion for so doing, and when

every body else was riding slow. Crash went some one over the fence who knew what he was about, and knew better than to stay waiting for his turn at a gap, when hounds were running like devils over the open. —Crash. "Catch my horse!" implored another unfortunate fellow in the ditch, who did not know what he was about, and had endeavoured unsuccessfully to follow the former's good example.

Away, away, went the hounds over the large fields and stiff fences, not a horseman within a mile of them. The nags soon began to shew distress; if the country was light, it was hilly; the riders evidently shied the fences more than at starting, the rag, tag, and bobtail disappeared, and in about five and twenty minutes some eight or ten of us caught the hounds, but not till they had thrown up in the middle of a large grass ground. I did not know the country, so I cannot say whether our course was straight or circular; but I know that I was third man up, and the first person I saw in the lane adjoining the field we were in, was the brandy-faced gentleman and his wheel-chair. He was in considerable distress, but still, there he was. I have since been informed that he is in great request among the sporting ladies of the Spa, from his excellent wind and bottom, and his superior eye to hounds. It is supposed that he can go ten minutes longer than any other chairman in the town, and tow eighteen stone with ease.

The huntman made a couple of unsuccessful casts, which gave the rest of the company time to straggle in. Each man on his arrival most unblushingly observed, either "that the pace had not been what it ought to have been," or "that he regretted that the hounds should have checked just as his horse was getting settled to his work," although it was pretty evident, notwithstanding the disparaging manner in which these gentlemen were pleased to speak of the run, that a few minutes more would have settled their nags altogether, if heaving flanks and quivering tails were to be received in evidence. Last of all arrived the noble Marquess, considerably out of sorts at not having seen any thing of the scurry. He was beginning a long Philippic against skirting, nicking, overriding hounds, &c., &c., when he was cut short by being informed that the fox was most indubitably in a drain. The farmer who gave this information rode off to the nearest house, and pressed into the service a most unfortunate-looking black long-backed tail-less cur, which he inserted into the muddy mouth of the ditch, much to the poor devil's delight. From the infernal row which the hounds made, he could have expected nothing short of being eaten alive. All eyes were now directed to the other end of the field, where Reynard was expected to make his appearance.

"There he goes!" hollows some one. "Hold your tongue, damn you!" —"Holloe, the hounds want blood!" —"Give him law!" —"Let him go!"

The hounds caught sight of him, and away they raced to a large wood a few fields off, which they entered close on his brush. Here the day's sport terminated. The scent grew cold, the Marquess sulky; in vain the huntsman cheered his hounds, in vain the whips kept a bright look out, master reynard was too sharp for them. He quietly slipped down to the other end of the plantations, and trotted off by a short cut known only to himself and a few intimate friends, to his former quarters on the London-road, *Fox, et præterea nihil*.

The sportsmen collected into groups, and their talk was of luncheon; the Marquess rallied his toadies around him and departed. Off went one troop of youngsters as hard as they could scamper, over the gates and walls, headed by a man who had undertaken to shew them the shortest way home. The cobby little gentleman, who professed only to ride hard when there was occasion for it, (a very favourite expression, by the way, among timid would-be performers,) muttered something about "unsportsmanlike," and joined a bevy of elderlies who preferred the turnpike. Another class of youths, who were too slow for the larkers and too fast for the elderlies, remained to ride home with the hounds, and talk over the run with Jack Forward and the whips. It was really edifying to see the credulous countenances with which the last-mentioned worthies managed to swallow the enormous lies which these infatuated young men were pleased to tell concerning their own and their horses' feats in the preceding run. Jack and his men had an eye to a glass of brandy and water going home, and a handsome tip at the end of the season, and believed accordingly. From what I myself saw of the run (and I think I saw as much of it as any of them), I should say the old lady in the wheel-chair had decidedly the best of it, from the hard condition of her prod, and from superior knowledge of the country.

As we entered the town on our return, we were met by the whole beauty and fashion of the place; many were the inquiries made after the brush: had the fox been furnished with as many tails as a soldier's cat, or the "Arabian Nights," and had we caught him, they would not have sufficed for a tithe of the young ladies to whom it had been rashly promised. On reaching home I changed my dress, and walked into the town, where I recognized many of the gallant sportsmen with an admiring fair one on each arm, parading up and down the High Walk in their red coats and leathers. I had wondered in the morning what could induce a lot of men who could hardly sit firm on a rocking-horse, and were evidently too much alarmed during the day to enjoy the thing, to ride miles to cover, to get frightened out of their wits and then ride home again. The mystery was now solved; and I have no doubt that the red coats told on the hearts of the susceptible damsels of Purgem

Spa, in a degree which amply compensated the wearers for all the wear and tear which their nerves had undergone in the morning.

SYLVAN.

P.S. On my way home I fell in with Mr. Sturdy, whom I had not seen during the run. He informed me that owing to having been furnished with a rascally bad fly horse, he and his friends the Messrs. Heavytail had arrived late at the cover side. I'll never deal with that fellow who let us the fly again, said he to himself, it is only five miles after all, and although the road is hilly, there were *only* us three as you preferred riding, he *ought* to have done it in an hour.

MR. YOUATT (AUTHOR OF "THE HORSE" IN THE LIBRARY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE) ON SUMMERING THE HUNTER.

SIR,

I THINK I have some little cause to complain of a writer in the last number of your amusing and instructive Magazine, and I trust to your candour to admit this brief defence of myself.

An anonymous correspondent is commencing a series of essays on a most interesting and important subject, as much so to the veterinary surgeon as the sportsman,—“The Breeding and Treatment of Horses.” I confess that I read his introductory paper with considerable pleasure, and with improvement too.

He treats, in the concluding portion of it, on the summering of the hunter in the field and in the stable; and, like most sportsmen, is a decided advocate for the latter. It does not appear whether he would or would not allow the paddock of Nimrod, if he had been driven to blister or to fire his horse; at all events, he says nothing about it; but he objects to the turning out of the hunter as a salutary, renovating measure when the labours of the field are ended.

He has a right to his own opinion, and that opinion is certainly strengthened by the practice of the generality of sportsmen. But then, in a note he quotes the opinion of the author of “The Horse,” who advocated the summering of the hunter in the field; and for this reason, among others, “that the spring grass is the best physic that can possibly be administered to the horse;” and on account of this opinion, your correspondent exclaims, “here is another striking instance of the folly of not employing practical men to write on these subjects, as the experience of any sportsman would have prevented his asserting such an absurdity as this.”

Now, sir, what right has an anonymous author thus to attempt to blast the reputation of—no, not of an opponent, for I had not before been brought into collision with him—but of one who happens to hold an opinion contrary to his?

There is no occasion, I believe, to inform this anonymous writer, that the work to which he refers is, with all its imperfections, mine. I had been advocating the summering in the field, and I had been saying “that there is nothing so refreshing to the feet of the hunter as the spring grass into which he is turned in May, and nothing so calculated to remove any enlargement or sprain, as the gentle exercise which he voluntarily takes while his legs are exposed to the cooling process of evaporation; and that it is superior to all the embrocations and bandages of the most skilful veterinarian. It is the renovating process of nature, where the art of man fails.” I added, “that the spring grass is the best physic that can possibly be administered to the horse,” &c. Taking this sentence alone, he, from his mysterious and unseen cathedra, fulminates against me the anathema of not being a practical man. Is this the sportsman's fair play?

But let us see how the matter lies. “Now hear,” says the anonymous writer, “what Mr. Percivall says in his *Lecture on Staggers* (p. 438), so prevalent among the Ordnance horses at Woolwich, which, he tells us, having become low in condition, and stale upon their legs, were turned into the marshes to recruit their strength. No case,” says he, “was more common than an attack of staggers among those horses, which my father (as eminent in practice as himself) attributed to the luxuriant pasture they were *suddenly* (mind the word suddenly, reader!) turned into, which invariably loaded them with fat, and, consequently, plethorized their systems, combined with the dependent posture of the head,” &c.

Now, sir, will you and your readers have the kindness in your turn to mark. I had been speaking of the spring grass, which I had thought—which I had foolishly imagined—every veterinary surgeon, every *real* practical man knew to possess a medicinal alterative quality; but my friend's horses (for such he was, and I would apply that term but to few) were turned out when this medicinal quality was gone, and there remained only the excess of nutriment which characterizes the produce of marsh land. I was speaking of May, or, at most, the first half of June; these horses were in the marshes in July, August, and September. I was speaking of the turning out in ordinary land; these horses were sent to the marshes;—and last and worst, I was recommending the turning out of the hunter, his legs probably having suffered from his winter's work, but otherwise in a state of high—of unnaturally high condition—with stomach enough to digest any thing, and to whom a little unbracing, a

temporary quieting down of all the organs to the natural discharge of their functions, would be of incalculable service, and would best prepare for after exertion; but my friend's horses were "low in condition, and stale upon their legs from work, and sent into the marshes to recruit their strength;" and, in consequence of this previously exhausted state, were unable to bear up against the influence of different and luxuriant food; they could not dispose of the new quantity of blood, but became apoplectic and died.—Are the cases similar?

Let us proceed a step farther. This "eminent practitioner," Mr. Percivall, Sen. (and an excellent one he was, although he profited by this lesson of experience, so far as the turning of debilitated horses into the marshes in the midst of summer went), *always practised the system of summering the hunter in the field*. He had little paddocks inclosed on Woolwich-common, immediately before his house, purposely for his hunters; and there they were under his eye through May and as much of June as he could give them, and occasionally longer too, partaking, in the beautiful language of his son (Veterinarian, vol. v. p. 647), "of that indulgence and sweet enjoyment which the bountiful hand of nature prepared for them at the very time of year that their labours ceased to be required." There they were, under the influence of that "constitutional refresher—that leg and feet restorer—which ought never to be disregarded or held in slight estimation."

Need I add, that the opinion and practice of the son corresponded with that of the father. His express language in the page to which I have just referred, and which the author of this preliminary essay had evidently been reading, is, "weather permitting and grass growing, we should say hunters can hardly be turned out too soon after the conclusion of their season of labour; but, instead of their being taken up the first week in August, let them be stabled the first week in July."

The real state of the case is this:—sportsmen and veterinary surgeons agree in reprobating the old practice of summering; viz., turning out as early as the grass would permit, and keeping out until nearly the middle of August. The veterinary surgeon, while he gets rid of the evil—the irritation and fever, and rapid loss of condition which almost necessarily ensue when "the grass is no longer medicinal, the ground no longer cool and moist, and a host of tormenters are beginning to persecute the poor animal from morning to night—is anxious to retain that renovating influence of cool air and spring grass, a substitute for which the art of man never supplied, and he turns out from the growth of the grass to the middle of June. The sportsman objects altogether to summering in the fields, except in cases of lameness that required the severe operations of firing and blistering.

This is the plain, unvarnished state of the question. It is not the sporting world against "a few veterinary surgeons and an *old lady*," as the writer expresses it (by the bye, that has been a very good lady in her time), but a portion—the majority of the sporting world against the whole body of veterinary surgeons—the "practical" men, who alone are capable of writing a history of "the horse" in this gentleman's opinion, but who know nothing of that animal except in the field, and the men whose duty it has been to study the horse in sickness and in health, and to found their practice upon principle. I would recommend this writer—I would recommend every horseman and every veterinary surgeon—to peruse a little sensible pamphlet just published: "A Concise Account of Veterinary Surgery," in which the distinction between the pretended and the real practical man is admirably drawn. Now, sir, I call on you to mark this plain story, and draw your own conclusion of the propriety of the quotation, and the courtesy or the justice of the censure.

The bantering recommendation to me to try the effect of stamping upon a brick floor for one half of the day, and running round the house in the other the next time I sprain my leg, and the laugh about the hot sun and north-easterly winds by day, and the sharp frosts by night, if the hunter is turned out *as soon as possible* after the hunting season is over, have too much literary dishonesty about them to deserve serious remark. The first was the evil which *I had expressly guarded against*, by approaching even nearer to Nimrod than my friend Percival, and recommending the hunter to be taken up in June; and common sense, and common candour would have added the words "the weather permitting, and grass growing," to the recommendation to turn out early. And now, after all, I have expressed myself somewhat strongly in my animadversions on your anonymous contributor, because I think he has attacked me unprovokedly, and fought unfairly. He should not use weapons, nor clothe himself with a defence of which his opponent cannot avail himself. The unfortunate author of "The Horse" is known; your correspondent wears his vizor down; we meet not on equal terms. That vizor, however, conceals a man of talent and observation, a master of his portion of his subject; and, setting aside this somewhat foul blow, I have watched with some pleasure his dexterity and his prowess.

I shall never object to meet him in courteous trial of literary or practical skill; but we must contend with the same weapons, and wear the same defence; I had rather, however, meet him in friendlier guise, and congratulate him on his success in a field in some measure common to him and to me.

W. YOUATT.

Nassau Street, Feb. 16, 1835.

THE HARDWICKE CLUB.

DEAR SIR,

I send you a copy of a song which I lately heard sung at the Hardwicke Club, Sedgefield, and though like most hunting songs it may have sounded better when the listeners were going the pace along the mahogany, than it will read across the pages of your work, I still think it worthy of a niche therein. Mr. Ralph Lambton's hounds have had excellent sport this season, and nothing can exceed the splendour of the pack, or the popularity of their worthy and truly sporting owner.

Your's truly,

A NORTH COUNTRYMAN.

TUNE—"Derry Down."

For a Club of true sportsmen I've written a song,
Which if it don't please, why it won't keep you long,
In the county of Durham this Club may be found,
Where good sportsmen, good living, and foxes abound.

Derry down, &c.

Near Sedgefield, you'll find there's a snug little seat*,
Where sportsmen for hunting in harmony meet;
Where at night under cover, without toil, or pain,
Full many a fox is killed over again.

Having gone through the runs, and the cloth off the table,
The *Vice* sits all ready to haul at the cable,
To ring for more liquor to drink to these sounds—

*"Here's the New Club at Hardwicke, and Ralph Lambton's
Hounds!"*

To a far older † sportsman the task I resign
To describe all its comforts, good living, and wine;
But one liquor right good just now comes to my mind,—
Draw Hardwicke for ale, and 'twill be a sure find.

I am sure it is lucky I'm not quartered here,
I should always be drawing this rare tap of beer,
And my weight would increase so, I should very soon
Be changed from a light, to a heavy dragon.

* Hardwicke House, the seat of Wm. Russell, Esq., now converted into the Club House. This is its first season.

† A sporting hermit—a fast one, whether at morning, noon, or night.

I must mind what I say, for a *stranger* there'll be,
 Who in framing the sportsmen might overhaul me ;
 But the praises of Nimrod himself I defy
 To write all our runs, he'd soon run his pen dry.

May the long runs from Sedgefield by sportsmen be seen,
 In all sporting papers, and the New Magazine ;
 And may many more winters roll over the head
 Of the oldest of sportsmen who sees his hounds fed*.

As a well bred young fox-hound will oft take the place
 Of his varmint old sire who's too old for the chase,
 So let us all hope that the rising "young squires"
 May get across country as fast as their sires†.

I am now somewhat blown, and my song's at an end,
 But one toast I'll propose, which I'm sure won't offend ;—
 May promoters of sport good foxes still cherish,
 And long may the New Club at Hardwicke House flourish.
Derry down, &c.

"THE HUNTING SWEEP" AGAIN !

MR. EDITOR,

IT is now about four years since Mr. Ackermann first commenced a series of "Sporting Characters and Anecdotes," by producing a capital one of a *sable* personage (though not of the *cloth*) under the above appellation. The idea originated in consequence of a paragraph which appeared in the "Bath Herald" about that period, and which was copied from thence into the "Morning Herald." Although this "character" had been well known in his own *immediate* neighbourhood for many years previously as a very facetious and amusing fellow, yet this sketch, "*happy in conception*," and well-timed, raised him at once into *general notice*. Notwithstanding the sweep has *virtually* retired from his *profession* for some time past, yet he is still a very *INFLU*-ential personage, and is now become one of the leading *gemmen* in the county, as appears by the following article, taken from the "Bath Herald" of the 24th of January last (originating, I presume, with the same author), and which I send in case you may not have seen it:—

* Mr. Ralph Lambton, is, I believe, the oldest master of hounds in England, who superintends the kennel department of his establishment.

† Some of the old ones rather beat the young ones in this country.

“‘THE HUNTING SWEEP.’—This amusing personage, whom we were the first to introduce to public notice, to the great advantage of all the print shops in the kingdom, appeared on Monday last in a new character. He took his station on the hustings, at Dursley, during the election of members for West Gloucestershire. The candidates were the Marquess of Worcester (the Duke of Beaufort's son) and the Honourable Grantley Berkeley (brother of Lord Segrave), when the sweep, pressing through the crowd to a prominent part of the hustings, *tendered his hand* to the Marquess. ‘I am come, my lord,’ said the sweep, ‘either to propose or second you, if necessary, and, at all events, to give you my vote and interest.’ The Marquess expressed his obligations, and heartily shook the hand of his *sable friend*. ‘Ah!’ said the sweep, continuing his *harangue*, ‘this is, indeed, an important crisis, and every well-wisher of his country ought to stand forward manfully to prevent our church and state from being *brushed away* together. So *displeased* have I been with the *sweeping attempts* of late, that I have declined any longer to superintend the *black work* at Berkeley-castle (as the gallant Grantley here very well knows), or to give any support to the Whigs; and as to the *Destructives*, they must be *swept away* and kept out of power, or, you may depend upon it, there will be no more stability in our Constitution than in a *tottering chimney* in a high wind.’ All parties were greatly amused at the sweep's eloquence; it had the desired effect, and the Marquess was shortly afterwards duly elected. The sweep thereupon gave him a hearty cheer, and said: ‘*My lord, you will always find a friend in me, for you know I am TRUE BLUE, and I HUNTS WITH THE DUKE!*’ ”

This last act of the sweep's has raised him still higher in the estimation of every body who knows him; and this fearless expression of his principles at such a time, has excited for him the liveliest feelings of interest in the establishments of the Duke of Beaufort, Sir Bethell Codrington, and other of the surrounding neighbourhood.

I understand that the sweep has hunted regularly this season with the Duke since his grace has been in the Gloucestershire country, and that he has also within the last few days been *enjoying the sports of the field by making one of a shooting party, with members of the above families*, on Sir Bethell Codrington's estates at Dodington.

Such is the popularity obtained by this odd and amusing character; and the kind notice taken of him by these worthy families and many others for this last display of his eloquence and humour, is certainly a pleasing and gratifying instance of the due appreciation and respect for independence, when possessed and thus *facetiously shown by a humble yet honest and upright individual*.

Yours,

Coram Street, Feb. 11, 1835.

AN ANATEER.

Jorrocks at Cheltenham.

CHAP. I.

YOUR readers will, I am sure, be sorry to hear that Mr. Jorrocks has been very "poorly indeed" lately of "indigestion," as he calls it, produced I believe by tucking in too much roast beef and plum-pudding at Christmas, and prolonging the period of his festivities a little beyond the season allowed by Moore's Almanack, and having in vain applied the usual remedies prescribed on such occasions, he at length consented to try the Cheltenham waters, though altogether opposed to the element, he not having "astonished his stomach," as he says, for the last fifteen years with a glass of water.

Having established ourselves in a small private lodging in High-street, consisting of two bed rooms and a sitting room, he commenced his visits to the Royal Spa, and after a few good drenches, picked up so rapidly, that to whatever inn we went to dine, the landlords and waiters were astounded at the consumption of prog, and in a very short time he was known from the Royal Hotel down to Hurlston's Commercial Inn, as the great London cormorant. At first, however, he was extremely depressed in spirits, and did nothing the whole day after his arrival but talk about the arrangement of his temporal affairs; and the first symptom he gave of returning health was one day at dinner at the Plough, by astonishing two or three scarlet-coated swells, who as usual were disporting themselves in the coffee-room, by bellowing to the waiter for some Tallihs *sarce* to his fish. Before this he had never once spoken of his favourite diversion, and the sportsmen cantered by our window to cover in the morning, and back in the afternoon, without eliciting a single observation from him. The morning after this change for the better, he addressed me at breakfast as follows, "Blow me tight, Mr. York, if I arn't regularly renowated. I'm as fresh as an old hat after a shower of rain. I really thinks I shall get over this terrible illness, for I dreamt of unting last night, and if you've a mind we'll go and see my Lord Segrave's reynard dogs, and then start from this ere corrupt place, for you see it's nothing but a town, and what's the use of sticking oneself in a little pokey lodging like this ere, where there really is not room to swing a cat, and paying the deuce knows how much tin too, when one has a splendid house in Great Coram-street going on all the time, with a *rigler* establishment of servants, and all that sort o' thing. Now you knows I doesn't grudge a visit to Margate, though that's a town too, but then you see one has the sea to look at, whereas here, it's nothing but a long street with shops, not so good as those in Red Lion-street, with a few small streets branching off

from it; and as to the prommey-nard as they calls it aside the Spa, with its trees and garden and stuff, why I'm sure to my mind the Clarence-gardens up by the Regent's-park, are quite as fine. It's true the doctor says I must remain another fortnight to perfect the cure, but then them ere M. D.'s, or whatever you calls them, are such rum jockeys, and I always thinks they say one word for the patient and two for themselves. Now my chap said I must only take half a bottle o' black strap a day at the *werry most*, whereas I have never had less than a whole one—his half first as I say, and my own after—and because I tells him I take a pint, he flatters himself his treatment is capital, and that he is a wonderful M. D.; but as a man can't be better than well, I think we'll just see what there's to be seen in the neighbourhood, and then cut our sticks, and as I said before, I should like *werry much* to see my Lord Segrave's hounds, in order that I may judge whether there is any thing in the wide world to be compared to the Surrey, for if I remember aright, Mr. Nimrod described them in the *New Sporter* as *werry werry fine indeed*."

Having formed this resolution, Jorrocks stamped on the floor (for the bell was broken) for the little boy who did the odd jobs of the house, to bring up his Hessian boots, into which having thrust his great calves, and replaced the old brown great coat which he uses for a dressing gown by a superfine Saxony blue, with metal buttons and pockets outside, he pulled his wig straight, stuck his white hat with the green flipes knowingly on his head, and sallied forth for execution as stout a man as ever. Knowing that the kennel is near the Winchcomb road we proceeded in that direction, but after walking about a mile, came upon a groom on a chestnut horse, who returning from the chase was wetting his whistle at the appropriate sign of the Fox and Hounds, and who informed us that we had passed the turning for the kennel, but that the hounds were out, and then in a wood which he pointed out on the hill side about two miles off, into which they had just brought their fox. Looking in that direction, we presently saw the summit of one of the highest of the range of hills that encircle the town of Cheltenham covered with horsemen and pedestrians, who kept moving backwards and forwards on the "mountain's brow," looking in the distance more like a flock of sheep than any thing else. Jorrocks being all right again, and up to any thing, proposed a start to the wood, and though I thought we should hardly reach it before the hounds either killed their fox or he broke away again, I agreed to take the chance and away we went, "best leg first" as the saying is. The cover (Queen-wood by name, and as Jorrocks found out from somebody, the property of Lord Ellenborough) being much larger than it at first appeared and the fox but a bad one, we were in lots of time, and having toiled to the top of the wood, Jorrocks swaggered in among the horsemen with all the importance of an

Alderman. For full an hour after we got there the hounds kept running in cover, the fox being repeatedly viewed and the pack continually pressing him. Once or twice he came out, but after skirting the covers edge a few yards turned in again. Indeed there were two foxes on foot, one being a three-legged one, and it was extraordinary how he went and stood before hounds, going apparently very cautiously and stopping every now and then to listen. At last a thundering old grey-backed fellow went away before the whole field, making for the steep declivities that lead into the downs and though the brow of the hill was crowded with foot people who holloa'd and shouted enough to turn a lion, he *would* make his point, and only altering his course so as to avoid running right among the mob, he gained the summit of the hill and disappeared. This hill being uncommonly steep was a breather for hounds that had been running so long as they had, in a thick cover too, and neither they nor the horses went at it with any great dash. The fox was not a fellow to be caught very easily, and nothing but a good start could have given them any chance, but the hounds never got well settled to the scent, and after a fruitless cast his Lordship gave it up and Jorrocks and I trudged back to Cheltenham, J. highly delighted at so favourable an opportunity of seeing the hounds. Indeed so pleased was he with the turn out and the whole thing that finding from Skinner, one of the whippers-in, that they met on the following morning at Purze Down-turnpike, in their best country, forgetting all about his indigestion and the Royal Spa, he went to Newman and Longridge the horse-dealers and livery-stable keepers, and engaged a couple of nags to "look at the hounds upon," as he impressed upon their minds, which he ordered to be ready at nine o'clock.

This day he proposed to give the Landlord of the George Inn in the High-street, the benefit of his rapacious appetite, and about five o'clock (his latest London hour) we sat down to dinner. The George is neither exactly a swell house like the Royal Hotel or the Plough, nor yet a Commercial one, but something betwixt and between. The Coffee-room is very small, consequently all the frequenters are drawn together, and if a conversation is started a man must be deuced unsociable that does not join in the cry.

As three or four of us were sitting round the fire chatting over our tippie, and Jorrocks was telling some of his best bouncers, the door opened and a waiter bowed a fresh animal into the cage, who after eyeing the party, took off his hat and forthwith proceeded to peel off divers neckcloths, cloaks, great coats, muffitees, until he reduced himself to about half the size he was on entering. He was a little square-built old man, with white hair and plenty of it, a long stupid red face with little pig eyes, a very long awkward body and very short legs. He was

dressed in a blue coat, buff waistcoat, a sort of baggy grey or thunder-and-lightening trousers, over which he had buttoned a pair of long black gaiters. Having "peeled," he rubbed his hands and blew upon them, as much as to say, "Now, gentlemen, won't you let me have a smell of the fire," and accordingly by a sort of military evolution we made a place for him right in the centre.

"Coldish night I reckon Sir," said Jorrocks looking him over.

"Very cold indeed—very cold indeed," answered he rubbing his elbows against his ribs, and stamping with his feet, "I've just got off the top of the ——— Liverpool Coach and I can assure you it's very cold riding outside a coach all day long—however I always say that it's better than being inside, though indeed it's very little that I trouble coaches at all in the course of the year—generally travel in my own carriage—only my family have it with them in Bristol now, where I'm going to join them—but I'm well used to the elements—hunting, shooting and fishing as I do constantly."

This latter announcement made Jorrocks rouse up and finding himself in the company of a sportsman and one too who travelled in his own carriage, he assumed a different tone and commenced on a fresh tack—"And pray may I make bold to inquire what country you hunts in, sir?" said he.

"Oh! I live in Cheshire—Mainwaring's country—but Melton's the place I chiefly hunt at—know all the fellows there—rare set of dogs to be sure—only country in the world worth hunting in to my mind.

Jorrocks. *Riglar* swells though the chaps ar'n't they? Recollect one swell of a fellow coming with his upper lip all over fur into our country, thinking to astonish our weak minds, but I reckon we told him out.

Stranger. What! you hunt do you?

Jorrocks. A few—you've perhaps heard tell of the Surrey unt?

Stranger. Cock-tail affair isn't it?

Jorrocks. No such thing I assure you—Cock-tail indeed! I likes that.

Stranger. Well, but its not what we call a fast coach.

Jorrocks. I doesn't know wot you calls a fast coach, but if you've a mind to make a match, I'll bet you a hat, aye or half a dozen hats, that I'll find a fellow to take the conceit out o' any o' your Meltonians.

Stranger. Oh! I don't doubt but you have some good men among you, I'm sure I didn't mean any thing offensive, by asking if it was a Cock-tail affair, but we Meltonians certainly have a trick I must confess of running every other country down—come sir I'll drink the Surrey hunt with all my heart, said he, swigging off the remains of a glass of brandy and water which the waiter had brought him shortly after entering.

Jorrocks. Thank you, sir, kindly—waiter, bring me a bottom o' brandy—cold, without—and don't stint for quantity if you please. Doesn't you think these inns werry expensive places, sir? I doesn't mean this in particular, but inns generally?

Stranger. Oh! I don't know, sir.—We must expect to pay.—Live and let live, is my motto.—I always pay my inn bills without looking them over—Just cast my eye at the bottom to see the amount, then call for pen and ink, add so much for waiter, so much for chambermaid, so much for boots, and if I'm travelling in my *own* carriage so much for the ostler for greasing—that's the way *I* do business, sir.

Jorrocks. Well, sir, a werry pleasant plan too—especially for the innkeeper—and all werry right for a gentleman of fortune like you.—My motto however is 'Waste not want not,' and my wife's father's motto was 'Wilful waste brings woful want,' and I likes to have my money's worth—Now, said he, pulling out a handful of bills, at some places that I go to they charges me six shillings a day for my dinner, and when I was ill and couldn't digest nothing but the lightest and plainest of breakfasts—when a fork breakfast in fact would have made a stiff'un of me, and my muffin mill was almost stop't, they charged me two shillings for one cake and sixpence for two eggs.—Now I'm in the tea trade myself you must know, and I contend that as things go, or at least as things went before the Barbarian eye, as they call Napier, kicked up a row with the Hong Merchants, it's altogether a shameful imposition, and I wonder people put up with it.

Stranger. Oh! sir, I don't know—I think that it is the charge all over the country—besides it doesn't do to look too closely at these things, and you must allow something for keeping up the coffee-room, you know—fire, candles and so on.

Jorrocks. But blow me tight, you surely don't want a candle to breakfast by? However I contends that innkeepers are great fools for making these sort of charges, for it makes people get out of their houses as quick as ever they can, whereas they might be inclined to stay if they could get things moderate.—For my part I likes a coffee-room, but having been used to commercial houses when I travelled, I knows what the charges ought to be. Now this room is snug enough though small, and won't require no great keeping up.

Stranger. No—but this room is smaller than the generality of them you know. They frequently have two fires in them, besides no end of oil burning—I know the expense of these things, for I have a very *large* house in the country, and rely upon it innkeepers have not such immense profits as many people imagine—but as I said before 'live and let live.'

Jorrocks. So says I, 'live and let live'—but wot I complains of, is,

that some innkeepers charge so much that they won't *let* people live. No man is fonder of eating than myself, but I don't like to pay by the mouthful, or yet to drink tea at so much a thimbleful. By the way, *Sar*, if you are not previously engaged, I should be werry happy to supply you with real Mocho or best Twankay at a very reasonable figure indeed for cash?

Stranger. Thank you, sir—thank you. Those are things I never interfere with—leave all the arrangement of these things to my people. My housekeeper sends me in her book every quarter-day, with an account of what she pays, I just look at the amount—add so much for wages, and write a cheque—‘live and let live!’ say I—However, added he pulling out his watch, and ringing the bell for the chambermaid, “I have to get up very early, so I think it is time to go to bed, and I wish you a very good night, gentlemen, *all*.”

Jorrocks gets up, advances half way to the door, makes him one of his most obsequious bows and wishes him a werry good night. Having heard him tramp up stairs and safely deposited in his bed room, we pulled our chairs together again, and making a smaller circle round the fire, proceeded to canvass our departed friend. Jorrocks began—“I say, wot a regular swell the chap is—a Meltonian too—I *wonders* who the deuce he is. Wish Mr. Nharod was among us, he could tell us all about him I dare say. I'm blowed if I didn't take him for a commercial gentleman at first, till he spoke about his carriage.—I likes to see gentlemen of fortune making themselves sociable by coming into the coffee-room, instead of sticking themselves up in private sitting-rooms as if nobody was good enough for them. You know Melton, Mr. York, did you ever see the gentleman out?”

“I can't say that I ever did,” said I, “but people look so different in their red coats to what they do in mufti, that there's no such thing as recognizing them unless you have a previous acquaintance with them. Then the fields in Liecestershire are sometimes so large that it requires a residence to get any thing like a general knowledge of the hunt, and you know Northamptonshire's the country for my money, *after* Surrey of course.”

“I don't think *he* is a gentleman,” observed a thin, sallow complexioned young man, who, sitting on one side of the fire, had watched the stranger very narrowly without joining in the conversation. “He gives *me* more the idea of a gentleman's servant, acting the part of master, than any thing else.”

Jorrocks. Oh! he is a *gentleman* I'm sure—besides a servant wouldn't travel in a carriage you know, and he talked about greasing the wheels and all that sort of thing, which showed he was familiar with the thing.

“That's very true,” replied the youth—“but a servant may travel in the rumble and pay for greasing the wheels all the same, or perhaps have to grease them himself.”

"Well, I should say that he's a foolish purse-prond sort of fellow," observed another, "who has come into money unexpectedly, and who likes to be the cock of his party, and show off a little."

Jorrocks. I'll be bound to say you're *all* wrong—you are not fox-hunters you see, or you would know that that is a way we sportsmen have—we always make ourselves at home and agreeable—have a word for every body in fact, and no reserve—besides you see there was nothing gammonacious as I calls it, about his toggery—no round cut coats with sporting buttons, or coaches and four, or foxes for pins in his shirt.

"I don't care for that," replied the sallow youth, "drees him as you will, court suit, bag wig and sword, you'll make nothing better of him—He's a SNOB."

Jorrocks getting up, runs to the table on which our hats were standing, saying "I wonder if he's left his castor behind him.—I've always found a man's hat will tell a good deal. This is your's, Mr. York, with the loop to it, and here's mine—I always writes *Golgotha* in mine, which being interpreted, you know, means the place of a skull. These are yours I presume, gentlemen," said he taking up two others? "Confound him, he's taken his tile with him—however I'm quite positive he's a gentleman—lay you a hat a-piece all round he is, if you like?"

"But how are we to prove it?" inquired the youth.

Jorrocks. Call in the waiter.

Youth. He may know nothing about him, and a waiter's *gentleman* is always the man who pays him most.

Jorrocks. Trust the waiter for knowing something about him, and if he doesn't, why it's only to send a purlite message up stairs, saying that two gentlemen in the coffee-room have bet a trifle that he is some nobleman—Lord Maryborough for instance—he's a little chap—but we must make haste, or the gentleman will be asleep.

"Well then, I'll take your bet of a hat," replied the youth, "that he is not what I call a gentleman."

Jorrocks. I don't know what you calls a gentleman. I'll lay you a hat—a guinea one, either white or black, whichever you like, but none o'your dog hairs or gossamers mind—that he's a man of dibs and doesn't follow no trade or calling, and if that isn't a gentleman I don't know wot is. What say you, Mr. York?

"Suppose," said I, "we put it thus—You bet this gentleman a hat that he's a Meltonian, which will comprise all the rest."

Jorrocks. Werry well put. Do you take me, sir? A guinea hat against a guinea hat.

"I do," said the youth.

Jorrocks. Then DONE—now ring the bell for the waiter—I'll pump him.

Enter waiter.

Jorrocks. *Snaff* them candles if you please and bring me another bottom o' brandy—cold, without—and waiter! here—Pray who is that gentleman that came in by the Liverpool coach to-night? The little gentleman in long black gaiters who sat in this chair, you know, and had some brandy and water.

Waiter. I know who you mean, sir, quite well—the gentleman who's just gone to bed. Let me see—what's his name? He keeps that large hotel in — street, Liverpool—what's the—Here an immense burst of laughter drowned the remainder of the sentence.

Jorrocks rose in a rage—"No! you double-distilled blockhead," said he, "no such thing—you're thinking of some one else.—The gentleman hunts at Melton Mowbray, and travels in his own carriage."

Waiter. I don't know nothing about Melting Mowbray, sir, but the last time he came through here on his road to Bristol, he was in one of his own rattle-trap yellows, and had such a load!—his wife, a nurse, and eight children inside; himself, his son, and an apple tree, on the dickey, that the horses knocked up half-way and—

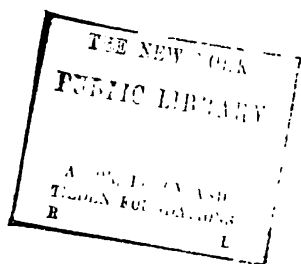
Jorrocks. Say no more—Say no more—d—n his teeth and toe nails—and *that's* swearing—a thing I never do but on the most outrageous occasions. Confounded humbug, I'll be upsides with him however. Waiter, bring the bill and no more brandy. Never was so done in all my life—a gammonacious fellow! *There*, sir—there's your one pound one, said he handing a sovereign and a shilling to the winner of the hat. "Give me my tile, and let's mizzle—Waiter, I can't wait—must bring the bill up to my lodgings in the morning if it isn't ready.—Come away, come away—I shall never get over this as long as ever I live.—Live and let live indeed! no wonder he stuck up for the innkeepers—a publican and a sinner as he is—good night, gentlemen, good night."—[Exit *Jorrocks*.]

ROSS STEEPLE-CHASE.

A SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, 12st. each, and 25 added. The distance rather above four miles, over a stiff country, with awkward fences.

Lieut. St. George's (12th Lancers) Redman (Mr. Bradley, jun.)..	1
Mr. Graham's Paddy (Mr. Powell)	2
Mr. Vever's All Piper (Mr. Patrick).....	3

Mr. Peyton's Frolic; Mr. Meyrick's Sylph; Mr. Pit's Bobadil; Mr. D'Oyley's Fugleman; Mr. Baring's Calif; and Mr. Barrett's Peter; also started but were not placed.





John Lubbock
Reverend

GALLERY OF CELEBRATED SPORTING CHARACTERS.

 No. X.

 THE RIGHT HON. JAMES WALTER GRIMSTON,
 EARL OF VERULAM.

“GOOD morning, my Lord!—Coolish weather this to be sitting *al fresco* under Tatt’s window, and rather a dangerous seat you have chosen, if the horses should happen to launch out in turning short round before you.—A capital place though for judging of their action as they are trotted down. Should advise your Lordship to buy the chestnut you now have your eye upon—will match your carriage-horses admirably.”

James Walter Grimston, Earl of Verulam, Viscount Grimston and Baron Verulam, of Gorhambury; Baron Dunboyne, in Ireland; Baron Forrester, in Scotland; and Lord Lieutenant of the county of Herts, forms the tenth portrait in our Sporting Gallery. Were ours political sketches, we could easily show that with “sincere affection for his Majesty’s service,” he has always had as much “consideration for the rights of the people” as his ancestor “the Speaker,” so much be-lauded in a late debate. But *’ware politics* is ringing in our ears, and we must therefore confine ourselves to his Lordship’s character as a sportsman.

Lord Verulam, we believe, was never a fox-hunter, but has always been a preserver of foxes. His career on the turf seems to have commenced in 1819, in which year we find Vaharina running in his name. Since then he has possessed the following horses:—Veterinarian, Varennes, br. c. by Orville, Vapour, Sporus, Vaurien, Venom, Vargas, Verbena, Vitellina, (winner of the Goodwood stakes 1824), brother to Interpreter, f. by Selim, c. by Woful, f. by Phanthom, Helas! The Moslem, (winner of the Riddlesworth stakes,) Upas, Salix, Brocard, f. by Mr. Lowe, Manille, f. by Godolphin, c. by Orville, Laurestinus, Ombre, f. by Whalebone, Whip, Albert, Vestris, f. by St. Partrick, Basto, c. by Sultan, Little Cassino, f. by Sultan, and two fs. by Mameluke.

Varennes, Vitellina, Brocard, Albert, and Vestris, were winners of several stakes and gold cups; but his Lordship’s career on the turf has not, on the whole, been a very successful one. It has, however, been most honourable, and may it be long before he is laid under it!

NIMROD'S HUNTING TOURS.

PITTMAN, London.

"WHEN Nimrod's letters on hunting first appeared in the pages of the Sporting Magazine," says the advertisement to this volume, "it was intended that they should be collected and published in a separate volume. The death of the then proprietor, however, with several other causes which it is unnecessary to particularize, prevented the intention from being carried into effect."

This is the first paragraph in the volume, and we must take the liberty of contradicting it. When Nimrod first joined the Sporting Magazine, it was unknown whether his writings would take or not. Nothing of the sort had ever been attempted before, and though the proprietor soon found that they increased the circulation of his work, he had just as much as he could do to keep pace with the times, and supply the sinews of war for carrying on the Magazine, without entering deeper into a speculation than was necessary. Subsequently, when Nimrod's Letters on the Condition of Hunters appeared, it was determined to collate and publish them separately; and an agreement was made or entered into with Nimrod for revising them, which however was subsequently abandoned, and the work issued in the absurd form in which it now appears, and which we condemned at the time of publication. But the intention of the former proprietor is of minor importance, compared to the circumstance of the present proprietors publishing these letters in the lifetime of Nimrod, without suffering him to revise them. We know that their answer to this will be that Nimrod would not have done it for them; but we ask in reply, "did they try him?" We say no. On the contrary; the first intimation he received of their intentions was through the Newspapers, advertising the volume *as published*, and what we ask must have been his feelings on hearing that matter, which had cost him many an anxious hour to produce, had been committed to the tender mercies of an ignorant Cockney to revise? They must have resembled the horrors of a man on hearing that a carcass butcher was going to attempt an operation that required the hand of a Liston or a Brodie to perform.

Hear how they are given.—"The Tours," says the writer of the advertisement, "are now given as they originally followed each other, without the addition of a single line, but with the omission of all extraneous matter not connected with fox-hunting," and they might have added, "with the retention of all original errors, and the addition of some fresh ones."

We protest against this mangling of an author in his lifetime, without giving him a chance to save his credit. Had they applied to Nimrod to

revise the Tours, and had he refused—which for his own reputation as an author he would not have done—they might then have handed them over to their “maid of all work,” to hash or stew as she thought best; but duty both to the public and the author required that the application should be made.

No author should be revised by another in his lifetime; nor even after death should his works be intrusted to one who does not possess a sympathy of feeling with the original, and who cannot enter into, and appreciate his taste, feelings, and situation.

A more amusing—a more interesting volume to sportsmen than the material of the Tours, placed in the hands of Nimrod, to be continued by notices of the changes and principal occurrences of each country, since the period of his visits, down to the present time, cannot be imagined; and what an excellent work such a tasteful and enterprising publisher as Mr. Ackermann would have made of it, by a judicious selection of appropriate passages for illustration! But the old coach, in all it does, is a century behind hand. All the double thongings and short tommyies in the world, will never make them “go the pace.” Just fancy putting poor Jinney on, to cull the sweets of Nimrod’s pen! We are not sure that Jorrocks’s *Batsay* has not had a hand in the pie, during her master’s absence at Cheltenham. Alas! poor Nimrod!—

“And to this complexion art thou come at last.”

Collected in one volume and edited by a house-maid! “all extraneous matter not connected with *fox-hunting* omitted.” Why didn’t they put “*Fox et pæsterea nihil*,” on the title-page?

Though we have waded through the volume, we have not ventured to compare the matter with the original text. We are told that all “extraneous matter not connected with fox-hunting is omitted,” and though we admit that there is a great deal of good matter in the volume, we have no doubt that there is also a great deal of very excellent and ornamental writing (if we may be allowed the expression) that a house-maid could not be expected to understand or appreciate, omitted. Jinney did not even find herself equal to the task of altering the titles of the nobility and gentry who had risen in, or been advanced to, the peerage, since Nimrod wrote; consequently we have Lord Ansons, Col. Berkeleys, Lord Darlingtones, and so on, throughout the pages. Indeed if she had once gone out of the old track, and attempted to form any thing like a connecting link between the time of Nimrod’s writing and the present period, she must infallibly have exposed herself; for though with the aid of the Racing Calendar, Stud Books, and so on, they manage to hide their ignorance on turf matters pretty well, yet when they come to the chase, they know they must have a *leetle* better information than

even Slashing Harry, Gilbert Forester, Esq. (the "*the three minutes' lap man*," as they call him in the West,) or yet the "Rambler in Red,"—with his promised "hunting guide book,"—can supply. However, it is *their* look out, not ours; and the only object we have in view in writing the present notice, is, to absolve Nimrod from all participation in the errors and imperfections of the volume.

One extract we will make, and that shall be all, merely to show the capriciousness of fashion, and how ridiculous it is for men to be laughed out of any thing that experience has proved to be good. Our lady readers will excuse our mentioning such things as leather breeches, which form the subject of remark. Hear what Nimrod wrote ten years ago, this very month, about them. Speaking of Sir Harry Mainwaring's hounds, he says (p. 334 of the volume before us), "There is one peculiarity attends the members of the Cheshire hunt—almost all of them ride in leather breeches. That they are well adapted to the saddle, and for riding long distances on the road, no one will doubt; but in all other countries they are accounted *dead slow in the field*" (the italics are Nimrod's, mind, not ours). "Were any other man but Mr. William Coke (who is always clad in leather) to be seen in them in Leicestershire, some remarks would be made; but as his fault is being *too fast for hounds*, he gets off cheap. That they are the best protection against thorns every one must admit; and I was told in Cheshire that the general objection to them for hunting—that is—*being cold when wet*—is obviated by the use of flannel drawers. Fashion, however, bears 'sovereign sway' in all such important matters; and in most countries 'going the pace' in leather breeches is considered an impossibility. — If accompanied by a strait-cut coat, the point is at once decided."

Who after this will care a fig for the fashion?

THE QUORN HUNT,

In a series of eight plates, from drawings by Henry Alken, illustrating Nimrod's celebrated article on English Fox-hunting in the "*Quarterly Review*," respectfully dedicated to the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Quorn Hunt, by

RUDOLPH ACKERMANN, *Regent Street.*

There is no man calling himself a fox-hunter, we should think, who has not read and appreciated the famous article that appeared in that excellent constitutional periodical, the "*Quarterly Review*," in the spring of 1832, describing the origin of fox-hunting in this country, and a day's sport over the cream of Leicestershire with Mr. Osbaldeston's

hounds. It was an article that was in every one's hands, ladies' as well as gentlemen's, at the time, and astonishment was divided between the novelty of the article, and the ability displayed in the execution of it. None, save those who have made the attempt, are aware of the difficulty there is in bringing before the mind's eye all those simultaneous incidents and occurrences which form the stir and excitement of a hunting field. Beckford, in his invaluable treatise on fox-hunting, did it, and did it well; but his object was rather to convey instruction to the huntsman and the tyro during the various changes and circumstances of the chase, than to display to the world one of these most soul-stirring scenes in the choicest region of fox-hunting. Moreover, Beckford's run of course savours of the times in which it was written, and may by some of the present day be considered slow, and said to smack of the provincials. Nimrod hits the taste of modern times; he takes Leicestershire during a period when it was hunted by one of the best sportsmen and judges of hounds this country ever saw, Mr. Osbaldeston, while his experience enabled him to cull from among the resorters to Melton for many years, the flower of the sportsmen of modern times, so as to fill up a perfect panorama of the chase.

It is almost unnecessary to say, that the story, as far as the characters introduced are concerned, is fictitious, because there are some (Lord Gardener, for instance) who did not make their appearance at Melton during the "Squire's" reign in Leicestershire; but as there are always clever people on the look out to detect trifling inconsistencies, we think we may as well deprive them of this "net" by stating the circumstance at starting.

The title, viz., "The Quorn Hunt," may also be objected to, inasmuch as on the hounds leaving the kennels at Quorndon, which they did during Lord Southampton's management, they may be said to have forfeited that title; and, strictly speaking, there certainly are no Quorn hounds now, they having on Lord Southampton's resignation become Sir Harry Goodricke's, and on his death Mr. Holyoake Goodricke's; but still, the old associations connected with the original name are too dear and too valuable to sportsmen to be lost sight of, and will, we venture to say, be cherished with enthusiasm long after the changeable events of later years are buried in oblivion.

Moreover, the "Pychley Hunt," immortalized by that veteran sportsman, Mr. Lorraine Smith, may have had some weight with the publisher in choosing his title, making, as it were, a sort of companion to that series. Be that as it may, however, we think sportsmen will admit that Mr. Ackermann has done justice to the subject. He has produced a series of plates, larger, better finished, and more highly coloured than any hunting plates that we are acquainted with. They consist of the "Meet"

at Ashby-pasture, where tandems, carriages and four, barouches, and horsemen without end, are seen drawing to the *rendezvous* where Mr. Osbaldeston and Jack Stevens are waiting with the hounds.

"The Find," where Snob appears on the good bay horse, and Mr. Coke on Advance comes up at the rate of thirty miles an hour, with the label on his back, "he kicks."

In the third plate, "Tally-ho and Away!" there is a desperate rush; the Squire is flourishing his whip, and "blowing up" like a good one, while Lord Alvanley, jack-boots and all, is pounding away in the front.

Number four presents a fall over a flight of rails, with Lord Brudenell and Jack Stevens looking back. Jack's answer to Lord Brudenell's inquiry, who the fallen gentleman is, is capital, and very characteristic of the man: "Can't tell, my lord; but I thought it was a queerish place when I came o'er it before him." We heard him give just such an answer last season. We found a fox at some cover of Lord Spencer's; not far from Althorp, which, after threading the woods on the line of hills in Northamptonshire, took into the vale below, pointing for Floor, or Flower, at a merry pace, but after running two or three miles, the hounds came to check all on a sudden, when, close by where they threw up, a gentleman in scarlet (Mr. Poyntz, M. P. for Ashburton, on a visit at Althorp) was seen lying on his back in the middle of a small field of hard corn, his horse having put his foot into a drain, and rolled over him. Some of the party of course went to his assistance immediately, and Jack, in reply to the question as to who he was, said, "Can't tell, I'm sure; I fear the gentleman's badly hurt;—here again!—hounds!—here again!"—and, with a blast of his horn, trotted forward to make his cast: "the pace was too good to afford help," in fact.—But to return to our subject:—Snob's figure, with his "strait-cut coat," and the good bay horse "done up" at the gate (plate five), is capital. He is just putting his whip under the latch to open it, instead of riding over. The horse is regularly gruelled.

Plate six represents the *élite* of the field on their second horses, going at a devil of a pace. The Squire close at the tail hounds, followed by Mr. Holyoake, Mr. Maher, Captain Berkeley, Dick Christian, Sir F. Burdett, Sir H. Goodricke, Lord Alvanley, and Lord Gardener.

"The Whissendine" scene, plate seven, is excellent—some in and some over—and the death, the Squire flourishing the brush, and Jack Stevens with the scratched face, and the fox equally good.

The plates are drawn and etched by Alken, engraved by Lewis, and are highly creditable both to artists and publisher. We have no doubt but that they will receive a hearty reception from the sporting world.

THE FOX CHASE.

"A southerly wind and a cloudy sky."

ACKERMANN AND CO., *Strand.*

FOUR hunting pieces by F. C. Turner, engraved by Charles Heath, illustrative of the old hunting song, have just been published by Messrs. Ackermann with the above title. They were originally engraved in small, when (most probably owing to the inefficiency of the engraver) they did not cut any great figure as works of art. Now that they have assumed a larger form, and received the aid of the paint brush, which, after all, is the true thing for setting off a hunting or sporting picture to advantage, they really are extremely beautiful, with a great deal of very good sporting spirit about them. There is "Going Away" from the wood on finding; "Capping them on to the Scent," with the fox in the distance, and a gentleman spilt already; "Running in View;" and "The Death." The words of the song are added below, accompanied by some tasteful vignettes.

The Chase.

WE should be sorry to say any thing "unhandsome" of the season, or any thing that is not in strict accordance with truth, but we cannot help observing that so far as it has gone—and we regret to think that the best portion of it is over—it has been less favourable to hunting than any that we have had since that of 1829 and 1830. The extreme dryness of the early part of it was almost unexampled; dust flew on the roads in the month of November, in a manner that would have done credit to the one upon which we this day enter; and the variableness of the weather ever since the turn of the year, has been baffling to hounds, and bamboozling to sportsmen. We have had bitter north and north east winds, with pinching frosts, succeeded by days so mild that the birds have almost begun to build their nests, and sportsmen who have gone to bed over night, ordering their servants to put the gambadoes to the hack saddle, or to have their mud boots ready, have been awoke with the pleasing intelligence that the frost was so hard their horses could not stand. Latterly, however, it certainly has been better, and at the present writing, February the 20th, the weather in London is beautifully fine and mild. This being a very inconveniently short month, for editors at least, we cannot keep our pages open to so late a period as we could wish, so as to comprise the latest reports, and must confine ourselves to a summary of

the sport, promising to devote an extra number of pages to the "Chase" next month. This must be our apology to numerous correspondents for the non-insertion of their favours.

Mr. Holyoake Goodricke has been elevated to the baronetage, and has resigned the management of the Melton hounds. The hounds and horses have been purchased by Sir Frederick Johnstone and Mr. Eriington (the second son of Sir Thomas Stanley), but the kennels continue the property of Sir F. H. Goodricke, and are to be rented by those gentlemen. The subscription, which is a very liberal one, will be continued.

We have before noticed with great pleasure the rapid increase of sporting spirit among our Scottish friends, and have now the satisfaction of stating that a new pack of fox-hounds, under the management of Mr. Campbell, of Searabeg (a first rate sportsman), will commence hunting Ayrshire next season. The "Ayr Observer," in making the announcement, had some very sensible remarks on the advantages arising to the farming and rural population of a country from the expenditure necessarily attendant on such an establishment (instancing Dunse, among other towns, that was now reaping a rich harvest from a similar source), and we have no doubt that the farmers will readily co-operate with their landlords in promoting so desirable an object. Those excellent and liberal sportsmen, Lord Eglintoun and Sir James Boswell, who are always forward in promoting sport and good fellowship, will rank among the principle supporters of the hunt, which has our best wishes for its success.

The Galewood hounds we hear are getting on capitally, and had killed fourteen brace and a half of foxes on the 30th January, none of which were cubs, but all regular good foxes, the majority of which showed sport. Major St. Paul, we understand, has built new kennels at Galewood, and intends next year to turn out his whips in caps instead of hats, which is the only slow looking part of the establishment.—Hats certainly are not the things for servants.

Sir Matthew White Ridley's hounds, excellently hunted by Mr. Boag, have been showing some capital sport this season, and bid fair to regain all their former laurels. Mr. Ralph Lambton's hounds have had, we understand, as good a season's sport as any in England; their country—particularly the Sedgefield one—having been visited with genial showers, when even the grass countries were scarcely rideable from the want of rain. The Hardwicke Club flourishes, and its merits are proclaimed by the muse in the present number. A pack of beagles, we are informed have been established in the city of Durham, for the purpose of hunting the College-green, Palace-yard, and parts adjacent. As usual, "great sport, &c."

The Duke of Cleveland's hounds have had a most trimming run this

season, from Merley-cover, covering between thirty and forty miles in the course of it, and not leaving off until near seven o'clock.

Mr. Wilkins' hounds in Northamptonshire, continue to show good sport to very fair fields. Stevens is admitted on all hands to be an active, civil painstaking fellow; and the only fault that we have heard found with him, is, that he makes a too free use of his horn. This is a fault that we feel assured only requires to be mentioned to insure its partial discontinuance. Hounds become regardless of the sound, when it is continually dinning in their ears.

We regret to hear that that fine sportsman and high-minded Baronet, Sir Charles Knightley, has met with a serious accident by his horse starting with him while riding through the Park at Fawsley, and running away. After proceeding a few hundred yards, it suddenly leapt into the air, and fell dead, crushing one of his rider's legs. On examination, the horse was found to have broken a blood vessel.

The Warwickshire hounds have not had such a run of sport this season as they had last; but still nothing to complain of. They are an excellently managed establishment, and there is more spirit among the members of the hunt, in the way of promoting hunt-balls, club-dinners, &c. than there is among three-fourths of the hunts in the Kingdom. Leamington, as usual, has a fair sprinkling of pinks among its visitors, but as we do not want another trip to Warwick this spring we have not counted noses in person.—We wish some of our friends there would send us a sporting letter occasionally.—One would think none of them can write.

Mr Vyner, we hear, has made an excellent start, and had some very fine runs indeed.

Mr. Dansey, we are sorry to learn, has not been so fortunate in his debut in Bedfordshire as we could have wished, and has experienced the mortification of several blank days.—Fox-hunting undoubtedly can only be pursued by sufferance, nor we are sure will any master of hounds ever attempt to carry it on by other than fair means, but we put it to country gentlemen, and gentlemen desirous of standing well with their neighbours, whether the destruction of foxes and the consequent ruin of sport, which many of their neighbours go to great expense in promoting, can be considered as acting on that excellent precept of "Doing as they would be done by."—Can the present of a great fat barn-door fed cock pheasant, (that might be bought for half-a-crown), to one person, be compared to delighting half the county by the exit of a varmint old fox before a pack of high bred fox-hounds?—We have been led to make these remarks by the perusal of the following letter from a correspondent in the Oakley country, which we shall now lay before our readers without further comment:—

A VULPECIDE OUTWITTED BY A FOX.

One day during this present month, Mr Dansey's hounds (the Oakley) had a bye day, at the request of a gentleman residing within ten miles of Bedford, who has long been notorious for his never-dying animosity and opposition to hunting, and from the fact that every fox that happened to come within the reach of himself and servants, was immediately shot at, though not always killed—the household being as unfortunate in their management of the trigger, as the story I am about to relate proves them to be inferior in sagacity to the animal they wished to outwit. It was only last winter that this gentleman and his servants shot and mobbed three foxes in one day, and this year they have also succeeded in destroying one. To resume my story, reports had existed for some time that the house and grounds were *awfully* infested by a fox. Hens were heard to cackle without laying anything but soft eggs, turkey-cocks looked pale, and ducks that before waxed plump and fat, had of late been embargoed on the water, and never came on shore, while the game that had long been devoured by the common enemy was altogether incalculable, though wags do say that it all went one night on which the fat keeper took fright at his own shadow. Things went on thus for some time, till one night, the keeper holding fast by the shutters, ventured to look forth upon the lawn, and viewed by moonlight two foxes, and shortly after a brace of foxes were absolutely seen on the grounds by daylight, thus confirming the keeper's statement as to their numbers. Plantations were now surrounded by gunners, covers were beaten, red dogs were endangered, and no man in leather gaiters passed through the park in safety, unless he sent his voice before him, but all to no purpose, and as a dernier resort, the master of the premises begged the aid of the hounds. They came, and drew every bush and cabbage blank, and having given up all hopes of a fox, the hounds were ordered home. At this time it struck a young farmer, well known for his horsemanship, that he had seen Mr. Berkeley, when he hunted the country, more than once lose a fox about these premises, and had heard him say, that he was convinced his fox was somewhere about the house itself, although from the well-known hostility to strangers, and the reluctance evinced on all occasions, he did not choose to ask for such an admittance as the case required; and as Mr. Berkeley generally gave a correct account of the animal he hunted, it struck this young farmer that if he could obtain a ladder, he would get on the top of the house and look into some ivy that grew there; although there was no visible means of access by which a fox could reach it. The farmer being alone and in some way connected with the proprietor, a ladder was furnished, when, on the house, and slumbering in peaceful security, over the very

heads of their less sagacious and baffled enemies, who had passed many a sleepless night in laying schemes for finding them in the plantations, were the very animals they had so long been in search of, and whose brushes must almost have tickled the very noses of their would-be slayers.—There in fact were a brace of fine old foxes, who had grown grey in the safety of their situation! A view holloa brought back the hounds, one fox leaped down and escaped in safety, but the other in endeavouring to keep his accustomed concealment, delayed parting so long, that when forced to break, he was unhappily chopped by the hounds upon the spot.

Now, Mr. Editor, is this not a lesson to vulpecides generally? Were they to allow the hounds free ingress and egress to their grounds, they would not be troubled with so many foxes, or run the risk of being laughed at for being outwitted, and in addition they would stand a chance of enjoying the better society of their neighbourhood, with the consoling reflection—that at very small inconvenience to themselves, they gave pleasure and amusement to a number of gentlemen whose establishments are calculated to benefit the surrounding population. LILY.

Just as we are getting out of press, we observe a paragraph in the daily papers mentioning the death of Lord Scarborough, by a fall from his horse, while hunting near Markham-moor. We sincerely hope the report may be unfounded.

TATTERSALL'S.

THE DERBY.

SILENUS and Ibrahim have been in favour throughout the month, and, being in a crack stable, will doubtless continue so till the Newmarket Meetings, which will “either make or mar them.” Ascot is quite a dead letter; and Coriolanus was not in better odour till towards the middle of the month, when he started from Malton for the South in company with a long string of Derby and other horses (belonging to Lord Chesterfield, Mr. Walker, Mr. Ridsdale, Mr. Crutch Robinson, &c., Bamfylde being left behind); he immediately came into notice, and in one short day was *talked* up to 10 to 1, for little or no money was laid out. Curtius had hitherto been in high force, but on the approach of Ridsdale's nag, he gave way several points; his position in the betting and his chance for the Derby will be determined by his running at Newmarket. Not so with

Coriolanus, who does not shew in public before the day. As a lot Scott's stable has slightly declined of late, owing to Bamfylde's having been left behind. Pucelle is again “to the fore,” thanks to our friend Bland and two or three others, who either are or appear to be very “sweet.” Leopoldine has improved slightly since our last; so have Operator, Free Will, Elizanne, Darioletta, Pelops, and Dromio—the last-mentioned colt was backed on the 23d ult. to some amount; the others have varied but little.

THE OAKS.

Preserve is a fraction worse than when we last quoted her; this is in consequence of the advance of Lord Chesterfield's filly, Her Majesty, and Mr. Mostyn's Queen of Trumps, both of which have been backed at diminished odds. Hester and Eva not quite so good. The following are the monthly prices:—

DERBY.	Jan. 29.	Feb. 2.	Feb. 5.	Feb. 9.	Feb. 12.	Feb. 16.	Feb. 19.	Feb. 23.
Silenus	9 to 1	9 to 1	10 to 1	9 to 1	9 to 1	9 to 1	9 to 1	9 to 1
Ascot	11...1 t.	...	...	...	11...1	12...1 t.	...	12...1
Curtius	12...1	12...1	13...1 t.	12...1	12...1	12...1	16...1	15...1
Coriolanus	14...1	...	...	...	...	11...1	19...1	16...1 t.
Fucelle	15...1	...	16...1	15...1	14...1 t.	14...1	13...1	12...1 t.
Herubim	16...1	16...1 t.	16...1 t.	...	16...1 t.	17...1	16...1	17...1 t.
Leopoldine	22...1	18...1	...	...	18...1	18...1	17...1	17...1
Laminary	23...1	22...1	23...1	...	...	23...1	22...1	23...1
Darioletta	...	...	...	22...1	23...1 t.	...	...	20...1 t.
Luck's All	...	...	...	...	23...1	23...1	...	...
Bamfylde	30...1 t.	...	...	...	23...1	...	...	...
Marcian	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Bee in a Bonnet	...	25...1	25...1 t.	26...1	25...1	25...1	...	...
Aurelius	24...1 t.	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Operator	...	...	...	...	25...1 t.	26...1 t.	23...1	...
Pelops (Niobe)	...	23...1 t.	...	...	23...1	...	33...1	30...1
Stockport	...	...	...	...	...	...	25...1 t.	...
Varennes	40...1 t.	35...1 t.	40...1 t.	...	...	...	...	...
Free Will	...	...	...	...	...	...	33...1	...
Elizanne	...	...	...	...	...	...	33...1	35...1 t.
Knobstick	...	...	...	...	...	...	35...1	...
Dromio	...	...	...	...	...	30...1 t.	...	30...1 t.
Malebird	100...1 t.	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Hermes	...	...	25...1 t.	...	...	...	...	...
Mündig	...	...	23...1 t.	...	...	...	...	30...1 t.
Riddale's Lot	...	...	...	...	9...2	5...1	5...1	5...1 t.
Lord Exeter's lot	...	...	...	...	14...1	...	...	...
Lord Jersey's lot	...	...	...	...	11...2	...	5...1	11...2
Mr. Grant's lot	...	...	...	...	...	17...1 t.	...	16...1
OAKS.								
Preserve	7...2	...	...	4...1	...	4...1	4...1 t.	4...1
Hester	8...1	10...1	...	9...1	...	...	...	9...1
Eva	10...1	...	11...1	...	...	...	...	10...1
Her Majesty	10...1 t.	10...1 t.	9...1 t.	9...1 t.	9...1 t.	8...1	15...2	8...1
Queen of Trumps	12...1	...	...	11...1 t.	11...1	...	...	20...1

ST. LEGER.

12 to 1 agst. Coriolanus; 16 to 1 agst. Ascot; 20 to 1 agst. Sister to Behastie (taken); 20 to 1 agst. Powlett's colt; 20 to 1 agst. Her Majesty; 17 to 1 agst. Jupiter; 20 to 1 agst. Verbena; 16 to 1 agst. Preserve; 5 to 1 agst. Riddale's lot; 12 to 1 agst. Lord Derby's lot.

The prices in this last race are those quoted in the country.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Will Tom Moody favour us with an address to which we can write to him?

Gentlemen are particularly requested to address their letters, &c. to the "Editor," at Mr. Ackermann's, 191, Regent-street, and not to the private address of any individual whom they may conceive to be the editor.

Received with thanks—"Lochinvar"—N. W.—Brush.

Thanks to "Amateur;" we shall be happy to hear from him again.

"The Rambler in Red" (!) had better mind his P's and Q's. A hunting field and a race course are very different places, and, if he does not take care, he may have to cry "Craven!"

"Salmones's" letter from Madeira was duly received. We expect that he will have no difficulty in procuring the Magazine at any of the Presidencies, as there are some sent out regularly every month by booksellers (particularly by Messrs. Parbury and Allen) to their agents, but we have no regular agents there ourselves. We shall be most happy to hear from Salmones, and wish him health and prosperity.

"Medium" is not original—the poetry certainly not: it is copied from one of the Annuals. The former of these remarks may, we think, also be applied to C. W.'s "Bagged Parson." At all events, it is out of date, and we do not like introducing stories the heroes of which are clergymen, unless the point is very good.

The seven volumes already published of this Magazine (and also single numbers) may be had at the publisher's, 191, Regent Street, or by previous order of all booksellers in town or country, price 15s. a volume. Proof impressions of the plates on India paper are also constantly on sale at 2s. each.

THE New Sporting Magazine.

VOL. VIII.]

APRIL, 1835.

[No. 48.]

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PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES OF "PUSSY."

Winner of the Oaks, 1834.

Engraved by PANA from a painting by A. COSTER, R. A.

Pussy is a very dark brown mare, almost black. She is the property of Mr. Cosby, and was bred by Mr. Lechmere Charlton, of Ludlow park, near Ludlow, and foaled in 1831. She was got by Pollio (son of Orville) out of Valve, by Bob Booty, out of Wire, Sister to Whistling &c., by Waxy, out of Penelope, &c., &c.

Pussy received 50l. forfeit from Mr. Ricardo's Ellen, at Ascot in 1834.—Same meeting, she ran *third* for the Two-year-old Stakes, which was won by Mr. Forth's Louisa; Mr. Gardnor's Comet second.

At the Goodwood Meeting, from having been short of work, and in poor running condition, she was beat in a Match by Lord Uxbridge's Balaclava.

At the Newmarket Houghton Meeting she won a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., four subs., beating General Grosvenor's Dick. In the same Meeting she ran second to Sir F. Johnstone's b. f. by Broom, beating Sir Mark Wood's Chacivari, Mr. Hunter's Morotto, Lord Chesterfield's La Bayadere, and four others.

At the Epsom Meeting, 1834, she won the Oaks Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. 96 subs., beating Mr. Forth's Louisa, Mr. Walker's Cadillon, Sir Sandford Graham's Zakna, Colonel Paul's Rosalia, Mr. Grosville's Pickle, Lord Buxton's May-day, and nine others.

At the Ascot Meeting, same year, she won the Ascot Derby Stakes, of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for colts 8st. 6lb., and fillies, 8st. 3lb., then three years old; six subs., beating Louisa, Lord Exeter's c. by Sultan, and Mr. Payne's Ganges. This race was cleverly won.

NIMROD'S NORTHERN TOUR.

Dear Sir,

I wish to inform you that I am just returned from my Northern Tour of five months, during which I visited, in rotation, the following hunting establishments,—independently of others not, perhaps, uninteresting to the readers of the New Sporting Magazine: viz.—Sir M. W. Ridley's; Lord Elcho's; the Galewood (Major St. Paul's); the Duke of Buccleugh's; the Linlithgowshire (Mr. Ramsay's); the Fife; the Perthshire (Mr. Dalrymple's); the Earl of Kintore's; Mr. Moray's of Abercromby; Lord Kelburne's, and Mr. Lambton's.

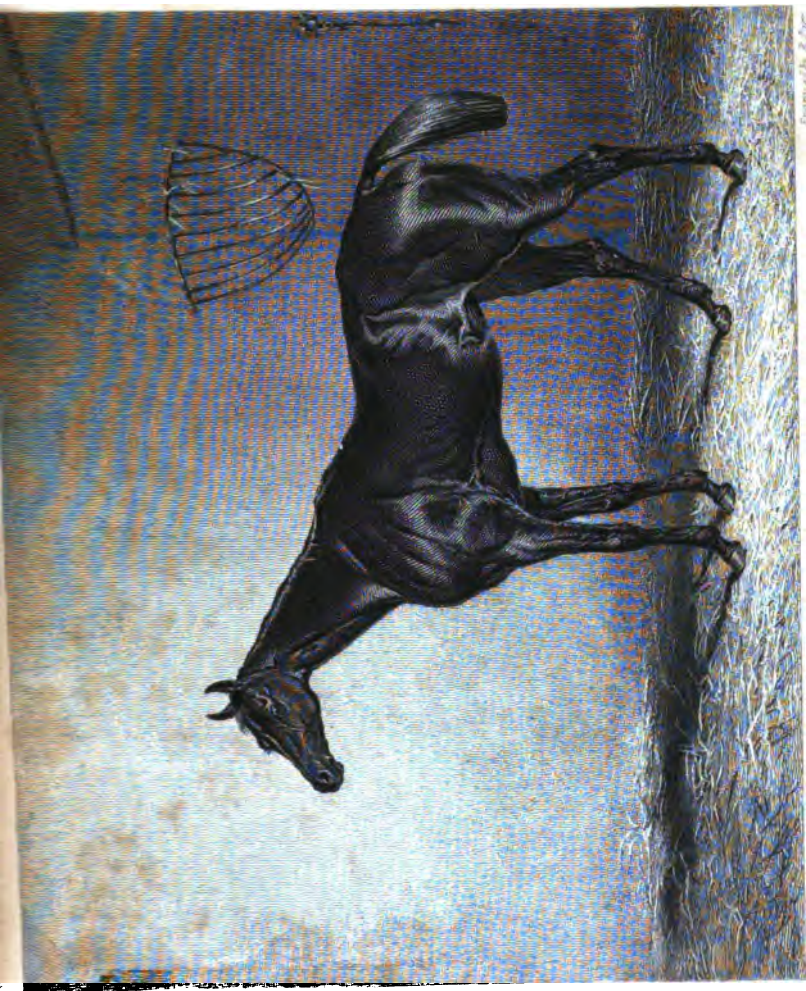
In consequence of a literary engagement I entered into during my visit to Edinburgh, which must be completed by the last day of April, I must claim the indulgence of a month's delay in sending you the first portion of the Tour.

Yours truly,

London, March 23, 1835.

NIMROD.

P U S S Y .



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A TOUR ON THE PRAIRIES. By the Author of "The Sketch Book."
MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

EVERY one is apt to personify a favourite author—to bestow on him "hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, and passions," of his own creation—and long, long ago had we made our sketch of Washington Irving, fancying to be in fact pretty much like his own Geoffrey Crayon, a quiet, contemplative personage, fond indeed of rural scenes and pursuits, but ill-qualified to enjoy either a hunter's life or a hunter's fare. The "Tour on the Prairies" has converted our "contemplative man" into a head-riding, wild-horse-riding, buffalo-hunting sportsman! It is an account of a regular campaigning expedition he made into the unexplored country of the Far West, sleeping in the open air, and living upon the produce of the chase;—one day crossing a deep and rapid river on a buffalo's skin, the next scouring the hunting grounds in pursuit of wild horses, or bringing down a buffalo with his rifle.

Mr. Irving, accompanied by two friends, (an Englishman and a young Swiss Count,) while making a tour in the Southern States of America, met with one of the commissioners appointed by the American Government to superintend the settlement of the emigrant Indians to the west of the Mississippi, and being desirous of visiting this unexplored district, they associated themselves with a large troop of rangers, who were setting out on a hunting expedition to the Buffalo Prairies.—What these Prairies are will be best described in the author's own words.

"In the often-vaunted regions of the Far West, several hundred miles beyond the Mississippi, extends a vast tract of uninhabited country, where there is neither to be seen the log-house of the white man, nor the wigwam of the Indian. It consists of great grassy plains, interspersed with forests and groves and clumps of trees, and watered by the Arkansas, the Grand Canadian, the Red River, and all their tributary streams. Over these fertile and verdant wastes still roam the elk, the buffalo, and the wild horse, in all their native freedom. These, in fact, are the hunting-grounds of the various tribes of the Far West. Thither repair the Ojage, the Creek, the Delawares, and other tribes, that have linked themselves with civilization, and live within the vicinity of the white settlements. Here resort also the Pawnees, the Comanches, and other fierce and, as yet, independent tribes, the Nomads of the Prairies, or the inhabitants of the skirts of the Rocky Mountains. The region I have mentioned forms a debateable ground of these warring and vindictive tribes. None of them presume to erect a permanent habitation within its borders. Their hunters and "braves" repair thither in numerous bodies during the season of game; throw up their transient encampment, formed of light bowers, branches, and skins; commit hasty slaughter among the innumerable herds that graze the Prairies; and having loaded themselves with venison and buffalo meat, retreat rapidly from the dan-

gerous neighbourhood. These expeditions partake always of a warlike character; the hunters are always armed for action, offensive and defensive, and are bound to practise incessant vigilance. Should they, in their excursions, meet the hunters of an adverse tribe, savage conflicts take place. Their encampments, too, are always subject to be surprised by wandering war parties, and their hunters, when scattered in pursuit of game, to be captured or massacred by lurking foes. Mouldering skulls and skeletons, bleaching in some dark ravine, or near the traces of a hunting camp, occasionally mark the scene of a foregone act of blood, and let the wanderer know the dangerous nature of the region he is traversing. It is the purport of the following pages to narrate a month's excursion to these noted hunting-grounds, a part of which had not, as yet, been explored by white man."

Such a subject, in such hands, we need hardly say, has produced a most delightful volume. In every chapter there are passages we would gladly transfer to our pages, but our space is limited, and we must content ourselves with "A Buffalo Hunt on the Grand Prairie," in which the author plays a conspicuous part.

"After proceeding, about two hours, in a southerly direction," says he, "we emerged, towards mid-day, from the dreary belt of the Cross Timber, and to our infinite delight, beheld 'the Great Prairie' stretching to the right and left before us. We could distinctly trace the meandering course of the main Canadian and various smaller streams, by the strips of green forest that bordered them. The landscape was vast and beautiful. There is always an expansion of feeling in looking upon these boundless and fertile wastes; but I was doubly conscious of it after emerging from our 'close dungeon of innumerable boughs.'

"From a rising ground Beatte pointed out to us the place where he and his comrades had killed the buffaloes; and we beheld several black objects moving in the distance, which he said were part of the herd. The captain determined to shape his course to a woody bottom about a mile distant, and to encamp there, for a day or two, by way of having a regular buffalo hunt, and getting a supply of provisions. As the troops filed along the slope of the hill towards the camping-ground, Beatte proposed to my messmates and myself that we should put ourselves under his guidance, promising to take us where we should have plenty of sport. Leaving the line of march, therefore, we diverged towards the Prairie, traversing a small valley, and ascending a gentle swell of land. As we reached the summit, we beheld a gang of wild horses about a mile off. Beatte was immediately on the alert, and no longer thought of buffalo-hunting. He was mounted on his powerful half-wild horse, with a lariat coiled at the saddle-bow, and set off in pursuit, while we remained on a rising ground, watching his manœuvres with great solicitude. Taking advantage of a strip of woodland, he stole quietly along,

so as to get close to them before he was perceived. The moment they caught sight of him, a grand scamper took place. We watched him skirting along the horizon, like a privateer in full chase of a merchant-man: at length he passed over the brow of a ridge, and down into a shallow valley; in a few moments he was on the opposite hill, and close upon one of the horses. He was soon head and head, and appeared to be trying to noose his prey; but they both disappeared again below the hill, and we saw no more of them. It turned out, afterwards, that he had noosed a powerful horse, but could not hold him, and had lost his lariat in the attempt.

“ While we were waiting for his return, we perceived two buffalo bulls descending a slope towards a stream, which wound through a ravine fringed with trees. The young Count and myself endeavoured to get near them, under covert of the trees. They discovered us while we were yet three or four hundred yards off, and turning about, retreated up the rising ground. We urged our horses across the ravine, and gave chase. The immense weight of head and shoulders causes the buffalo to labour heavily up hill, but it accelerates its descent. We had the advantage, therefore, and gained rapidly upon the fugitives, though it was difficult to get our horses to approach them, their very scent inspiring them with terror. The Count, who had a double-barrelled gun loaded with ball, fired, but missed. The bulls now altered their course, and galloped down hill with headlong rapidity. As they ran in different directions, we each singled out one, and separated. I was provided with a brace of veteran brass-barrelled pistols, which I had borrowed at Fort Gibson, and which had evidently seen some service. Pistols are very effective in buffalo hunting, as the hunter can ride up close to the animal, and fire at it while at full speed; whereas the long heavy rifles used on the frontier, cannot be easily managed, nor discharged with accurate aim from horseback. My object, therefore, was to get within pistol-shot of the buffalo. This was no very easy matter. I was well mounted, on a horse of excellent speed and bottom, that seemed eager for the chase, and soon overtook the game, but the moment he came nearly parallel he would keep sheering off, with ears forked and pricked forward, and every symptom of aversion and alarm. It was no wonder. Of all animals a buffalo, when close pressed by the hunter, has an aspect the most diabolical. His two short black horns curve out of a huge frontlet of shaggy hair; his eyes glow like coals; his mouth is open; his tongue parched and drawn up into a half crescent; his tail is erect, and the tufted end whisking about in the air: he is a perfect picture of mingled rage and terror.

“ It was with difficulty I urged my horse sufficiently near, when, taking aim, to my chagrin, both pistols missed fire. Unfortunately, the locks of these veteran weapons were so much worn, that, in the gallop,

the priming had been shaken out of the pore. At the snapping of the last pistol I was close upon the buffalo, when, in his despair, he turned round with a sudden snort, and rushed upon me. My horse wheeled about, as if on a pivot, made a convulsive spring, and, as I had been leaning on one side with pistol extended, I came near being thrown at the feet of the buffalo.

"Three or four bands of the horns carried us out of the reach of the enemy, who, having merely turned in desperate self-defence, quickly resumed his flight. As soon as I could gather in my penis-trickum horse, and prime the pistols afresh, I again spurred in pursuit of the buffalo, who had slackened his speed to take breath. On my approach, he again set off, full tilt, bearing himself forward with a heavy, rolling gallop, dashing with headlong precipitation through bushes and ravines; while several deer and wolves, startled from their coverts by his thundering career, ran helter-skelter to right and left across the waste.

"A gallop across the prairies in pursuit of game is by no means so smooth a career as those may imagine who have only an idea of an open level plain. It is true the prairies of the hunting-grounds are not so much entangled with flowering plants and long herbage as the lower prairies, and are principally covered with short buffalo grass; but they are diversified by hill and dale, and, where most level, are apt to be cut up by deep rifts and ravines, made by torrents after rains, and which, yawning from an even surface, are almost like pit-falls in the way of the hunter; checking him suddenly when in full career, or subjecting him to the risk of limb and life. The plains, too, are beset by burrowing holes of small animals, in which the horse is apt to sink to the fetlock and throw both himself and his rider. The late rain had covered some parts of the prairie, where the ground was hard, with a thin sheet of water through which the horse had to splash his way. In other parts there were innumerable shallow hollows, eight or ten feet in diameter, made by the buffaloes, who wallow in sand and mud like swine. These, being filled with water, shone like mirrors, so that the horse was continually leaping over them, or springing on one side. We had reached, too, a rough part of the prairie, very much broken and cut up: the buffalo, who was running for life, took no heed to his comrade, plunging down break-neck ravines, where it was necessary to skirt the borders in search of a safer descent. At length, he came to where a winter stream had torn a deep chasm across the whole prairie, laying open jagged rocks, and forming a long glen, bordered by steep crumbling cliffs of mingled stone and clay. Down one of these the buffalo flung himself, half tumbling, half leaping, and then scuttled off along the bottom; while I, seeing all farther pursuit useless, pulled up, and gazed quietly after him from the border of the cliff, until he disappeared amidst the windings of the ravine.

" Nothing now remained but to turn my steel and reject my conceptions. Here, at first, was some little difficulty. The ardour of the chase had betrayed me into a long headless gallop; I now found myself in the midst of a lonely waste, in which the prospect was bounded by undulating swells of land, naked and uniform, where, from the deficiency of landmarks and distinct features, an inexperienced man may become bewildered, and lose his way as readily as in the wastes of the ocean. The day, too, was overcast, so that I could not guide myself by the sun. My only mode was to retrace the track my horse had made in coming, though this I would often lose sight of, where the ground was covered with parched herbage. To one unaccustomed with it, there is something inexpressibly lonely in the solitude of a prairie: the leafiness of a forest seems nothing to it. There the view is shut in by trees, and the imagination is left free to picture some livelier scene beyond; but here we have an immense extent of landscape, without a sign of human existence. We have the consciousness of being far, far beyond the bounds of human habitation; we feel as if moving in the midst of a desert world. As my horse lagged slowly back over the scenes of our late scamper, and the delirium of the chase had passed away, I was peculiarly sensible to these circumstances. The silence of the waste was now and then broken by the cry of a distant flock of pelicans, stalking like spectres about a shallow pool;—sometimes by the sinister creaking of a raven in the air, while, occasionally, a scowling wolf would roar off from before us, and, having attained a safe distance, would sit down and howl and whine, with tones that gave a dreariness to the surrounding solitude. After pursuing my way for some time, I descried a horseman on the edge of a distant hill, and soon recognised him to be the Count. He had been equally unsuccessful with myself. We were shortly afterwards rejoined by our worthy comrade, the virtuous wife, with spectacles on nose, had made two or three ineffectual shots from horseback.

" We determined not to seek the camp until we had made one more effort. Casting our eyes about the surrounding waste, we descried a herd of buffalo, about two miles distant, scattered apart and quietly grazing, near a small strip of trees and bushes. It required but little stretch of fancy to picture them as happy cattle grazing on the edge of a common, and that the grove might shelter some lonely farm-house.

" We now formed our plan to circumvent the herd, and, by getting on the other side of them, to hunt them in the direction where we knew our camp to be situated; otherwise, the pursuit might take us to such a distance, as to render it impossible to find our way back before night-fall. Taking a wide circuit, therefore, we moved slowly and cautiously, pausing occasionally, when we saw any of the herd desert from grazing. The wind, fortunately, set from them, otherwise they might have scented us and have taken the alarm. In this way we succeeded in getting round

the herd without disturbing it. It consisted of about forty head, bulls, cows, and calves. Separating to some distance from each other, we now approached slowly in a parallel line, hoping, by degrees, to steal near without exciting attention. They began, however, to move off quietly, stopping at every step or two to graze; when suddenly a bull that, unobserved by us, had been taking his siesta under a clump of trees to our left, roused himself from his lair, and hastened to join his companions. We were still at a considerable distance, but the game had taken the alarm. We quickened our pace, they broke into a gallop, and now commenced a full chase.

"As the ground was level, they shouldered along with great speed, following each other in a line, two or three bulls bringing up the rear; the last of whom, from his enormous size and venerable frontlet, and beard of sun-burnt hair, looked like the patriarch of the herd, and as if he might long have reigned the monarch of the prairie. There is a mixture of the awful and the comic in the look of these huge animals, as they heave their great bulk forwards, with an up and down motion of the unwieldy head and shoulders; their tail cocked up like the queue of Pantaloon in a pantomime, the end whisking about in a fierce yet whimsical style; and their eyes glaring venomously, with an expression of fright and fury.

"For some time I kept parallel with the line, without being able to force my horse within pistol-shot, so much had he been alarmed by the assault of the buffalo in the preceding chase. At length I succeeded; but was again balked by my pistols missing fire. My companions, whose horses were less fleet, and more wayworn, could not overtake the herd; at length Mr. L., who was in the rear of the line, and losing ground, levelled his double-barrelled gun, and fired a long raking shot. It struck a buffalo just above the loins, broke its back-bone, and brought it to the ground. He stopped, and alighted to despatch his prey; when borrowing his gun, which had yet a charge remaining in it, I put my horse to his speed, again overtook the herd, which was thundering along pursued by the Count. With my present weapon there was no need of urging my horse to such close quarters; galloping along parallel, therefore, I singled out a buffalo, and by a fortunate shot brought it down on the spot. The ball had struck a vital part; it could not move from the place where it fell, but lay there struggling in mortal agony, while the rest of the herd kept on their headlong career across the prairie."

Would not this account almost induce even a Meltonian to try a season in the "Far West?" A scurry across the prairies would be a pleasing change from the grass-grounds of Leicestershire; and a gallop after a wild horse worth all the steeple-chases that ever were run. Every sportsman ought to read, for every sportsman must be delighted with, the "Tour on the Prairies."

ON

The Choice and the Duties of Stewards of Races.

No. I.

AMONGST those who are in the habit of frequenting races without taking any part in their management, it may be considered a matter of indifference who are the Stewards. They see them sitting in a box, turning their backs whilst the jockies are weighed, and leaving the clerk of the course to announce the winner when the race is over. It would seem indeed to be as immaterial to the sport who are the stewards, as it is to the feasting who is the mayor of the town in which the races are held. It is too true that, in many instances, the only duty which the stewards conceive to be required of them is their attendance on the course, and even in this they are frequently defaulters. How often do we see the stewards' stand unoccupied, either by the principals or their "lawful deputies," and obliged to be filled on the spur of the moment by the first person that presents himself who has the reputation of knowing a horse's head from his tail, or a grey mare from a brown one. The chief use of a steward, however, paradoxical as it may appear, is before the races commence and after they are over. The duty on the ground is comparatively trifling; the great object of attention is to produce a good muster of horses and a good assemblage of company, and these are the points which should be had in view in the selection of stewards. Two stewards are the usual complement, but there is no harm in a third; quality however is of more consequence than quantity. Of two stewards, one should be a man either on the turf or with extensive turf connexions; the other some person of consequence in the neighbourhood, whose influence is likely to insure the presence of a large influx of company. These two objects must be pursued separately, though of course they have a tendency to promote each other. Good sport will bring company to a considerable extent, and on the other hand fashionable company gives races a name, and so brings horses. Still you must not trust implicitly either to the one or the other. Many a fair lady does not care a farthing for the race, who would come from the extremity of the county to dance or flirt with the steward, or (if he has a title) even to be seen speaking to him. Again, there are many owners of horses who look more to the amount of the stakes than the display on the grand stand; and who would rather win a King's plate in a "deserted village" (for some of the places at which King's plates are run for are little better) than a tinsel cup at a county meeting, with bright eyes looking on by the score. You must have your turf man to deal with

this class, whilst your county magnate will bring the languishing ladies and tuft-hunting gentlemen to the post. When you can combine turf influence with local consequence so much the better; but in one or other of two stewards there can be little difficulty in procuring a man of either sort. As to the local steward there can be little difficulty in finding a fit man. When a county or a borough has a trick of returning one member on each side of the question, no man so fit as either of them, for his own friends attend as a compliment, the friends of his colleagues to avoid giving offence and to keep up appearances, so as not to leave a loophole for opposition in future. If any gentleman in the neighbourhood is talked of as a "third man" in the event of an election, you cannot have a better person for drawing company, for you are quite sure the sitting members and their friends will show him every attention if it will but keep him quiet. When all the members in the vicinity have served the office, choose first those gentlemen who give the most frequent parties, the largest, and the best; or perhaps you may procure the services of some noble peer or his heir apparent. Above all things, be sure that whoever is appointed will attend, as many will go to meet a person of rank who will not pay the same compliment to his name only at the head of the race list. Race meetings should be as studiously as possible divested of any thing like a party appearance. If a member has been returned for the county after a severe contest, let a few years pass over before you nominate him as steward, wait till his opponents have got over their mortification and till harmony is restored, till you see distant bows exchanged for a hearty shake of the hand, till, in short, one party has forgotten its triumph, the other its defeat. The selection of a steward connected with the turf is not quite so easy a matter, particularly as gentlemen of this description are not always very fond of giving their names and services, as they consider themselves bound, if they accept the office, to do something for the races, and the course in question may be out of their beat. It is always sound policy to apply to a young beginner on the turf, both because you are more likely to secure him, as he is not tired of serving the office, and also because, not being yet tied to any particular meetings, you have a fair chance of attaching him permanently to the interest of your races; and one or two regular attendants, who send horses every year, are of much more value than a host of casual contributors, on whom you cannot reckon for support. It is hardly possible to fix upon any respectable turf man who may not render country races essential service, either by himself, through his connexions, or, what is sometimes of more consequence, by a good word to his trainer, who has frequently more in his power than his master. The supporters of races, however, should never be so anxious to have as steward a man well known on the turf, but that they should take care to

have one who is also favourably known. If you place the office in the hands of any one connected with racing matters whose hands are not perfectly clean, who does not associate with the first men on the turf, you commit a fatal error, you ruin your races for one year and run the chance of permanently injuring them.

Having addressed these few observations to those on whom the selection of stewards depends, we will now direct our attention to the duties of those who, having accepted the office, are desirous to acquit themselves, in the old phrase, "with credit to themselves and satisfaction to the public." We have hinted that it is desirable that one of the stewards should be an attractor of horses, the other a drawer of company; but neither of them should consider his efforts limited to the one vocation. The first business for both is to endeavour as much as possible to get the different stakes creditably filled, and with this view application must be made in the first place to those persons who, from local connexion, feel an interest in the success of the races. There should always be a gold cup or plate, by subscriptions not exceeding ten pounds, and two or three other stakes, to which the subscriptions shall be so moderate that gentlemen of this class may be induced to subscribe, though they have no horses, merely to promote sport and to do good to the town. More harm than good is frequently done by these means, if some care be not taken that the filling up the nominations is left in proper hands. Many persons think that all that is required of them is performed when they have given their names and their money to two or three stakes, and they very kindly give the nomination to the first person who civilly asks for it. Nothing is so injuriously calculated to foster black-legs and leather-platers as this indifference into whose hands a nomination may fall. People of this stamp are always on the look out, and ready to pounce upon those who subscribe to stakes and have no horses of their own to enter. Their request is too frequently granted, either from good-nature or to serve some political end; and the consequence is, these men are enabled to make a head upon the turf against genuine sportsmen, which they could never do if they were compelled in all cases to pay their own subscription and stand on their own bottom. Not only do they gain in the individual instance, but it is a sort of introduction to them. It is difficult to treat them as they should be treated, after they appear under the credentials of an honourable and too good-natured subscriber, who unwittingly gives them a certificate of respectability. It may seem a little officious in a steward, but still it will answer a good purpose, if, when he has received the authority of a friend to put down his name as a subscriber, he asks him this question, "Have you made up your mind to whom to offer your nomination, or do you know any gentleman to whom it would be acceptable?" If the answer be in the negative, do

not hesitate to say "Then I will look out for you myself." A few nominations in the hand of a steward may be turned to excellent account. He must take care not to give them away without a *quid pro quo*. If he bestow a nomination for one stake he must have in return a subscription for another. Not that it is in all cases necessary to make an express stipulation to this effect, if you know your man, but if he does not do as you expect, there is no harm in giving a pretty broad hint.

It is also very desirable, when it can be done, to let the nomination fall into the stable of an extensive trainer, as having one horse to send is frequently an inducement to enter others. So much indeed is generally left in the hands of trainers as to the arrangement of sending horses to these races or the other, that it is often very good policy to divide the nominations which may be at your disposal amongst three or four of the most respectable persons of this class. By this means you are sure at any rate to keep out the leather-platers, on whom the regular trainer looks down with the most aristocratic contempt. Try, if possible, to attract new supporters to the races, without offence to the old. You can probably spare an entry to a stranger, and yet not leave an old friend without a similar compliment. This point is one to which a steward can not too early attend after his appointment, for if the proper opportunity is neglected it is impossible to repair it afterwards, as the applicants for a gratuitous entry are always numerous and ever on the alert, and you may be sure the earliest applicant is the last man in the world who should have it.

In asking for subscriptions never fear to be considered too pressing. It is in a good cause, and no offence ought to be taken. In this, however, as in all other cases, precept is not worth a tenth part so much as example. Begin therefore by subscribing liberally yourself. If you keep horses, enter as many and as often as you can fairly bring to the post; if you do not, you cannot of course be expected to subscribe to the £50 and £100 stakes, but you must contribute handsomely to the smaller ones. Bear in mind that it seldom falls to the lot of a man who is not on the turf to act as steward of races more than two or three times in his life at most, and he can therefore afford to do as he should do. If you have sporting friends at a distance, though they are too far off to send horses regularly, they will probably stretch a point for once out of compliment to you, and nothing excites greater interest than the appearance of a horse of character from another country to compete with those which are known in the neighbourhood; as it is considered not merely a trial amongst the horses engaged, but between north and south, or east and west, as the case may be. If the stranger is beaten, it is a feather in the cap of your neighbours, if he wins, you rejoice in the success of your friend.

When you subscribe to a stake, it is of course understood that if you give away the nomination you are let off scot free should the horse win ; and when you have a good many races to contribute to, you may very well be excused if you look out for good horses to enter. Where a forfeit is payable you should only be liable to that amount ; and, if your friend chooses to run, the remainder of the risk should rest with them. Such an understanding enables you to make five pounds go as far as twenty-five pounds in some instances, and with equal advantage to the races ; for if, at the time of starting, the horse has a fair chance, his owner will not scruple to start him, and if he has no chance he is just as well out of the field ; for it spoils the effect of a race, even when well contested between two or three, to see as many more just saving their distance. It is always desirable to have a large entry, and a large field well matched is certainly a beautiful sight ; but unless this is the case, mere numbers add nothing to the interest of a race in the mind of any who do not look more to the "colours of the riders" than to the performances of the horses. It often happens that the most earnest spectators are so absorbed in the contest for victory between two horses, that they do not know which came in third.

The power of the stewards over races is, properly speaking, unlimited both as to arrangement and as to decision, but this, like all "public trusts," must be exercised with caution. They may appoint the races to be held at what time of the year they please, but of course the usual time should be adopted unless there be some very weighty reason to the contrary. We generally find that it is difficult to change the time of any meeting without running foul of some other, in which case the collision of interests cannot fail to be prejudicial to both. Rather than suffer this, it is better to put up with rain, or fogs, or cold weather. These may be borne, but seldom has an instance occurred that a change of time, so as to interfere with other races, has not been fatal, or at least in the highest degree injurious. Neither is it advisable to alter the time of day any more than the time of year. It is true that we see at different places different times for the commencement of races, and that that difference in no wise affects them. The reason, however, is obvious ; the inhabitants have always been used to go to the course at a specific hour, whether early or late, and all their arrangements are made and habits formed for that hour, and you discompose every thing if you alter it. In races, as in every thing else, if you wish to improve, it should rather be by additions than by alterations.

If there is one innovation which a steward would more gladly make than another, it is to shorten the duration of country races ; but here also let him pause and consider. Let him reflect that it is not merely to the taste of the sportsman that he has to administer, but that he must consult the pleasure and even the profit of all classes interested. If you are

fond of racing, you wish to have it fairly distributed over such a space only as is sufficient to allow a moderate interval between the races, and to afford a little time for speculation on the event. But out of the motley group who attend the course, how small a portion consider the races the only or even the principal object of attraction. To the upper classes how many opportunities are afforded of display, of friendly intercourse, or the disclosure of softer feelings. To the lower orders the race week is looked upon as a universal holiday; the races are very well on their own account, but they deem them still better as an excuse to eat, drink, and make merry. Nor must we altogether omit to consider the "good of trade," which would suffer sadly if the week were curtailed of its due proportions; besides, if you huddled all the races into one or two days the publicans could not afford to contribute their plate to the races. In short, you must have a week of it!

Acknowledging the omnipotence of stewards, we have shewn in what respects it is advisable that they should not interfere; we will now turn to those points to which their attention may be advantageously directed, and their interposition produce the greatest improvement. They should, in the first place, bear in mind that the bulk of those who attend the races have no means of information respecting them except from the lists which are handed about, and they should put it in the power of the printer to make these accurate. The jockies should be made to declare, a sufficient time before, the races in which they will ride and the colours they will wear. It is true that, till the moment of starting, no man can say with certainty that he will run his horse; but it is sufficient that no horse should be allowed to run whose rider and colour have not been declared in proper time, allowing him of course to be drawn at any time up to the moment of starting. These points have within a few years been much better attended to than formerly, and the printers now in general contrive to make out which horses have arrived and which are absent, a piece of information that cannot be obtained by individuals without some trouble. It requires more than ordinary discrimination when three or four horses come to the post out of an entry of ten or a dozen, to distinguish them as they canter past the stand before starting.

It is obviously impossible when you have only two or three races, to run them with as short intervals between as is customary where the bill of fare is more copious; but if more time must be allowed, still that is no reason why punctuality should not be as much attended to, though the interval be an hour, as if it were only a fourth of that time. To effect this, however, is a matter of no small trouble, not only with the jockies, but with the clerk of the course and all these "in authority under you." Give your orders peremptorily and admit of no excuses. If a horse is very much behind-hand start without him, and you insure punctuality for the rest of the week. It is as easy for the horses to be

at the post to the minute as half an hour after, and the only reason that they are not so is, that stewards do not make it sufficiently a point. When people know the precise hour that the next race will begin they can easily amuse themselves in the mean time, but if the interval is indefinite they are kept in a fidget, can attend to nothing else, and dare not for ever so short a time be out of the way; or if, tired of waiting so long, they take a gallop in a contrary direction, they probably on their return find that the race is over.

"Heats" are in the eyes of a sportsman utterly indefensible. They are said to try bottom, but in this they frequently most signally fail. How often does it happen that, after the best horses have worn out their strength against each other and won alternate heats, some rip of a beast, which has been taking it easily and is perfectly fresh, wins at last in a canter. Heats also afford great opportunities of fraud, for it is impossible to avoid the horses of confederates, in reality though not declared, to start in a race of this description. For where you have rogues to deal with, though there is no general confederacy, one is knocked up for the occasion on the well understood principle of dividing the plunder. Still, races in heats must be put up with. The nuisance may be in some degree abated, but you cannot otherwise have a sufficient *quantity* of *running*, though you might improve the *quality* of the sport. When it can be done, you should so arrange that single races be run between heats, particularly when the distances are long and some time is necessarily required to refresh the horses. This, however, cannot always be accomplished, as the same horses are frequently entered for more than one race, and probably in no two are the horses entirely distinct.

One use of a hunters' stake is to fill up time between heats, and this is perhaps the only plausible reason for intermixing half-bred stakes with other races. Both horses and riders look out of place alongside of thorough-bred horses and professional jockies. A hunt meeting is a very pleasant thing, but it amalgamates very badly with the true sports of the turf. Every thing is by comparison; and the gentleman rider, who seems with his horse to form a very Centaur when you have none but gentlemen riders to compare with him, reminds you of that renowned citizen John Gilpin, if you see him on the course at Ascot. The same excuse which has pleaded and will ever plead in favour of heats, cannot be urged in favour of long distances, as a race of a mile and a half or two miles affords twice the sport of one of four. Where, however, four mile races have been well contested for a number of years, it is unwise to alter the conditions so long as the old horses continue; but nine times out of ten you will find that you infinitely increase sport by doing away with four mile races altogether. As to four mile heats, they are things which will soon be matter of history only, the wonder of another generation and the ridicule of the present.

Hints to Sportsmen,**ON THE BREEDING AND TREATMENT OF HORSES.***(Continued from page 237.)*

LET us here enumerate our idea of the evils of the grazing system. In the first place it reminds us of building a house for the pleasure of pulling it down.

Secondly. It is destructive of the effects of a system pursued with great care and at considerable expense during the nine previous months, and destructive of them just at the time when it has reached nearly its highest perfection.

Thirdly. It is very injurious to *legs*, from galloping and frolicking on hard uneven ground, and to *feet*, from stamping to shake off flies, and from the frequent extremes of very wet, and very dry, very cold, and very hot. Incipient disease in legs, feet, and eyes, is also overlooked during the period of horses being at grass, and by consequence becomes serious, if not too often incurable.

Fourthly. With all horses whose growth has been aided by good keep, the legs bear a naturally disproportionate length to their bodies—a great point in a hunter, and so called a “short-legged one”—so that the mouths of such cannot touch the ground without difficulty, and considerable strain on the forelegs. Indeed, we sometimes find our horses totter under us when reaching water in a pond, when standing more than fetlock deep in it.

Fifthly. Hard feeders, which hunters for the most are, are in danger from being allowed to eat, *ad libitum*, at grass—unassisted by sweating and other increased means of evacuation to which they are subjected, when kept in the house and at work. Hence plethora, and its consequences,—chronic cough, stupidly called grass cough, and often ending in broken wind; blindness, roaring, &c. And how should it be otherwise? A greatly increased action of the arterial system is caused by the mid-day heat, suddenly checked by, if not frosty, chilling night fogs, or heavy showers of rain.

Lastly. He is exposed to every description of accident to which highly spirited animals, permitted to range at liberty, are liable, and few we believe escape some local injuries during a three months' run.

There are those who assert, that it is cruel to summer hunters in the house. We are far from being of this opinion, well knowing how much they suffer from the persecution of flies, from which even the shade is no protection. Many thin-skinned horses suffer more than we are commonly apprehensive of by the presence of these blood-suckers; and if the opposer of the in-door system would watch his stud when at grass in hot, sultry weather, and particularly on the approach of rain, he would

be convinced of the truth of what we have said. We admit that on the first day of being turned out, all horses exhibit delight, by galloping round their pasture, and proudly snuffing the air when they come to a stand—indeed we know more than one, worth best-part of a thousand guineas at the time, that galloped till they fell down dead—but look at them the next day, after passing a cheerless night, with a belly full of sour grass, a substitute for their late stimulating food, and we find all the pride, and all the kick taken out of them. But it is on that day month that the great change will be effected. In lieu of the glossy skin—the emblem of health—the firm crest, the round carcass, the bright eye, and the firm action, displaying the well developed muscles at every step, we find a dingy coat, lying hollow on the skin, a flabby neck, a loose and distended belly, a dull eye, not a little inflamed by the irritation of flies, and the act of hanging down the head; and a languid action plainly denoting a great prostration of strength*.

We must say a word or two on physic. To horses summered in the house, this is now only administered when it is wanted, as is the case with the race-horse; and the groom or his master ought to be able to say *when*. There are many directing symptoms with horses in work, which cannot escape an observant eye, and we do not, as formerly, wait for the swollen leg, or the running sore. The barbarous idea also of three doses in succession, “the first to stir up the humours, and the last to carry them off,” with two strong urine balls to wind up, by way of a remedy for consequent debility! is also happily exploded. The strength of the doses is also greatly diminished, and consequently all danger is avoided. We take upon ourselves to say that there is no more risk attending administering physic to a horse than there is in giving him a pailful of cold water—perhaps not so much—that is, provided the drugs are good, and well put together. We, however, strongly advise all sportsmen, and others, to obtain physic from the profession, as veterinarians bestow much attention to the making of it up. The sooner it passes off the better, and this will be much expedited by three loose bran mashcs, on the day preceding the dose, and exercise previously to its working. Recollect there is no virtue in the aloes beyond doing its duty in clearing and cleansing the bowels. Calomel should not be hurried, as it is intended to act on the system, and should therefore be given twelve hours previous to giving the purge. Horses which are difficult to be moved should be kept short of hay, a day or two before they are physicked, with an extra allowance of bran mashcs, and encouraged to drink before they experience nausea.

The treatment of horses' legs forms a very essential part of the science of the stable, and we really believe it has at length reached perfection. The admirable substitution of the mercurial charge for the irritating, and

* Good flesh is strength—bad flesh is weakness, Digitized by Google

too often inefficacious blistering ointment, and in hundreds of cases—in all indeed, *if taken in time*—for the actual cautery, is consoling to every man who looks on his horse as a man ought to look on him, as the noblest animal God ever formed, and worthy of his high regard. The mercurial *plaister* (not ointment) is sold by all druggists, made up according to the London Pharmacopœia, and is applied warm, in the proportion of half a pound to a leg—the leg being afterwards cased in a fine linen bandage, stitched on, and cut off at the expiration of a fortnight; when the charge may be repeated if considered necessary. The stimulating and absorbent properties of this plaister are most efficacious in injured sinews, extravasated lymph, bony excrescences, &c.

Numerous valuable horses are ruined by their owners not knowing when their legs are going amiss, and consequently when to stop them in their work. It is irksome, no doubt, to give up the use of a favourite hunter, and one perhaps in blooming condition; but it is by such a prudent step alone that we can expect a lengthened enjoyment of him. Here training grooms, for the most part, excel hunting grooms; for they watch legs most minutely and are allowed to be skilful in their treatment of them. It is a lamentable truth that, speaking generally, good constitutioned horses, as they are called, would wear out two sets of legs and feet, if they could be supplied with them, and thus the necessity of bestowing care upon the set they have got. Sportsmen, indeed, estimate a hunter's age not so much by his years as by the sound or unsound state of his limbs.

The feet are equally the objects of our care, particularly so in the summer. Shoeing is now so well understood, and so skilfully practised, that unless the form of the present shoe can be superseded by another, which we think will never be the case, as little injury is inflicted upon the wearer of it as is compatible with its nature and effect. In fact we venture an opinion, that a horse well shod, properly looked after, and not over marked in his work, will never be lame from that cause (shoeing) alone.

The best shoeing-smiths should be employed, and the feet cleaned out monthly with the drawing knife, to prevent their becoming too strong in the soles and thereby obstructing their complicated mechanical action less than can be possibly avoided. The stopping should be damp tow, which whilst it imparts moisture to the foot, affords pressure to the entire surface of it, and thus contributes to its health. With very open-footed horses, lying loose, a thin aplice over the stopping may be necessary, or Mr. Cherry's Patent Foot Pad may be had recourse to. Before we quit the shoeing-smith, however, it may be well to insist on the necessity of having the inner edge of the inside of the hinder shoe rounded, or bevelled, as the workmen term it, to prevent the danger of over-reaching, which is not done by the toe, but by this part of the shoe, in draw-

ing the hinder foot backwards, after having over-stepped the fore one. We have seen the sinews of more than one hunter cut through by this means, and our wonder ceased when our attention was first directed to the very keen edge which this part of the shoe acquires, after a short time wearing, by friction on gravelled roads. The gashes we have seen could never have been inflicted by *the toe*—the generally supposed assailant—for we know the toe of the hunter's shoe is always beaten square, and obtuse, and often covered by the projecting part of the hoof left in that form, from an erroneous idea of safety.

Fever in the feet is one of the most awful effects of a severe run with hounds, and always more or less to be dreaded, although it's frequent occurrence is diminished since hunters have been summered in the house, and consequently in a state less liable to be over-marked by the effects of a severe day's work. The veterinarian's aid is here to be instantly called for, and even then it too often happens that "*sero medicina paratur*"—the doctor comes too late. Keeping horses clean in their habit of body, and in strong work, is the best safeguard against this most painful and generally destructive disease. Hence the advantage of occasional light doses of physic during the season, and also of gentle alteratives, which, whilst they check the excitement, always more or less the effect of severe exertions in horse or man, purify the blood, and impart vigour and tone to the system.

Damp stables may also produce fever in the feet, and when it once makes its appearance among a stud there is no saying where it will stop. The season before last out of eight horses, six standing in one stable and two in another, we had five seized with it, and so capricious was it in its attacks that out of the three that escaped, one was a very delicate five years old horse, that stood in the next stall to the one that was first seized. We had ridden the latter horse about twenty miles to cover, at a fairish pace on the previous day, and when the groom announced in the morning that he was standing like a "wooden horse," we concluded of course that he had been over marked, but when in a day or two afterwards other horses that had been resting were similarly seized, it became evident that it was something else than work that did it, and the veterinary surgeon who attended them finding on inquiry that the stables had not been used for a length of time previously to the horses entering them, pronounced the fever to be caused by the dampness of the buildings. Sportsmen should be very careful in seeing that stables are properly aired, and when taking their horses into a strange country should have some rough horses turned into them for a week or so before their own arrive. And this leads us to speak of that important part of a gentleman's establishment—the stable.

It has only been lately that veterinarians have yielded to warm stables. Their reason and reflection have come to their aid; and, asso-

cisting the horse with the country to which he is indigenous, and to the climate to which we are indebted for the original excellence of the animal, are satisfied that warmth is congenial with his nature. All they now insist upon—and in which we heartily join them—is ample ventilation. Undoubtedly it must be injurious to any living animal to breathe an under-oxygenated air, and the effluvia arising from animal excretions are not only offensive but injurious, and especially so to the lungs and eyes. A stable should not only be warm (about 63° of Fahrenheit) in the hunting season, and as much below that point as it can be made in the summer; but it is also necessary that it be dry; and if not dry, the ground under and around it should be drained. A delicate horse never arrives at perfection in a damp stable, and it operates powerfully against all. We have witnessed a wonderful alteration for the better in a stud, on a favourable change of stables, in the winter. On the frequent change of litter likewise greatly depends the salubrity of stables, assisted by a free, properly directed, admission of pure air, and a vent for that which is foul. Loose boxes for horses after work are most desirable, but with large studs their general use must be dispensed with on account of the room they occupy. There are indeed some objections to indulging horses with constantly lying loose, such as the inconvenience they experience on being tied up, when from hame, as in that case they will not lie down, perhaps for some days; but we cannot more forcibly impress upon our brother-sportsmen the general and important benefits of the loose box, than by quoting the following sentence from the justly celebrated paper of Mr. James Turner, Veterinary Surgeon, of Regent Street, read at the Veterinary Medical Society, December 24, 1828, on the Navicular Disease, or chronic lameness in the feet of horses. “I firmly believe,” says Mr. T., “that, if every valuable horse in this kingdom were to be forthwith turned loose into a large box night and day, it would prove the worst event for veterinary surgeons that has ever yet appeared in the horse world; because it would tend more to cut off our supply of groggy lameness, and its attendants, than any circumstance, or single cause, that has ever yet been published, or even named.” When on this subject we may state that, for hunters we prefer three or four loose places *contiguous*, that is, in the same stable, to single boxes, as the latter are apt to get cold during the day, in the winter; and horses returning from hunting, if in proper condition, become sooner dry and comfortable in a high, than in a low temperature. All hunters’ stables should have sheds at the entrance of them, which break the force of cold winds, and admit of the dry dirt being rubbed off a horse with a beam, previously to his being taken to his stall. No stable should contain more than eight stalls, and should one of them be kept unoccupied, it will be so much better for the inmates. Curtains, to let down when horses are shut up, encourage repose, and are beneficial to their eyes, to

which a moderated light is much more congenial than the dazzling glare of that reflected from a white-washed wall.

The saddle-room is a place of no small importance in a hunting-man's establishment. Amongst the essentials are, a good fire-place, a constant supply of hot water, lots of bandages, and abundance of horse-clothes, not only for the use of the stable, but also for exercise in bad weather. The pannels of saddles should be well thrashed with an ash plant, and brushed, after every day's hunting, the surest preventive of sore backs.

EPITAPH.

On PRINCE, a favourite French Poodle, who died at an advanced age.

LET plaintive verse the sorrowing heart evince—
 For death has seized on honest, faithful PRINCE ;
 Has struck with fatal and unerring blow
 The Prince of Poodles—and has laid him low !
 The envy of his kind—his Mistress' pride,
 " To whom he ne'er caus'd grief but when he died."

Though France might boast the honour of his birth,
 Yet England knew and own'd his modest worth ;
 His merits best proclaim'd his bringing-up,
 In wit a dog—simplicity a pup—
 His twisted curls, with true Parisian grace,
 Shaded his eyes and intellectual face ;
 His glossy coat was clipped with curious art—
 Now fate's dread shears have clipp'd his *vital* part ;
 For when *Death* summons, what can worth avail—
 Wit—grace—or silvery locks, or tufted tail ?

No more he'll give himself the " rousing shake,"
 By his lov'd mistress' side a walk to take ;
 No more her footsteps tend with joyous bark
 In morning stroll or saunter round the park ;
 At home too, nightly she'll the loss deplore,
 Of Prince, the guardian of her chamber door,
 Nor hear him gently whine or softly snore.
 But why with vain attempt his praise rehearse ?
 His mistress' grief speaks more than lengthen'd verse—
 Declaring that, from all the varied race,
 No other dog shall fill his vacant place.
 From huge newfoundland down to pug, so trim,
 All dog-like virtues centred were in him ;
 From mastiff proud to cur of low degree,
 Dogs have their princes—and a PRINCE was he !

MR. GREENER (AUTHOR OF THE TREATISE ON THE GUN) IN REPLY TO THE OLD SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE editor of the Sporting Magazine in a critique on my work on the gun, has indulged in observations, which if acted on would tend to the injury of the shooting world, as much as the assertion he makes at the conclusion (if true) would to my character of author of that work. Therefore, with your permission, and being desirous to put in a clearer light the objects I had in view in that publication, I will endeavour to refute his conclusions.

The first observation on which I shall remark is the following. He says, "if a sportsman wished to become a gun-maker, he would here find ample materials to work by; and if the directions were strictly followed no doubt a perfect fowling piece might be constructed. So far however from thinking this advisable we should enforce the old adage, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*." In plain English I suppose he means, "let the cobbler stick to his last."—Bravo! Old-school English sportsmen, you must not inquire, you must not interfere at all with the construction of an engine which frequently destroys the life of a fellow creature, perhaps of a dear friend, and too frequently, God knows, deprives the man who uses it of one of the most useful members of his body, namely, his hand. "No," says the editor of the Sporting Magazine, "leave that to the gun-maker." But a little further on he seems to have forgotten himself, for he observes, "the author points out, with just indignation, the frauds committed by unprincipled gun-makers in the manufacture of rubbishy and dangerous fire arms, which has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished," &c. &c. "Now," says he, "this is all very well," and he gives the writer credit for good intentions, but to what does it amount? why simply that to obtain a good gun, you must go to a respectable, or in other words, an honest gun-maker. Now, I would ask this gentleman of the old school, whether it has ever suggested itself to him, that we have no test of the honesty of a gun-maker. The quantum of knowledge on the subject has been so trifling, that even gun-makers, aye, and, as they are termed, respectable and leading gun-makers too, have been ignorant of the first principles of their own trade. For instance, within the last twelve months four double guns have come under my own notice, made by *leading* gun-makers in *London*, and for which *enormous* prices had been paid, the barrels of three of which were forged from what is technically termed charcoal iron, or *second quality*; and the fourth was worse, it was forged from three-penny or *third-rate* iron! Now, I would ask, did this not show ignorance of a vital point, the *quality* of the barrels! If it was not *ignorance* it was something still more

reprehensible, it was *dishonesty* to charge and sell for *best* what was *not so*. Yet this gentleman would advise the sportsman not to acquire a knowledge that would enable him to detect a spurious and fraudulent article, but to remain in ignorance and trust to the "honesty" and "respectability" of a gun-maker! In the above fact we have a pretty good specimen either of the "knowledge" or "honesty" of "respectable" gun-makers. The first motive that induced me to publish my work on the gun was to give the sportsman a knowledge of the *quality* of guns, to enable him to hold a tight rein on either *ignorant* or *dishonest* artificers. My next motive was to lay down a set of principles, which, if acted upon, would, instead of making the obtaining of a good gun problematical, make it in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred certain. And here I may again mention an instance, where ignorance alone is the cause of allowing the traders in guns to risk the safety of all double guns, and injure the barrels to the extent of 30 per cent., by brazing, or soldering the breech ends of double barrels together with brass. This I have shewn, I think, in the clearest way throughout the whole of my experiments (which are detailed in that work) to be the case, and sometimes to even a greater extent. This injurious practice the gun trade has always described as an improvement. Had this critical gentleman done me the honour to read the work which he has criticised with even *ordinary* attention, he would have found several instances pointed out, where the gun trade has held up as *improvements* alterations which are in fact highly *detrimental*. This writer appears to feel so deep an interest in sustaining the character of the "honest gun-maker," that he almost gives me the idea that he must be one of our fraternity himself, and I should think an aged brother. Now, I would ask my critic, even setting aside the point of safety, if it be a matter of no consideration to the sportsman to know that he has a gun which in its shooting powers, cannot be excelled? If it be of no importance to *him* to possess the knowledge by which he can make those qualities available in the highest degree by a true and perfect use of the expulsive power? Probably he is averse to the possession of this knowledge by the sportsman. He would have us go on as in days of yore; no improvement wanted, no more knowledge needful. He claims for some previous writer many of those conclusions which I have put forth as my own, he asserts that he recognises "many old friends with new faces." Here then the matter becomes personal. That he has had an opportunity of seeing many more works than myself I do not doubt, as I can in a few words enumerate all I ever read at all approaching the subject. I some years ago met with an old work which treats on the modes of manufacturing barrels, and the difference between the French and English methods; if I recollect right it was printed in 1742. This work I think he will not accuse me of copying from. I have read Col. Hawker's work in its various editions,

and these, on the word of a man who would be believed, are all I ever read. The articles in any of the various encyclopædias, I have not even seen, for I determined, before I ever wrote a line, that mine should be a work *strictly* practical and as *strictly original*. Since the work was published, I have received a letter from that talented individual Mr. Henry Wilkinson, gun-maker, in which he informs me that he lectured on the various descriptions of iron used in the manufacture of gun-barrels, before the Society of Arts, twelve months ago, and also says that he is happy to add his testimony that I am quite correct in my account of them. He does not wish, I feel confident, to insinuate that I have borrowed from his lectures; if he does I can assure him I never heard, *save once*, till he informed me, that he had so lectured, and further, I can prove that the whole articles in question were written *two years* ago. So much on this point, should Mr. Wilkinson be one of the editor's old friends. It would however be needless to attempt to prove a negative where there is no affirmative based on proofs. Let my accuser bring forth his *proofs*, which I here defy him to do. I dare him to point out in any work, any thing bordering on my articles on the various irons, on the practicability of adopting steel barrels. Let him bring forward any book, exhibiting the temerity I have shown in attacking the present method of proving gun-barrels, describing it as useless and inefficient, and by that means bringing upon my head the vituperation of all the interested. Let him also point out any work treating on the best form of patent breeches for the generation of force and expulsion of projectiles; any clear elucidation of the difference of flint locks and percussion, and any explanation of the shooting powers of different barrels, and the means of obtaining that with certainty. Also, I would like if he would show me who has given any explanation of the injury of creating in gun-barrels any artificial friction; and by that means destroying the velocity of the projectiles and increasing the danger of the shooter. Probably he can inform me who has treated on the proper spiral for rifle barrels, who has presumed to designate the military musket, and to prove his assertion too, as rude and barbarous. I call upon him to do this, if not for the sake of proving me a literary pirate, at least for the purpose of enabling me to avoid, in my next edition, poaching upon any other writer's preserves, and then I shall consider that he has acted the part of an impartial critic. I have, Mr. Editor, intruded on your pages at greater length than I intended, but I have been compelled to seek this indulgence from your generosity and liberal feelings. The justice and impartiality of the editor of the Sporting Magazine refuses to allow a place in his pages to my answer to his critique.

With every wish for that success your spirited journal richly deserves.

I remain, sir, your humble servant,

WM. GREBNER.

THE SEASON IN OXFORDSHIRE.

MR. EDITOR,

NOT having forwarded any communication for the last two months, I consequently have a batch for this, which will prevent my taking up the time of your readers by any introductory observations.

On the day after Christmas day, Mr. Drake's hounds met at Waterperry. Found at Turner's-wood, and ran from thence to Whitecross-green, about three miles, at a very merry pace, brushed him about the cover till dark and then stopped the hounds.

On the next day, Saturday, the meet was at Shellswell-house; ran through the Pond-head-cover, and trotted on to Spilsmore; a great majority of the field being on the wrong side of the cover, reynard and the hounds slipped away at a slapping rate through Pond-head, pointing for Mixbury-new-ledge, which he left to the right by Hanwell's farm, and on through the furze cover near Cottesford-beath, from thence in direction of Tusmore, skirting Cottesford-house over Hardwick-heath into Tusmore-wood, across the park and over the road to Roundhill and nearly to Craighton, where the hounds threw up in a ploughed field, which had been ridden over, trampled upon, and battered to death, by the impetuosity of some gentlemen who seem to think that the chief sport attending fox-hunting, is riding headlong among the hounds at the hazard of *leg-breaking* and *jaw-cracking*, to say nothing of breaking up a good run, as in the present instance. The run occupied fifty-five minutes, the pace to Tusmore being very good. Found a second fox at Mr. Harrison's furze cover near Cottesford-heath, ran him to Mixbury-plantations and left him.

On the 30th December, we were at Weston on the green, and found in the wood, from whence reynard took his departure in double-quick time, making for Middleton-park, through which he kept on without slackening his pace over Kirtlington-field, skirting Sparrow's farm, where the ploughs brought the hounds to rather slow hunting, which continued over Kirtlington-park, between which and Bletchington he was lost, after a good run of forty-five minutes, the pace being very strong from Weston to Middleton and through the park. A second fox was found in Busby's-spiny, who came away direct for Bletchington, through the Park-wood and Black-legs, to Weston-wood and Warm-hoof, and from thence over Roundlebury and Chesterton-fields to Middleton-park, where, it being dark, the hounds were stopped at the Park-wall, the disappearance of day light operating as a life preserver to the varmint, who was in a most hopeless state and the hounds well up to him, but the colour of their jackets could not be discovered. This was a fine hunting run of

an hour and twenty-five minutes. Reynard made his point for Kirtlington, up the green lane, but being headed by a wandering tribe of Bohemians he doubled over the Chesterton-field to Middleton.

On the next Thursday, Ham-green was the order of the day.—Having drawn Ovenhill without effect, a brace of foxes were unkenneled at the Bolton side of Clarendon Knoll-hill-wood, one of which going away to the corner of Grendon-wood, was headed by some wood-cutters and turned off to Finmore-hill, and through the Great-sea back to Clarendon Knoll-hill, and after a ring, again bolted and returned to the Great-sea, threading which and Runt's-wood, and Finmore-hill, he slipped into Grendon-wood, in which he disdained to waste time, starting as if Marsh-field was his object, but having altered his mind, he left Grendon village to the left by Gullen's-bridge, proceeding nearly to Ludgershall village, then to the left into Tittershall-wood, where he was immolated after a severe run of one hour and forty-five minutes. He was a very fine old fellow and died game, having given his pursuers satisfaction, the horses looking queer and requiring a warm box and gruel.—This was a capital day's sport, quite sufficient for the most inordinate appetite. The hounds did their duty most magnificently.

On the following Saturday, met at Lower Shugborough and found a fox at Calcutt-splay, who went off with an inclination for Flecknoe, but varying his course, he crossed the Dunchurch country at a tremendous pace, and left off at a gorse-cover, I believe called Leicester's piece, I think in the Warwickshire hunt. There was, unluckily, a change of foxes arising from the following circumstance. Reynard skirted one of the covers without entering it, and the hounds hunted him about a field farther, when a gentleman having assured the hunt, that he had viewed the fox dead beat in the cover, it was conjectured that he had sought shelter there, and the hounds were unfortunately taken back and immediately got upon a fresh fox, which ultimately beat them after a grand run of three hours, with some of the finest hunting ever witnessed. Persons cannot be too careful in using their visual organs, or in exercising their lungs when so much is at stake, as this indiscreet holloa fearfully interfered with one of the most magnificent runs ever ridden to or recounted. A better day was never heard of; many of the Warwickshire were out, and it was indeed a high treat for the Leamington men, who expressed themselves delighted with the sport. Mr. G. Lloyd as might be expected was in raptures; the hounds had upwards of thirty-eight miles to come to kennel. The country being quite a strange one, I could not ascertain the names of places or fields through which the chase continued, but I heard the name of Prince-thorpe and that Leamington Hastings was pretty handy.

On the 15th, the hounds met at Tythrope-house, found a brace of

foxes at the decoy, after making the circuit of the park, went away over the brook, leaving Haddenham-village to the left, up to Little Kemble and Box Warren, where there were two or three foxes before the hounds, one of which departed with the utmost despatch through the Beech-woods, the hounds going at a racing pace. Leaving Hampden-park to the left, and Pole-cat-lane to the right, he put his head straight as if making for Nansfan's-gorse, and again swerved to the left through Risborough-scrubs, and was run to ground at the earths near East Risborough, and within seven miles of Mr. Drake's seat at Shardeloes, after a slashing run of two hours, the first hour and a quarter being a trimmer. The field gradually declined, and at the finish became very choice. Various reasons were assigned by the defaulters in "entering" appearances at the end; some had lost shoes, and others had to come out again the same week, &c. The hounds had afterwards a trot nearly of thirty-five miles home.

On the 27th of January the place of meeting was the well-known Bicester-windmill, and as usual the field very large. Found a fox at Middleton-ridings, who went away at a good pace to Ardley-wood, through which he passed like a cannon shot and onwards, leaving Stoke-great-wood on his right and Stuchbury-gorse on the left; he continued his course up to Tusmore-wood, where he managed to slip them, and was slowly hunted through Cottesford and up to Shelswell-plantations, where he was given up. A fresh fox was found at Spilsmore, who started off at a very strong pace, which he kept up in a regular circular run for upwards of two hours, cutting up the horses without mercy; many of whom had bellows to mend at a roaring tune. This was an excessively hard day for horses, and had pug steered a straight course, many nags would have cried peccavi. As it was, several had quite enough. I saw one gentleman in Shelswell-park very coolly whipping his lancet into the neck of his panting steed. The twenty-five minutes to Tusmore-wood was very good.

On Thursday, found a fox at Whitecross-green, who made his way through Waterperry, and Holter-woods, across Holter-park and ran to ground in Coomb-wood-earths, in Mr. Phillips's hunt. This affair was a very satisfactory one, and lasted about an hour and thirty-five minutes.

On the following Saturday, in Northamptonshire at Lower Shugborough. Drew Calcutt's-spiny, and Flechnoe-gorse blank, took the hounds to a holloa by the turnpike-road near Shugborough, went very fast, making a ring by Noble-gorse, over Noble-fields to Flechnoe-village, threading the village away across the canal in direction for Braunston; the hounds hunted him through Braunston-cleaves and lost him at Crick near Cold-Ashley, on the borders of Leicestershire. After crossing the canal, there were two foxes in a line, three hounds taking

one line, which were stopped and brought to the body, and in this line unluckily hit upon a fox which had been gone twenty minutes. The run occupied altogether about two hours; the first half hour of which was capital, and it was admitted on all hands that hounds never went faster or better; the rest was rather cold hunting. The hounds left off about eight miles on the north side of Daventry, nearly forty miles from home.

The meet at Tythrope-house on the 5th of February, when a fox was killed, is only worthy of note to record the gallant feats of some would-be-thought sportsmen, who magnanimously galloped upon the turnpike-road amongst the hounds, as if they had been paid for so creditable a performance.

On the 7th, the hunt assembled at Gallows-bridge, and after throwing into Tittershall-wood, found a fox at the Rush-beds, who went off over Wootten-pleasure-grounds and through Grove-wood, where nothing more could be made of him. Found another at Ovenhill, and very luckily got on to the hunted fox, and after ringing him through Ovenhill and Doddershall-woods for nearly two hours, he was run to ground near Lord Chandos's lodge, on the Aylesbury road. He was dug out and polished off in quick time by the hounds.

On the 10th, met at Horton, found in Horton-wood, went away through Blackwater and Stow-wood, threading Woodeaton and Elsfield-woods by the latter village, and ran to ground, I believe, at the earths at Wick, in Mr. Phillips's hunt, after a run of an hour and forty minutes. This was a very good day considering the quantity of rain which fell in the early part of it.

On the 14th, met at Shugborough, and drew Noble-gorse blank. Found at Griffin's-gorse, and his highness went away by the mill at Blackdown, leaving Mr. Hitchcart's house to the left, and Byefield to the right, and ran to ground in a drain near the reservoir, after a run of thirty-five minutes, bolted him, and were treated by a quarter of an hour's ring, when he again went to ground. A second time he was started, and the hounds ran into him in about two fields, and settled the business of this regular skulking drain-seeker.

Now for his Grace of Grafton, who has recently had some very excellent sport, in fact, competent judges consider the run from Plumpton for the time it lasted, the most severe thing of the season. The fox was started in Plumpton-wood, which, after a little diversion in cover, he broke away from, in the direction of Maidford, where he made a deviation from the line, and ran to ground in view, at Cannon's-Ashby. The run from the find occupied half an hour at a terrific pace. Mr. Henry Peyton went most decidedly the best, although he was closely followed by a Mr. Shepherd of Towcester, who was second. A sporting farmer

of the name of Hill, jealous of the well-earned fame of Mr. Peyton, and being fired with ambition, "the glorious fault of angels and of gods," appeared determined to take the shine out of the *Nonpareil*, and for some time stuck to him like a blood-sucker, but skill, head and hands ultimately succeeded, and arriving at an unpleasant awkward place, the "Hill" fell from his towering height into a gully, which floored all his fond anticipations and put on extinguisher on his daring deeds. The worst part of the subject remains to be recounted. The unhappy varmint I have stated sought shelter in a drain, and was saved by the hounds to fall a sacrifice by the ruthless hand of a miscreant. It seems that the gardener at Canons Ashby had received a fee of five shillings, upon his undertaking to see that the gallant fellow was allowed to escape from his temporary abode, but no sooner had the hounds and the gentlemen disappeared, than a fellow in the garb of a keeper came up, and in spite of the remonstrances of the gardener, insisted upon digging out poor pug, on accomplishing which the cowardly cold-blooded dastard, coolly fired and lodged the contents of his gun in the body of the unoffending fox. Whose keeper is this? Surely so heartless a savage is not in the service of Sir Henry Dryden, or if he is, will he be allowed to remain so another day?

The meet at Bicester-windmill on the 17th of February, was not propitious. Gravehill was tried without effect, as were also Reeves' and Goddington-gorses, and we ultimately found at Drury-gorse. Reynard went away at a merry pace, skirting Goddington and on to Reeves', over a portion of marsh field, where the hounds were close to his brush, when it was discovered that a vixen in whelp was on the point of being victimized: however, by dint of exertion she was saved, her preservation being a miracle, so closely was she pressed. It was a very good burst, and put the people in good humour after so bad a commencement.

On the 19th, the hounds met at Charndon-common (a rare place it has been this season), and soon became musical in Runts-wood, and after a ring or two in the cover, a fox went off through the Great-sea and Home-wood over Claydon-park, where he made a turn as if seeking the woods again, but his heart being in the right place, he shyed skulking, and went away right earnestly, facing the open in the most gallant manner, leaving the Claydons to the left, in the direction of Winslowe, where having threaded the gardens, &c., the hounds were brought to hunting, which they did coolly over part of Great-Harwood-field and he was finally lost, near Wadden-chase. For fifty minutes it was an exceeding good run, and up to Winslowe at a slapping pace.

The run from the find to the finish, occupied one hour and thirty-five minutes.

On the 21st the meet was Warden-kennel, and after a very satisfactory circular run, reynard gave them the go by.

On the 24th the place of meeting was at Chesterton-house, the scene of so much fun and festivity, when occupied by Lord Waterford and Sir Frederick Johnston, and now in the possession of Mr. Molyneux. I never remember to have seen so large a field in Mr. Drake's hunt. Weston-wood was the order of the day, and thither the parties proceeded in procession. Upon putting into Warmhoof a regular roar commenced, and off went his high-mightiness at a pretty pace, at the east end of the cover, going a good one over the Windlebury-field, crossing the brook, and taking one of the finest lines that could be imagined down to the Merton-meadows, and straight as an arrow from thence to the far famed Gravehill,—bouncing through it like a ball without a minute's delay and forward in the Ambroeden direction, which place he passed, over the meadows to Arcott-bridge, leaving the village to the right, and away to Arcott-wood, through it and also Piddington-wood at the same rate, and on to Muswell-hill, where the pack came to a check, and it was thought all was over.—But it was not so, "Tom" would not give him up, and the consequence was that in a turnip-field where it was supposed he had lain down, the hounds got upon him again, thanks to the huntsman having a head put on the right way, added to great patience and perseverance, and reynard was run to Brill and in a garden he gave up the ghost. The check was in some measure owing to the fox running the road for some distance, and in a great degree to the pernicious system of horses pressing on the hounds. This was a regular rasping day. The brook at Wendlebury and the meadows at Merton trying their mettle, during this affair there were plenty of purls—lots of laughter, and numbers of *wet-uns*. I think I marked eleven in that chilling element the Wendlebury-brook and one or two staked. Mr. John Drake got at least two falls, as did also a noble Lord. In the first half dozen of the field, Mr. Isaac Sadler and Mr. B. Cedrington were prominent characters, and went remarkably well. The stragglers were numberless, and scattered in all directions, and on nearing Muswell-hill the "tail" of the great agitator was a mere trifle in comparison. The run lasted an hour and forty minutes, and was a splendid one, over one of the heaviest countries in this hunt. It was a very hard day for horses, and the lancets might be seen doing duty on Brill-hill.

On the 28th the hounds had a very excellent run, the meet being Barton-common. Hillesdon and Turgewicke-woods were tried without effect, but a fox was found in West-wood, who went away leaving Barton-village to the left, as if going to Finmore-digging, but turned and made a tour through Spelsmere-wood, and from thence across Shelswell-park, leaving the house to the right, and Willastone to the left, skirting Newton-Murrell along the meadows by the brook near to Sauls-mill, proceeding a head near to Chetwode by Cowley to Three-bridge-mill,

where he was headed and doubling back was killed near to Preston Bissett, after affording famous amusement for an hour and a quarter.

On the 3rd instant met at Edgecote-village, a most unfavourable day; found at Fiamore-hill, reynard took his departure directly by way of Hogsham and Oven-village, and was lost near Aylesbury-turnpike. This was a very superior fox, in fact as good a one as ever run, the day being, in the same ratio, as bad a one for sport.

On the 5th a fox was found at Waterperry, and after running him for four hours in the wood and the quarters, he broke away in direction of Brill, near which place he was killed. I have now very reluctantly to record a deed which reflects everlasting disgrace on the perpetration of such an atrocity.

On the 10th of March, Lower Shuckboro-village was the order of the day, and reynard was found in Cavecott-spiny. He got well away and the hounds steady at their work with every prospect of a glorious run. Having on a former occasion found a known good one, expectation was on the tip-toe, and every face beamed with delight and good-humour at the holloa away! But the hopes of the field were blighted and the day's sport destroyed by some person, I believe a farmer, at Lower Shuckborough, whose name I have not ascertained, or indeed is it worth an inquiry, unless for the purpose of holding him up to the scorn and execration of his neighbours. This man with the most fiendish and cowardly malignity, slipped a brace of greyhounds right upon the unfortunate fox, and these quadrupeds with the assistance of their beef-headed biped of a master, and the auxiliary aid of another of his kidney in the shape of a cur or mongrel-bred sheep dog, managed to massacre the fox in front of the hounds. It seems that this was a premeditated murder, as this disgrace to the British farmer had been seen lurking on a former occasion evidently for a similar purpose. May his friends at the farmer's table forsake him! may he be shunned by society, and have the brand of ignominy deeply imprinted on his calfish carcass! The despoiler sought to conceal his villainy by endeavouring to hide his victim in an outhouse, but he failed in his dastardly design, the hounds coming right upon him in the midst of his treachery, and a fine old dog fox mangled and torn, was exposed to public view.

On the 16th at Kirtlington Round-about we found plenty of foxes, which augurs well for next year. On the whole few packs have had such sport as Mr. Drake's hounds.

Mr. Phillips's hounds have also had some fair sport. The fixture at Stowe-wood was a good one, the hounds drew first Elsfield-wood blank; at the second they were more fortunate, and found a leash of foxes, one taking his course straight to Wood Eaton and Prattle-wood, on to Noke village, skirting the wood to Bechley-castle; he here ran over a portion of the far-famed Otmoor to Whitecross-green, thence to Arncott,

through woods to Piddington, skirting the upper part of the village, and across Piddington-field to Ludgershall, and from thence to within a mile of Tittershall-wood at Wootton, the seat of Lord Chandos; here the hounds threw up their heads and could not make him out afterwards. This was a regular good hunting run and at periods very fast.

Lord Radnor's hounds have also been doing great things.

On Friday the 13th, the meet was at Kingston-inn; after trying several covers without effect till nearly three o'clock, a fox was found in a piece of gorse near Hinton; went away at a good pace making a circuit of several miles, and returning to Hinton, the hounds came up to him in the garden of a Mr. Simmonds, where, being closely pressed, he took refuge on the top of a barn. The hounds were drawn off and the fox spared for another day. The run lasted an hour and twenty minutes without a check.

The Duke of Beaufort has in Oxfordshire been doing little or nothing. His grace, I am happy to say, is recovering, but sorry to add that the pack is about to be given up and the establishment put an end to, and I hear of no gentleman likely to take the country. Lord Radnor also retires. It was rumoured also that the Warwickshire hounds would next season require a new master, but that I am glad to find is not the case, as Mr. Thornhill has made an engagement by which he will still retain the management, hunting four days a week instead of five. The Duke of Grafton has had several splendid runs, and his hounds have given great satisfaction.

The Cottesford races, which are generally the conclusion of the season, are fixed for the 25th, next Wednesday, and some good sport is expected; there are three horses only for the hunters' stakes, and six for the farmers'. There will be also a hack stakes, which is likely to be a very sporting affair, and also a hurdle race. These races should have been advertised earlier, indeed if it had not been for the indefatigable industry of Mr. Henry Peyton they were in great danger of departing to the "tomb of the Capulets." This should not be; the gentlemen of the Drake hunt *ought* to put their hands in their pocket so as to insure at least a good hunters' race, and a farmers' cup; it gives a spur to fox-hunting, and the fox-hunting farmers look forward with pride and satisfaction to the race for their cup at the finish of the season. For the credit of the Country (reckoned by many second only to Leicestershire), I hope to see a good subscription and bill of fare for next year's races. There must be something wrong if this subject be allowed to fall to the ground. I may perhaps next month forward you some further remarks.

ESAU.

March 21, 1835.

LETTERS FROM A YORKSHIRE JOCKEY IN INDIA, TO HIS BROTHER AT TADCASTER.

SIR,

I KNOW not how far suitable to the purposes of your Magazine the correspondence I have the pleasure to send you may be, but if you think the letters would be agreeable to your readers, you are at liberty to publish them, I regret that I cannot find any scraps of the earlier ones alluded to by my friend John in the commencement of his first epistle. What I now forward were copies of those he sent to England, and which, at my request, he left with me, to do what I pleased with. His second letter gives a curious and characteristic account of fox, hog, and tiger hunting; and as he has now gone with his master to Guzerat, I shall no doubt have something from that quarter to communicate equally amusing. I chanced to be at Poona when John arrived, and a more extraordinary figure I never beheld. A little dapper chap, about 5 ft. 3½ in., nearly twenty-two years old, with a vacant red face, like a ball on a gatepost, now and then relieved from actual stupidity by the twinkle of his keen, grey, real Yorkshire, eye, with a nose as flat as a dump, and a mouth like the lid of a teapot.

Your's obediently,

S. Y. S.

Poonur, Jooly, —.

DEAR BROOTHER ROGER,

I SENT you, as you must know by this time, a longish, tightish letter from Deel, nearly half a year ago or thereabouts, just to tell you I was all ready to leave ould England, and what's more, to leave Yorkshire too. I shan't say nothing of leaving Phœbe Harpur—cause why?—you knows about that—I can't think the young un's mine—for he squints woundily, and has a carrotty pole.

Hearing from Mr. Smartum, feythers Lunnun friend, that a friend o' his'un, called Mister Doolittle, who was in Hinjee, had wrote to him to get him a jockey to ride his race 'orses for 'un, I offered for the situation and was accepted.

I also wrote from the Kape o' Good Hope and tould you what a charming plect it be—where sheep's tails weighs a matter o' six pounds each and a penny goes for tuppence. I also said some'ut funny about the Ottypot girls—but don't you tell Phœbe. So now I writes agen, and hoping this will find you in good health as it does me, I have now got to tell you all about my adventures like. First and foremost, you must know that I be head groom to a gentleman who is vastly vond of 'orses and dogs, and varmint o' all sorts and concatenations o' all kinds. Our agreement was that I was to ride his race 'orses for 'un and to make

myself useful as many ways as I could vind means; and he was to give me bed, board, lodging and washing, and sixty-nine pounds a year.

Accordingly I've zeed all the sights of Hinjee in company with Measter, but I tells you the solemn truth, 'tis always so violent 'ot in these parts that I never could look at 'em coolly enough to remember 'em—so I don't intend troubling you with my travels, because why, not remembering much, I couldn't have very much to say. Howsever, I may as well tell you my idears of the cattle they use here, and the rum koin'd o'hunting they goes arter, just that you may tell Phoebe and our friends in Tadcaster what a queer set of chaps I have got amongst. I first fell in with 'em at a place called Poonur, where I am at this present writing. May be Mister Smartum knows it—'tis a very funny pretty village, all stuck full of little dobs o'white and yallur houses and tiny bits of gardins—but may be you'd like to know more about it, for there's a deal o' sporting going on, and a very pleasant neighbourhood it is—if so be then that you are at all curious I'll write you a description in my next, but I shall now only tell you about my present purticklur toppic, which, as I said before, is only on account of their 'orses and dogs.

In this purdicament I shan't say nothing neither of my landing at a place called Bumbay. No more I shan't describe how they poked me into a long black-and-green-looking box, and carried me on black slaves shoulders to a kiver'd boat full of black folks. I never seed sich a power of negerses in all my life—for my part, I think there's no end on 'em—and marcy on us, they runs about, brother Rooger, almost naked like, with a big clout on their woolly heads.

Well, Rooger, I was landed agen in four or five hours, and the black servants told the black landlord of the inn to give me some'ut to eat, and he giv'd me a nasty mess o' yallur looking stuff with bits of meat in it (I know since they calls it Kurry) and a heap of rice; and lord, lord, it was as 'ot as Ould Nick's best parlour—it burnt my mouth and my throat all the way down, and all they gived me to squench the fire with, was a bottle of ale as bitter as gaul.

Well, Rooger, on we went agen, and arter many weary hours josting and jumbling about I got to Poonur, and mortal tired I was. Mr. Doo-kittle was at home, and in I went. Measter was seting with his legs on the table, and three or four more gentlemen were keeping him company, wi'their feet on the top of the table too—all dress'd in white barber's jackets, and all smoking sigars, and all with a rummer of spirits and water before 'em.

They was talking very loud of racing and race 'orses, and making of bets, when I come into the room I made my leg, and then they stopped, and one on 'um says—ho! you be John Dockery, I presume, and he noggled his head as much as to say, aun't I right. So I niggled my

head, and says, yes, sur, and you be Mister Deelittle, I spose—then they all laugh'd, and Measter wink'd his eye as much as to say "that's a cute guess"—but bless you, Rooger, you niver in all your born days seed sich a cruel stick of a man as Measter was. He had a long thin yallur oker fece, wi' a nose like the handle of a can, running like the serpentine river all over his cheeks, reddish rimm'd eyes, like a fish's, and a mouth (as Bill Bull of our town used to say of your's) like an skenanack, 'cause it went from ear to ear. He was very tall, and as thin as a threadpaper, and sich poker legs—they'd the thickest ends down-wards.

Well, arter all perliminaries and drinking a drop of spirits, Measter told me I had just coom in the nick of time, as he wanted me to ride his famous 'orse Zigzag the next morning—a great match—so I told him I was quite agreeable, and went to bed arter a light supper on cold mutton, 'ot purtaties, pickled inions, and brandy and water. But dear heart, not a wink o' sleep could I get tho' I squeezed my eyes together as tight as wax, but the divil was in the flies I think, for they kept buz, buzzing about me all night, and the nats bit me a mortal sight worse than all the bugs in Tadcaster ever did—and you knows, Rooger, we hadn't a very few on 'em there neither.

Well, next morning a black man made motions for me to get up—so I dresses myself and goes down to the stable to look at the nags, and there, by Godes, I found Measter, as white as a candle; and John, says he, I don't half like the looks of Zigzag this morning—which be he, says I, for all I saw was ponies. Why that un's he—that brown 'un, says Measter, and niver was I so woundily astonished. Lord a marcy, for to think for to send all the way to Yorkshire for me for to mount such a thing as that—'twas a purty leetle creatur to look at—but quite a pony like—well, I was fit to cry to think of riding such a tom-cat of a racer arter what I have crossed. Howsoever, I gulped it all down and says nothing more, and Measter drived me down in his gig to the course, and then I saw a little long old-fashioned three-corn'd looking house with some few gentlefolks riding about in front of it and some white ladies inside—all the rest of the congregation were black gentlemen and ladies.

Arter some time pass'd in weighing, during which I heard lots of 'olks talking of me as a European and regler-bred Jockey, and so on, we went to the starting post, and main glad I was to see all the other racers just as leetle creaturs as Zigzag, and all with black jockies on 'em—this gave me 'art—off we went, without a false start—the negers legs going as fast as the 'orses—and I soon heard 'em all larruping away like smoke. Well Rooger, I know'd nothing of my nag—but Measter said he had more speed than bottom—so I kept a steady pull, you knows my way, Rooger, never challenging a foot for a mile and a half, but coting 'em

up at the two mile starting post, I gave 'em the Doncaster double at the turn-in, and won, as people said, *cleverly*.

Well, but now Rooger open your eyes—and laugh as I did, and felt fit to do worse. After the heat was over, what did Measter do, but as sure as flour's in puddens he vips the poor animal's fore legs into a tup of saltpeter and water, on purpose, he said, to cool 'un, and to make 'un fresh—'twas enough to give him his death o' cold, and so I told 'un, but no, he said he know'd what he was about, and then he drench'd the horse with a pint of beer and a nutmeg in it.

What *would* they say in Yorkshire to all this? Only to think of the funny ways of foreign parts! Oh! Rooger, Rooger, I'll tell you more on 'em by and bye, but whether their saltpeter work be right or rong for Hinjee 'orses I hav'n't yet been long enough with 'em to know, but I'm sartin sure it wou'd ruin every bit o' 'orse-flesh in Yorkshire.

I an't got room for any noos in this letter, but I'll write again soon, for Measter is vastly koind and I an't got nothing to do only to see the black grooms clean the cattle, at which to be sure they be cruel aukard—as soon as I can speak the black language I'll shew 'em how to do the thing properly—poor divils, when their measters goes out a riding they always vollows 'em avoot.

In my next I'll tell you all about a fox-hunt I went to—sich a fox! and sich a hunt!—ecod how you will laugh—and feyther 'll split his sides—at least I know I was ready to bust.

Give my duty and loving kindness to ould feyther—God blees him—and kind love to sister, and remain, dear Roger,

Your dutiful brother,

JOHN DOCKERY.

Give my love to Phoebe Harpur—has she got married yet?—I hope the ould brown mare has held to Doctor Sintacks—What's sister's last babby—a boy, or a girl, or what? Take care of Dido's poops—I spoze they all takes arter the ould bitch.

J. D.

To Mr. Roger Dockery,

Farrier,

*Tadcaster, Yorkshire,
England.*

DEAR BROOTHER ROGER,

I TAKES up my pen once more to let you know as how I'm always as good as my word, and I means to tell you all the purticklers of fox-hunting and other wild varmint hunting in this 'ot country, just, you know, as I promised to do in my last.

Well, Rooger, shortly after the races was over, in which my Measter

won a tarnation sight o' money, and behaved very 'andsomely to me, we left Poonur and jogged along for five days very leesurely to a high wall'd fort they calls Amudnoogur, something like a county jail, only more outlandish-looking—and will you believe, every day me and Measter, and two of his friends, lived in tents like a parcel o' jipsies. Soon after we got to Measter Doolittle's own house, he told me he intended to go out with the Noogur pack fox-hunting. Well, you may spoze I was nation glad o' this, being desperate vond o' sport at all times—and one morning at day light away we goes to a rising ground in the middle of a plain, where ('rat me if I can help laughing now,) I seed ten or a dozen leetle dogs of all sorts and sizes, tarriers and parriers and mongrels and curs, long legged, short legged, and bandy legged, with crop ears, swag ears, and with dock tails and bob tails, and some without no tails at all. There's our pack, says Mr. Doolittle to me—that's our famous Noogur pack—what do you think on 'em? Why, says I, I doant know what to think, but they be sartinly rum 'uns to look at, and gives tongue in rare tune, for they be all yelping before they've got into cover. Ah, says Measter, that's cause they smells the fox. Smells the fox? says I, why where be he?—and I looked all over the country—when Measter laughed and said—there he be, in that 'ere deal box—and dom me but there he was, sure enoof—and most desperate bad he did stink surely, and as he came out o' the box he was dripping wet, like a drownded rat, for he was washed all over with arsafetitur.

Well, they let the leetle varmint loose, and off he went tail on end tow'rds some hills, and a quarter of an hour arter that, the pack was *put* on the scent, and began running and howling like mad. The ground was very stony and full of holes, and I did not like riding hard at first, for I was mounted on a leetle, ugly, bony, mangy, three corner'd commodity of a horse, that had a head like a mallet, a bull neck about a span long, and carried his tail like a dirty-close-bag, and they call'd 'un T. U. W. izzard. However, seeing Measter Doolittle and several others going it full dig, I lets out too, and blow me if the old 'orse didn't carry me like oil. After running about two miles the dogs view'd the fox, and soon did his bizness for 'un—and so ended this comical way of fox-hunting. Measter ax'd me how I liked it?—and says I, its main pleasant may be, but for my part I don't see much fun in riding arter a creatur what as been cotched afore—besides, says I, that cruel stinking stuff, that arsafetitur, is out of all reason, for the fox has got plenty o' natural smells that stinks enough in all consequence. Well, Measter shook his head and laughed, and then we returned home, and on the way he slipped a brace of fine gray'ounds at a fox that was fresh found and had not been cotched afore, and a very purty chace and kill we had; the varmint wasn't nothing like our Yorkshire foxes, for he was cruel small,

and all grey, and had a black tip instead of a white one to his brush.—Now all this piddling after game was very tame to me, as I long'd to look at a Hog-hunt, and very shortly I was satisfied to my 'arts-content.

One afternoon we set off, and we went a matter o' thirty miles in the direction of Poonnr, and there we met a whole lot of gentlemen from that place—and all in tip top spirits and vastly pleasant seemingly together. Dinner was served up in a large tent, and I took mine between the canvas, and of course cou'dn't help overhearing all as was said. In the middle of dinner, as luck would have it, down came the rain. Marcy on us! I never seed the like on it, nor the thunder and litingen neither—it did'n't come down in drops, like our Yorkshire rain, but slap-dash in bucket fulls.—Nevertheless this seem'd to make 'em all more merry, and I wish I could tell you half the ram things that they sung and said; some on 'em a leetle too smutty for me, 'cause I never likes any thing more than just tooty-loorish. I recollects one on 'em ax'd why the devil the rain fell in that 'ere season, and Measter said as how it was on account that Captain Barry had broke the North Pole—and they all laugh'd and hooted like a kennel of fox-hounds.

Next morning we got up putty early, and had just a snack o' break-fast, and then we mounted. I rode old T. U. izzard, and I carried a long stick wi' a spike at the end on't, which folks call'd a spear, and I was tould to poke it as hard as I cou'd slap into the first hog I could gallop up to. Well, thinks I, I shan't be long afore I sticks it into some on 'em, for hew can pigs get away from 'ornes.

We had a reglar possey of people—all blacks tho'—with poles and clubs and spears and swords—all on 'em avoot, and I fancy about five and twenty gentlemen, dress'd in all manner of rumbustical coats, and some prime bits o' nags to be sure.

Well, we toddled on to a large forest, and the blacks were draw'd up in a line about five feet a part, and one of the gentlemen talk'd a great deal to 'em, I spose to coax 'em into cover; then he giv'd shout, and they all shouted, and rushed higgledy-piggledy into the wood—and then there was sich a riot, and sich a row, and sich a roompus, what with the black fellows shouting in the joongul (they calls the forest), and gentlemen a swearing outside, dogs barking, bugle-horns sounding, and many other noises besides, that I was quite confounded. At last, just where I wur standing, aside o' Measter, I heard a terrible squashing of the bushes, and Measter Doolittle calls out, "Look out, here a' comes;" and sure enoof they did—out they bounc'd, three on 'em—large, black, lanky, grim-looking creeturs, not a bit like our Yorkshire pigs, and a most wonderful pace they went at.

Well, we all rattled arter 'em purty fastish, and they zoom separated, and some people took arter one, and some arter another, and Measter

and I arter the third, 'cause it was the leetlest. But oh, Rooger! the wonderful works o' Natar!—to see them ere pigs going as fast as 'orses, and joomping over ditches and walls, as noicely as any 'unter in Yorkshire! You'll maybe call me a liar for saying so, at least I'm sartin I should have thought any body who had ax'd me to believe sich things was a hoombooging on me,—but its all as true as you're at Tadcaster, and I'm ready at any time to take my Bible oath on it, believe it or not.

Well, Rooger, arter racing for a mile and a half, we got up purty close to 'em, and then we comed to a river—and my eyes and yellur breeches! in went the pig slap dash, and so did Measter Doolittle, and so did I, but frightened to death, for I can't swim an inch, as you very well knows, Rooger, when I joomped in Squire Sqirt's fish-pond arter the chamber-maid, and both were nigh drowned.

The pig and measter and I was all trolloping about in the water together till we got to the other side, and then off we goes it again—and in about ten minutes more Measter brings the pig to a stand still; but Lord, Lord! to see how savage and fractious the creatur was. As soon as Measter offered for to stick 'un, he giv'd a terrible loud grunt, runs under his 'orses legs, and begins a biting most deucid hard, so at last up goes the 'orse, right on end, over he turns, right over, and down comes Measter Doolittle, whop! Up he gets again, and runs as if for dear life, and calling for me to help him, and arter him runs the pig—every now and then making desperate joomps at his hinder end, where his leather breeches stuck out sadly behind. I was fit to burst with laughing, it was so very comical; and at last, by goles, he grabbed him there just as I got close enof to give him a poke, which I did so hard that I came off the 'orse, whop, on the pig and Measter; and there we was all three rolling and roaring and grunting till measter got his spear under the creatur's ribs, and so sniggled him till he lay still and died quite quiet like.

So then we all got up except the pig, and what a mass of blood and dirt we was in. Howsever, Measter laugh'd and I laugh'd too, and as the sun was troublesome 'ot, we rode to the tents, and the others soon came back too, but only with one hog among 'em all. I an't any more paper just now, so shall leave off, and shall keep what I've got to tell you about our next day's sport, and then a killing of a tiger, for my next letter. Give my duty to feyther and love to sister, and all enquiring friends, and I remains, dear Roger,

Your loving brother,

JOHN DOCKERY.

From the Oriental Sporting Mag.

GREYHOUND AND WHELPS.

Engraved by DUNCAN, from a Painting by BARRAUD.

WHAT can be said about the Greyhound that is not already known? What of the beauty and gracefulness of its form, that has not been again and again repeated? Or what of its speed that is not sufficiently commemorated in the wonderful feats of Czarina, Major, and Snowball?

The handsomest whelps do not, however, in general turn out the handsomest and swiftest dogs. The following were the rules formerly observed in their choice: —

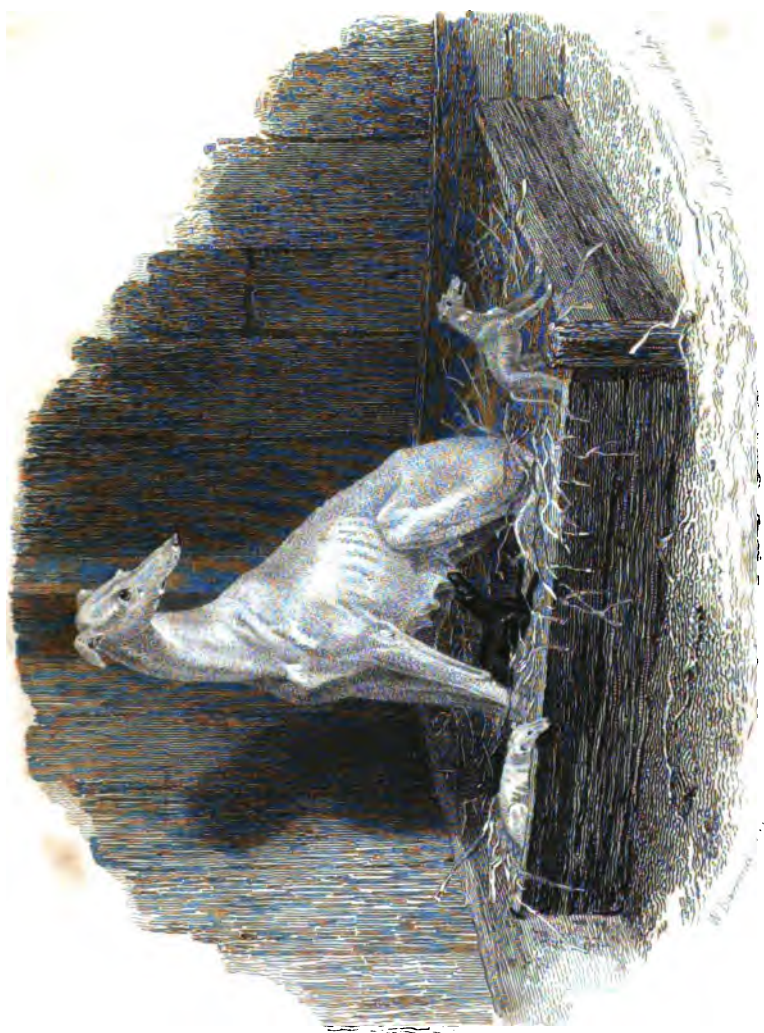
In choosing a whelp, the choice was governed by the weight, and that which was the lightest, it was supposed, would prove the nimblest and best. The raw-boned, lean, loose-made, and unseemly whelps, grew up well-shaped dogs; whereas those that, after three or four months appeared round, close trussed, and well built in every part, were not worth the rearing, seldom proving swift or comely. It was also an observation formerly, that *bitches* were commonly more *speedy* than dogs.

The time to first try and train them to their game was at twelve months old; and there is little variation in this respect at the present day.

At two years old the greyhound is full grown; and the choice of one at that age was to be directed by his having a fine skin, with soft thin hair; a long lean head, with a nose sharp from the eye downwards; a full clear eye, with large eyelids, little ears; a long neck bending like a drake, with a loose hanging weasand; broad breast, his body neither too long nor too great; a back straight and square, having a rising in the middle; a small belly, broad shoulders; round ribs, with a long space between his hips; a strong stern, a round foot with large clefts, and his fore-legs straighter than his hinder.

These directions were more briefly comprised in the following rhymes, well-known to every courser: —

Head like a snake,
Neck'd like a drake,
Back'd like a beam,
Sided like a bream,
Tailed like a rat,
And footed like a cat.



GREYHOUND AND WHIELPS.

Engraved by J. G. Thompson, from a drawing by J. G. Thompson, 1818.

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Reviews.

A VISIT TO ICELAND, *by way of Tronyem, in the Summer of 1834.*
By JOHN BARROW, Jun. Author of "*Excursions in the North of Europe.*"

MURRAY, Albemarle Street.

WE looked forward with pleasure to another work from the author of the "*Excursions in the North of Europe,*" and our expectations have not been disappointed. It is written in the same easy, unaffected, companionable style, that so strongly recommended the "*Excursions*" to the favour of the public, and which, without any straining after picturesque effect, gives us distinct and pleasing ideas of the objects he describes and the scenes he visited. Though Iceland may appear a barren and unpromising region for even a summer excursion, it has afforded Mr. Barrow materials for a volume full of interest, both to the general and scientific reader.—The *Geysers* or boiling fountains of Iceland, the basaltic columns and caves of Stappen, and the lava rocks of Havnesfiord, have long been objects of curiosity, and still furnish the geologist with a wide field for speculation as to their origin and causes. We wish we could have found room for Mr. Barrow's description of the *Geysers*, but we are unfortunately a good deal limited this month, and must content ourselves with a short extract from his account of an excursion he made to an encampment of Laplanders, previously to his leaving Tronyem.

It was the late Sir Henry Liddell, we believe, (father of the present Lord Ravensworth) who undertook for a wager, to proceed to Lapland and bring back two of the native women—which he accomplished, returning within the stipulated time accompanied by two fair Laps. How he obtained them—whether by force or fraud, or "soft persuasion,"—we know not, but unless they were more favourable specimens of the breed than those Mr. Barrow encountered, we should hardly have been induced to take part with Sir Henry in his "*Rape of the Laplanders.*"

"Having," says Mr. Barrow, "passed through these forests of birch-trees, we reached a part of the mountain, which was so barren as to exhibit scarcely any signs of vegetation, save here and there a scanty bed of moss or lichens, the most common of which was the *rangiferinus*, or reindeer moss; yet here we discovered three wretched-looking hovels, built of sods—they were those of some Laplanders, whose summer residence was in this neighbourhood. The only human being near them was an old woman, who was busily employed in boiling some reindeer milk. She was, without exception, the ugliest creature, in the shape of a human being, that I ever set eyes on: she was precisely one of those beings whom, as Dr. Clarke has observed, a person unaccustomed to

the appearance of them, meeting me suddenly in the midst of a forest, would start from the revolting spectacle:—‘The diminutive stature, the unusual tone of voice, the extraordinary dress, the leering unsightly eyes, the wide mouth, the nasty hair, and sallow shrivelled skin—’ the vellum of the pedigree they claim,—all appear at first sight out of the order of nature, and dispose a stranger to turn out of their way. We learnt from this old creature that her husband and family had removed with their reindeer, the day previous, to another part of the mountain, about five miles distant, and that she had remained behind to take charge of some of the utensils which could not all be moved at once. This accidental meeting was certainly fortunate, as she was able to accompany us to the spot where they had taken up their new abode, and which, from its remote situation, we might in vain have hunted for. Even this position was, in my estimation, as dreary as it could well be—a barren hollow, scooped out of the side of a mountain, and shut in by bogs all around;—but the spot to which she conducted us was many degrees worse. It was situated on the side of another bleak and naked mountain, on which the snow was every where lying in large masses, close to the miserable huts of the inhabitants, and at so great an elevation that, with a strong wind then blowing and the rain descending in torrents, the cold was excessive; so very piercing that, in all my rambles, wet and weary as I now was, I never remember to have felt myself half so uncomfortable as on this visit to the Laps, whose hovels afforded but little protection against the storm that was raging, or the rain.

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I had the good fortune to arrive at the moment when the reindeer were going out of a large fold enclosed with hurdles, into which they are driven in the morning to be milked. There could not have been less than some hundred and fifty in all, but the Laplanders either did not know, or would not tell the number of deer they possessed. I understand that they invariably refuse to let the amount of their riches be known. The possessor of these I saw is considered the wealthiest of the neighbouring families, which gives him an importance in the eyes of the rest.

“There are not many Lapland families established so far to the southward as this, and those few spread themselves widely, and are dispersed at the distance of five, ten, or fifteen miles from one another, to afford a greater extent of pasturage for their flocks of reindeer; but in the winter they draw closer together. I noticed among these deer a very considerable difference in their size and shape, and in the magnitude of their fine branching horns; some were noble animals, and many of them carried most magnificent horns, little if at all inferior to those of the wapiti.

"The family I visited consisted of the chief, who called himself Nils Andersen, and said he was sixty-five years of age; his wife, who owned to sixty; their daughter, a girl of twenty, who it appeared was married, her husband, and their little child. These, together with another Lap, whose relationship I could not discover, and two little girls who attended the reindeer, made up the total of the family. One of these little girls, who from her appearance might be about thirteen years of age, said she was two-and-twenty. They were all, indeed, old and young of a diminutive size, the tallest person appearing to me to be under five feet. When I find it stated however, in print, that the average height of the men, by actual measurement, on this very same spot, was four feet, and that of the women not above three and a half, I perhaps ought to doubt my faculty of judging, and equally so my sense of hearing; for so far from finding the voice of the Laplander soft and effeminate, according with the softness of his language, as is stated by the same authority, it appeared to me to be precisely the reverse. Their language itself sounded harsh, and the pronunciation not unlike that of the Irish market-women one hears in Covent Garden, and they talked so loud and so rapidly, as to give to a stranger the idea of their quarrelling. Those I visited spoke the Norse language as well as their own. One of the first questions that the old lady put to me, when I found her alone at her former habitation, was, whether I could give her a dram? Being prepared for an application of this kind, I had taken a bottle of brandy purposely for their use, (and a little for my own) with which they were all greatly pleased; but I repented having been so lavish as to put them in possession of the bottle, when I observed the man coolly pouring out the whole contents into a bowl, with the obvious intention of finishing it at once; this the old man and woman would certainly have done between them, had I not insisted on their putting part of it back again, and giving the bottle to one of the little girls to put away. I thought it right to do so, in order to prevent their getting tipsy, though I do not know that this would have happened, as I found they are not unaccustomed to drink large quantities of spirits with impunity, whenever it falls in their way. I can say nothing in favour of this specimen of the Laps now before me. If the rest be like them, they must be considered as a filthy squalid people; they are, in fact,—

'So wither'd and so wild in their attire,'

that they

————— 'look not like the inhabitants of the earth,
And yet are on't.' "

The volume is embellished with numerous neatly-executed cuts, illustrating the scenery and costumes of the country.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF VETERINARY SURGERY. BY A VETERINARY SURGEON.

ANDREW RUTHERGLEN & Co. Glasgow.

WE have perused the four and twenty pages of which this pamphlet is composed, without being able to discover what benefit "the proprietors of domesticated animals," are likely to derive from a knowledge of the rise and progress of the Veterinary art in this country; their enlightenment being the ostensible object of the author according to his title page.

If Lady Sarah's lap-dog is troubled with plethora, we should think it would be much more satisfactory to her ladyship to be told where the nearest advice on so distressing an occasion was to be obtained, than to be informed "that veterinary medicine, as a science is of recent origin, there being no school for its cultivation prior to the year 1761, and in this country, none till thirty years afterwards."

We object to the anonymous garb, under cover of which, not merely individuals but institutions are arraigned in this pamphlet, for all these comparisons when made by an unknown hand, are apt to induce a belief that motives other than those of the public weal, have been instrumental in their publication. As to the rise and progress of the art in this country, we learn little or nothing that we had not been previously made acquainted with, either through the pages of the "Veterinarian," or those of the Farrier and Naturalist, (we forget which), and though a dissertation on schools and practitioners, an account of fees at the College in London, Mr. Dick's, in Edinburgh, and Mr. Youatt's terms for private pupils in London, may be very useful information for young men about to commence their studies, yet we cannot see what possible advantage "proprietors of domesticated animals," are likely to obtain from such information, nor yet do we think that mere profit (for honour is out of the question in anonymous writing) could of itself have been a sufficient inducement to any one to usher such a pamphlet as the one before us into the world. Other motives, which we will not trouble to particularize, must have been instrumental in its production.

A GUIDE TO PURCHASERS OF HORSES, with a Postscript on Equestrian Equipment. BY P. YORKE.—Fourth Edition.

ANDREW RUTHERGLEN & Co. Glasgow.

HAVING before commented on the hopelessness of teaching people to ride by books, or of inducting a novice into the mysteries of horse dealing, without practice or apprenticeship, we shall not repeat our former observations, but merely quote a little paragraph of advice from the chapter on "Equestrian Equipment," in the above work, which we hope

will be duly appreciated by all gentlemen who are in the habit of "*crossing the country*" with their horses, as Mr. Yorke calls it :—

"Should you have any prospect of *crossing the country* with your horse," says he at p. 41, "instead of getting the bridle with a buckle in the middle of the rein, have it made of a single thong, with one of the sides of the bit, or cheek pieces, moveable, and passing through a ring at the end of the bit, by which means you will be able to use the whole length of the bridle as a halter, to lead your horse over fences, or through difficult places."

The Chase.

WE have now nearly reached the end of our tether in the hunting department, there being little left for masters of hounds but to repair to their woodlands and knock on until they kill a May fox, or for sportsmen but to go to the New Forest and see that veteran fox hunter, the renowned Billy Butler, complete his *fiftieth* season in those romantic regions. May many more seasons pass over the head of one, who, enjoying sport himself, delights to be the promoter of it among others!

But to the season. The one now on the wane will long be memorable for the number of accidents—some most melancholy—that have occurred in the course of it. Many of these have been mentioned in our pages during the progress of the season, and, we regret to add, that the report we alluded to in our last, of the death of Lord Scarborough, better known in the hunting world as the Hon. Lumley Saville, for many years a master of fox-hounds, was but too true; his Lordship having been so seriously injured by his horse falling with him, in crossing some ruts, when going at speed, as to cause his almost instantaneous death. It should, however, be borne in mind, that both Lord Scarborough's and Lord Lisle's deaths might have been caused without the agency of hounds; for the best of horses will tumble on the road, and these falls were not produced by leaps. We mention this merely as a "stopper" to the decriers of hunting. Several minor accidents have occurred, either since our last, or which want of room caused us to omit in March. Among the number, were those that happened to Mr. John Shafto, and Mr. Gerard Salvin, both of whom had their collar bones broken—the former out hunting with Lord Fitzwilliam's hounds, and the latter with Mr. Wilkinson's, owing to his horse getting entangled by the martingal, at a fence. Lord Milton also had a severe fall in February, and had his face so much disfigured, at the time, as to prevent his getting to town, to attend his Parliamentary duties at the opening of the session.

We have had a good deal of winter during the last month, particularly

in the North and West of England. The tempestuous weather towards the end of February, and about the beginning of March, was highly inimical to sport. There were heavy falls of snow in the North, about the 6th and 7th, but it did not lie long, except on hill tops and in the backs of hedges, where the wind drifted it. The "fall" in the South has been equally heavy, but came in the form of rain instead of snow.

On the whole, we think we may say that this has been a bad hunting season. Of course, it has varied in different countries; but, taking it altogether, what with the extreme dryness of the beginning, the sharp and sudden frosts that occurred during the middle, and the boisterous weather of the latter part of it, we think we are justified in saying that it has been a bad—at all events, an unsatisfactory—season.

The changes consequent upon the termination of the season are beginning to be arranged. Among the number of masters of fox-hounds who retire, are, the Duke of Beaufort; Lord Radnor, after two seasons' adornment of the list; Mr. Wilkins, who, it is said, finds, or his constituents for him, the duties of master of hounds and member of parliament incompatible; Captain Freeman, who has been at work for twenty seasons, with fox-hounds and harriers, in England and Ireland together; and, we believe, the manager of the Vine hounds. We hear that there is some hitch about the transfer of Mr. Sebright's hounds and country; and that it is not settled whether Mr. Brand, Mr. Delmé Radcliffe, or the present master, will continue them.

Lord Petre's subscription to the Puckeridge hounds expires with this season, and a fresh one is started, we understand, with a view of offering the noble lord the country again. These hounds have shewn some very good sport. Mr. Conyers has also had a few very good things in the adjoining country; and we understand the sports of the day were varied one morning by a horse-whipping match, in which a noble lord, formerly a Meltonian leader, was horse-whipped.

With the exception of a brilliant run with Mr. Portman's hounds, on the 28th of January, from Stock-house, we have not heard of any thing very particular in Dorsetshire. We shall, probably, next month, give a summary of the sport in this country during the season. Mr. Drax is drafting his hounds down to a certain standard, and intends for the future to confine himself chiefly to bitches. The huntsman, John Last, had a very excellent draft of well-seasoned hounds, that were too large for the pack, to dispose of lately, which, if not gone, are well worthy the attention of sportsmen.

Lord Segrave's hounds have had an excellent season's sport; better, we understand, than they have had for many years. Our readers will be sorry to hear that poor Jerry Hawkins is very ill, and hardly expected

to recover. Tommy Fretwell, despite his fractured knee-cap, is out again, and hunting, both with Lord Segrave and the Cheltenham harriers. The latter ought to be better supported, for they are a great acquisition to the place, especially when Lord Segrave is in his home-country.

In Oxfordshire the sport has been excellent, particularly with Mr. Drake's hounds, as will be seen by our friend "Eau's" summary.

The Craven hounds have killed a great many foxes this season, without having, however, any thing very first-rate in the way of runs. It is reported that the "Vine" will be given up at the close of the present season, owing to an insufficiency of the needful. We hope not, for they are a beautiful pack.

Taking the season throughout, the sport with Mr. Assheton Smith's has been quite first-rate. Indeed, we understand this superb sportsman states it to have been equal to any he ever had even in the pride of his Leicestershire career. So much for a good sportsman with a good pack of hounds in a bad country.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. Dansey has had a very bad season, chiefly owing to the want of foxes. We understand he has taken the country for three years more, the Duke of Bedford and Mr. Whitbread having ordered their game preserves to be broken up and foxes to be preserved. Tom Skinner, well known in this country as having whipped in to Mr. Berkeley five seasons, three of them as head man, and who lived also a short time with Mr. Dansey, we hear is out of place. He is to be heard of at Milton, near Bedford.

Mr. Wilkins has had good sport, and killed an unusual number of foxes. The following letter is from a friend in Northamptonshire:—

"The sport in Northamptonshire with the Pytchley hounds, has up to this time been very good, with the exception of one blank day when they met at Lilburn; and that would not have been a blank if the master of the pack had not suffered himself to be advised as to his draw by certain gentlemen, who hate all but *nice gorses*, and who know not enough of the fox to be aware, that however *nice* the cover may be, he (the fox) is *too nice* in his judgment to reside therein if disturbed too often. Mr. Wilkins resigns the country at the close of this season, and report says that his hounds will be sold; if such is the case there will not only be the best country in England vacant, but also the possession of one of the best packs of hounds. Whether Mr. Berkeley will also sell his share of the hounds, or make the same arrangement with the new master of the country which existed between him and Mr. Wilkins, is also undecided. These hounds have killed more foxes this season than have fallen to the lot of any establishment in this country for many years; and all that has been wanted was a better stable of horses, more judgment and patience

in Jack Stevens, less of his horn, and less noise, rating, and whipping from the servants under him. It is a thousand pities that some one in authority does not point out to Jack those failings which he might easily avoid, and which alone prevent his arriving at the very top of the tree.

"In Bedfordshire there have been no end of blank days, and they have had a very bad season. To such an extent has the scarcity of foxes reached, that out of the three days, to which number the hunting of this country has been cut down, Mr. Dansey has been forced to hunt the greater part of the time either in his woodlands, or in that part of the country round Woburn and Maldon, which this hunt had long disused, and which of late had been occasionally hunted by the Hatfield hounds. These hounds have for some time only hunted twice a-week, and the season is now altogether closed. So short had the sport become, that Messrs. Magniac, Booth, Jervoise, and others, were necessitated to remove their stables to the Pytchley, Melton, and Leamington quarters."

Lord Fitzwilliam's hounds have had a brilliant season. They had a most splendid day lately from Catworth-gorse.

The following are a few of the best things in Leicestershire during the last two months.

"January 17th, Lord Lonsdale at Market Overton; found at Woodwell-head; went away pointing for Buckminster, turned to the left and ran to ground at Wymondham, a smart burst of twenty minutes, bolted and killed him. Went again to Woodwell-head, from which another fox immediately went away at a merry pace, taking the same line as the former one, only leaving Wymondham to the left; went direct for Coston-cover, in which he did not tarry a moment; then for Sproxtton-village, where finding himself hard pressed, went to ground; this was a beautiful run of forty-two minutes.

January 24th, Lord Lonsdale again at Market Overton; found at Woodwell-head, had a tremendous run of two hours, losing our fox, all horses beaten.

27th,—Lord Forester at Weaver's-lodge; had a good run of one hour and a quarter in woodlands and killed; found a second fox at Boothby-wood, had a severe run of two hours, losing our fox; horses much distressed.

February 2nd, Mr. Goodricke at Barkby; found at the Holt, had a ring of one hour twenty minutes, and killed in cover. Found a second fox at the Coplow, had a splendid run of fifty-five minutes and killed in Laune-wood.

16th,—Lord Forester at Bescaby, on our nearly reaching Coston-cover a fox was seen on foot, the hounds were in an instant laid on the scent, away we went pointing for Buckminster, turned to the left for Sproxtton-thorns, then over Garthorpe-swathes for Stonesby leaving the

village to the right, then to Waltham, Chadwell, Scalford, White-lodge, Claxton-thorns, which he did not enter, but made a point for the Vale of Belvoir, which he durst not face, but turned short back for Holwell, near to which place he was killed in the open, after a fine hunting run of one hour nine minutes; eleven miles from point to point. I have not seen the Duke of Rutland enjoy a run so much for some years.

17th.—Mr. Goodricke at Kirby-frith, found at Enderby, had a smart burst of twenty minutes, ran to ground, bolted and killed him. Found our second fox at Whetstone-gorse, had a fine run of one hour five minutes and killed. This was a good day's sport, and I was much delighted to see the manner in which Mountford and his hounds performed.

March 2nd, Sir F. Goodricke at Brooksby, found at Cream-gorse, but soon lost our fox. Found a second at Thorpe-thrussles, ran to Great Dalby and again lost, went to Gartree-hill, from which a fine dog-fox immediately went away, pointing for Burton-Lazars', ran round the village and turned short back to the cover, then as if for Little Dalby, but turning to the left, went direct for Berry-gorse, where he could not tarry, in consequence of the cover being cut down. He now made towards Woodwell-head, which we left on the right, and Stapleford-park on the left, through Whissendine-spinya and on nearly to Saxby, where he was killed in the open in very fine style, after a fine run of one hour seventeen minutes.

March 14th, Lord Forester at Newton-bar; found at Falkingham-gorse, had a good hunting run of about fifty minutes, and lost in Helpringham-fen. Found our second fox at a small spiny near Newton-gorse, went away very fast, pointing for Aunsby, but turning short back ran through Newton-gorse, then for Falkingham-gorse, on to Billingsborough, Pointon, Dowsby, where most of us gave in, having had sufficient to stop our horses, but the hounds continued running down the fens for two or three miles before they could be stopped—very severe.

Same day, Sir F. Goodricke at Bunney, had a fast burst of thirty minutes from the wood, and killed at Old Dalby—splendid.

March 15th, Sir F. Goodricke at Brooksby; found at Cream-gorse, ran to Dalby and lost. Drew Gartree-hill, blank; found at Sir F. Goodricke's-gorse, went away pointing for Holwell, then through Claxton-thorns, down the hill nearly to the village, turning to the right, ran along the Vale nearly to Statham, where a fresh fox was on foot, and flogged off; fifty minutes—very good.

Our last month's appeal to our Warwickshire friends, has brought us two letters, the writers of which, it will be seen, differ considerably as to the merits of Leamington as a hunting quarter. Both we suspect are right; those who visit it merely for hunting, will agree with our first correspondent and vote it decidedly slow; those who go for gaiety as well as hunting will consider it a "delightful quarter."

"You may well, Mr. Editor, say we are all asleep at this half-hunting, water-drinking, waltzing, amateur-playing place. The fact is, the Warwickshire have had, one or two runs excepted, little worth occupying your pages with. This place has become any thing but a good hunting station. The men who frequented it during the time Lord Anson hunted the county, were real sportsmen, who came here for hunting and nothing else; but now they are a set of idlers, with one horse or two at most, who wish to sport a *pink* before ladies, and when the hounds meet near, out they sally, determined to have no run if they can prevent one. If there is a good scent, the first two or three fences floor them, and if no scent, they over-ride the hounds at every cast. For this reason all the good runs have been on the other side of the country, bordering on the Duke of Beaufort's and Lord Segrave's. This has so disgusted the master, and the Warwickshire 'squires, that they have thought of leaving the country, and letting the Leamington folk make their own way. By far the best thing of the season was a run about a fortnight ago from Chesterton-wood, to four miles beyond Banbury, a distance of fourteen miles, over some of the finest turf in England. Two horses died, all done that went with the hounds, and several falls. Mr. Graham had a very bad one. Among the few who come really to hunt, there are some fine studs of horses—Lord Lisburne, Sir E. Mostyn and son, Major Murray, Sir E. Blackett, Messrs. Graham, Sanderson, Williams, and Captain Lambe."

SIR,

Leamington, March 23, 1884.

As in your last number of the *New Sporting Magazine* you requested a few lines from Warwickshire, I forward you a slight sketch of men and manners here; and remain, your constant reader, and all that sort of thing,

ВЕНЗМОТН.

The Warwickshire hounds have realised the old saying, that a bad beginning often makes a good ending; for within the last month the sport has been excellent. Mr. Thornhill has consented to continue the hounds another year; Boxall, his huntsman, one of the best in the kennel that I know, leaves at the termination of this season. The winter here—I write from Leamington—has been delightful. I advise every single man to make it his winter quarters. Among the agréments is an admirable club, where men can enjoy the best living and first society at a moderate rate: it is held at the Regent's Hotel; Viscount Eastnor president of it. We have had an unusual number of "pinks" residing here during the winter; and among them the "French foreigneering gentleman," as he was called here, Count D'Hinnisdal, a very popular character. The Count is well mounted by Tilbury; but never shall I forget his disconsolate looking face and expression, when, after getting a header into a brook, he shrugged up his shoulders, exclaiming,—“Is it vone disgrace to get a tomble?” Lord Lisburne and his brother the

Hon. W. Vaughan, are first-rate sportsmen; their stud has been excellent, and they have been seldom out of the "first flight." Lord W. Lennox, with only one hunter of his own (but, then, like the lady with the one eye, "that's a piercer"), and the run of Solloway's stables, hired on Tilbury's terms, has been shewing them the way. On THE DAY, from Itchington village, his Lordship, on the afore-mentioned hunter, a thorough-bred one, yclept "the Flying Squirrel," like "young Lochinvar," swam the river when "ford there was none." Out of a field of 200, only a "chosen nine" followed. Sir E. Mostyn has had a large stud, and an excellent pack of harriers, with which he has afforded much sport. Occasionally the baronet goes well with the fox-hounds. His sons are chips of the old block, and ride well. Mr. Donnithorne Taylor is a first-rate rider and tip-top sportsman. Mr. Thornhill strongly recommended him as his successor; a consummation, should the latter give up the country, "devoutly to be wished." Mr. Thornhill is too good-humoured; and "coming Warwickshire over us," is now synonymous with riding over the hounds. Civility has failed; severity ought to be tried. Enough of men, now for measures. We occasionally get to the Atherstone; but the antipathy of the master to large Leamington fields has produced bad sport. Lord Craven has a good pack of buck hounds; the establishment aristocratic and good. On the Saturdays we get within reach of Lord Segrave's hounds in the Broadway country: a finer pack, and a better mounted establishment, does not exist; and the noble lord of Berkeley-castle is one of the best sportsmen in Europe. Independent of hunting, we have had steeple chases, pigeon shooting; and in the evening, fancy balls, private plays, dinners, &c. &c.

THREE DAYS BRILLIANT SPORT WITH THE SOUTH SHROPSHIRE HOUNDS.

No fox-hounds in the kingdom could have been doing their work in handsomer style lately than those of Mr. Smythe Owen. On Friday, the 13th of February, a small but select *field* met this beautiful little pack at Cresage-park; and, after drawing the same blank they proceeded to Acton Burnell, where they were no sooner "thrown in" than they gave very evident signs of something in the wind, which Somerville so beautifully describes:—

"Hark! on the drag I hear
Their doubtful notes preluding to a cry
More nobly full, and swell'd with ev'ry mouth."

All doubts were soon dispelled by a "view halloo," in a stentorian voice, from the further end of the hill; which was quickly succeeded by several voices "gone away," in the same quarter.

The hounds were soon on close terms with their fox, which crossed the Park for Gelding, then to Stephen's Hill, from thence he took

them to Cound-lane, keeping every nag that was able to go at a killing pace, and finally reaching some earths on the banks of the Severn, near Cressage, where he went to ground, after a very good thing of one hour and five minutes, without a check. Mr. Smythe Owen having information of a brace of foxes that had taken up their quarters for the week past in Cound-meadows, thither the hounds proceeded, when one shortly after bolted from a sough, or drain, on the banks of the river, disappointing the field, however, of a promising good run, by going to ground in an earth on the brook side, at Cound, after a sharp burst of twenty minutes. On returning to the sough, they unearthed the remaining fox, which went away in beautiful style for Harnage, closely followed by the whole pack—running him in view for nearly half a mile. Reynard then pushed his pads for Stephen's Hill, from thence to the Grange-hill and Cressage, then went off for Blakemore-farm, and afterwards made a bold effort to gain the heights of Wenlock Edge, which he partially succeeded in doing, but, in defence of his brush, was forced again to take to the low country, running in a direction towards Harley-village, which he never reached, for the hounds were not to be denied ultimately running into him in fine style, close to the inclined railway under the hill, after a run of one hour and ten minutes, at racing pace, and without a check.—Jack's "who-whoop," on this occasion, might have been heard for miles, and his reiterated technical language, "Hoo vat him there, tear him to shivers—yhn into him—he's a tough un," &c. was fully justified by the length of time the hounds took to finish him. The falls this day were numerous, and the punishment among the horses severe, and several sportmen had to bewail the bellows department of their steeds being out of order long previous to the closing scene of this capital day's sport.

On Monday, the 16th of February, the Wolfshead-turnpike was the place of fixture. A large well-mounted field accompanied the pack to Sandford-pool; the hounds had scarcely left Jack's heels but they found, and immediately after a "View Halloo" put every horse in motion.

The pack, however, divided: one fox getting away with some seven couples of hounds almost unattended, and going to ground at Nesscliff; while the other, being pursued by the majority of the pack and principal part of the field, took them at top speed by Knockin, thence in a direction for Nesscliff, but turning his head for Ruyton, he then soon reached and crossed that part of the river Perry that runs for some distance parallel with Boreatton-park-wall; the hounds were on a burning scent up to this spot, and almost immediately dashed in and swam the stream, taking up the scent again on the other side, and jumping clear over the Park-wall with a speed and bottom seldom witnessed. The stream being considerably swoollen from the late rains, prevented any of the field attempting it at that part; they were, therefore, cut out of the run until

they reached a ford whereby to cross the river. After running through the park, a lucky check of a few minutes brought most of the field again together, when it was soon ascertained that the fox had taken the river once more. This proved a stopper to many, though as awkward places as need be encountered were here and there taken by a few of the "thrusting ones;"

Those that gained the opposite side had enough to do to reach the hounds again, at such a pace were they going. The fox afterwards went in a direction for Woodhouse, and then bent his steps for Tedsmore, where turning abruptly to the left, and continuing his course in that direction, he was at length triumphantly run into amongst the outbuildings attached to the mansion of the Hon. Thomas Kenyon, at Pradoe, after a very hard run of one hour and sixteen minutes, with only one slight check.

This severe run, with all its hair-breadth 'scapes, &c. was discussed with much spirit, and the fox re-killed with more than ordinary appetite, over an excellent luncheon provided for them at Pradoe.

On Wednesday, the 18th of February, Leebotwood was the appointment; a very small field was assembled, as is generally the case on the occasion of meeting here, the sportsmen not having a fancy for the rough hilly country they would, in all probability, have to face when engaged in a run from this fixture. The hounds proceeded to the Uphill-plantations belonging to Mr. Wilding, which they took some time in drawing, but eventually they found a "brush." This fox commenced by descending in a direction for Leebotwood; after rounding that village he turned back, and faced the difficult and rugged hills in a line for Smethcott. He then inclined towards Woolstaston; the hounds now got considerably a-head of every follower, and were ever and anon seen emerging from some thickly-wooded dingle, and gaining the opposite side of another steep hill to that which the rider was descending. After running by Woolstaston and Underhill, and through a tremendous country for horses not a soul could live with the hounds.

Yet notwithstanding the unremitting perseverance of the pack, "sly-legs" was not to be done yet; for he had the heart, speed, and bottom left to face and gain the Gatton and Stiperstones; he then made good his footing by Pontesford-hill, and to Longden, Stapleton, &c. the hounds sticking to him like bricks and mortar; and after an extraordinary hard run of two hours and twenty minutes, he breathed his last in the jaws of a few leading hounds who had scarcely strength left to have carried them much further. A pedestrian picked him up, and waited the arrival of some one in the chase; and the huntsman was eventually the first on the spot after this arduous day's work, which must have proved most distressing to hounds, horses, and men.

On Friday, the 20th of February, these hounds had another excellent day. The first run, from Bomere-wood, occupied forty minutes, at best

pace! the second, from Golding-covers, a most splendid thing, lasted one hour and thirty-two minutes.

The total number of foxes killed up to the 15th of March by these hounds is 25 brace; total number by Sir Rowland Hill's (the South Shropshire), 36½ brace. The South Shropshire have had excellent sport throughout the season. I may probably send you a summary of their doings for your next number.

A SALOPIAN FOXHUNTER.

We are happy to hear that the sportsmen of Northumberland are going to evince their admiration of the talents of Mr. Boag as a huntsman, by a substantial present at the close of the season; a compliment that has seldom, we believe, if ever, been paid to a huntsman at the end of his first year, and which speaks highly for Mr. Boag's popularity and ability.

The Lambton hounds had killed fifty-two brace of foxes on the 19th ult., and were never in greater force. The unfavourableness of the weather prevented the second Sedgefield meeting from being so fortunate in the way of sport as the first was; but the hounds were well attended, and more sportsmen took up their quarters at Sedgefield than that town has been able to boast of for very many seasons past. Independently of the local sportsmen and members of the Hardwicke club, there were Mr. Spiers, M. P. for Richmond; Mr. Salkeld, Mr. Charlton, Capt. Richardson (all gentlemen from other and distant countries); besides Lord Dorchester, Capt. Biggs, Capt. Cotton, Mr. Langham, and other officers of the 7th hussars,—than which no regiment was ever more universally or more deservedly popular in the north of England.

We believe we were in error last month in stating that a pack of beagles had been established in the city of Durham. On inquiry we find they are a private pack, the property of Mr. Spearman, of Newton-hall, and quite free from all taint of civicism.

ST. ALBAN'S STEEPLE CHASE.

The St. Alban's annual Steeple-chase took place on the 6th ult., when the following horses appeared at the post, about four o'clock:—

Mr. Baring's b. g. Caligh	ridden by Mr. R. Christian.
Mr. P. Firth's g. m. Laurestina	Mr. Chorlton.
Mr. Anderson's b. g. The Poet	Mr. G. Rice.
Mr. Weston's g. g. The Flyer	Owner.
Mr. Parker's b. h. Cumberton	Owner.
Mr. R. Bevan's Captain Bob	Mr. J. Mason.
Mr. Elmore's g. g. Grimaldi	Mr. W. Bean.
Captain Fairlie's b. m. Norna	Captain Beacher.
Captain Williamson's br. g. Bittern	Mr. A. Dyson.
Mr. Seffert's br. m. Parasol	Owner.
Mr. T. Theobald's g. g. Shamrock	Owner.

Parasol jumped off at a slapping pace, followed by Grimaldi and Cumberton, behind these being Norna, Laurestina, and two or three others. They continued in this position to a lane about a mile and a-half from the start, into which Grimaldi fell, and ricked himself so seriously, that Mr. Bean prudently gave up further struggle. Previous to this, The Poet, in going at a fence

had staked himself so dreadfully that it was found necessary to kill him—both horses were going remarkably strong and well at the time. Parasol continued in the front of the race, The Flyer alternating the lead with her, as they took the different fences; Cumberton was still forward, and Norna and Laurestina in good places. About a mile and a half from home, Parasol refused a fence, Cumberton being thereby enabled to take up the running for a few fields, the Flyer still lying in front, Cumberton soon tired, and Parasol again took up the work, The Flyer, Laurestina, and Norna, all running very forward, behind them being Caliph and Captain Bob, but neither with any chance of success. About five fields from home, Norna fell at a jump, and was passed by Laurestina, but she also fell at the next fence, and gave her rider such a regular "purler," that he was at once put out of the race (the mare at the time being full of running); Norna speedily recovered her lost ground, went up and challenged Parasol, after taking the last fence but two, beat her by superiority of pace in a few strides, and won very cleverly by three or four lengths. The Flyer was third, Caliph and Laurestina fourth and fifth; then Cumberton and Captain Bob; and finally Shamrock and Bittern; the last six beaten off a long way.

This result has confirmed us in our previous opinion, that these punishing contests are rather calculated to display the skill and nerve of the riders than the powers of the horses. Whenever Capt. Beecher rides, place him on what horse you will, he is pretty sure to win.

RACES TO COME.

Pytchley Hunt	April 2
Bedford Spring	9
East Sussex Hunt	20
Newmarket Craven	20
King's Meadows	20
Canterbury Spring	21
Catterick Bridge	22
Bath Spring	29
Durham	30
Chester	May 4
Newmarket First Spring	4
Liverpool Craven	13
Bristol and Clifton	13
Newmarket Second Spring	19
York Spring	25
Epsom	June 2
Manchester	10
Reigate	10
Ascot	16
Newton	17
Buxton	24
Nottingham	30

TATTERSALL'S.

THE DERBY.

BUSINESS during the past month has not been devoid of interest, as the subjoined table of the odds on the various betting days will shew. Our last number left Lord Jersey's horses and Curtius in force, and Coriolanus in indifferent estimation, at 10 to 1. Our present notice places Coriolanus at the top of the list, and Curtius amongst the out-siders, while Silenus contents himself with the second place. —Curtius's decline is owing to his

having gone amiss, a misfortune which, in a stable composed of five or six parties, is sure to fasten itself upon Mr. Walker, in preference to any other gentleman. Pelops has also disappeared, but this is attributable to a misfortune of another kind, and which no veterinary surgeon has ever yet been able to treat successfully: viz.—the *slows*, a complaint to which the Middletons are especially liable. Pucelle maintains his ground, so does Ascot, but his party is so small that we do not think he can do so much longer. Leopoldine has been in great and general demand, and, as a consequence, is three or four points higher than when we last spoke of him. Ibrahim was in favour till the 12th, when it got about that there was a screw loose, and he gave way half-a-dozen points. Luminary has latterly been in considerable demand in two or three quarters, and is now four or five points in advance of his old price—he *may* be a second Plenipo., but he certainly does not look it. A new favorite has shewn himself in Philosopher, on whom some five hundred pounds have been laid out at 32 to 1; he is in a crack stable (Cooper's), and will, doubtless be screwed up to 20 to 1 in the course of time. Amongst the out-siders those most in demand are Mündig, Elizanne, Bee in a Bonnet, Varennes, and Free Will.

THE OAKS.

Her Majesty was backed pretty freely at 7 to 1 till near the end of the month, when she gave way rather suddenly—why, we could not ascertain;

her decline made the others better favorites.

A few bets have been made on the Riddlesworth, on which and the other races in betting we give the odds.

DERBY.	Feb. 26.	Mar. 2.	Mar. 5.	Mar. 9.	Mar. 12.	Mar. 16.	Mar. 19.	Mar. 23.	Mar. 26.
Coriolanus ..	10 to 1	11 to 1 t.	10 to 1	to	to	to	10 to 1	9 to 1 t.	8 to 1
Silcenus	9...1	9...1 t.	9...1	9...1	9...1 t.	9...1	9...1	10...1	10...1
Pucelle	13...1	12...1 t.	10...1	11...1	11...1	13...1 t.	12...1	12...1	12...1 t.
Ascot	...	12...1 t.	12...1	12...1	13...1 t.	13...1 t.	13...1	13...1 t.	13...1
Leopoldine ..	...	16...1	16...1	13...1 t.	13...1	13...1 t.	13...1 t.	13...1	12...1
Ibrahim	17...1 t.	16...1	15...1	18...1	23...1	20...1 t.	18...1	18...1	17...1 t.
Darioletta ..	20...1 t.	18...1	20...1	20...1 t.	20...1 t.	20...1 t.	17...1 t.	...	18...1
Curtius	20...1	...	17...1	...	20...1 t.	23...1	20...1	...	...
Luminary	...	25...1	23...1	22...1	25...1	25...1	20...1 t.	20...1 t.	18...1
Promio	25...1 t.	25...1 t.	20...1	25...1	25...1	25...1	25...1	...	...
Luc's All	...	...	...	22...1	...	...	...	...	...
Varennas	25...1 t.	23...1 t.	...	30...1	30...1	33...1 t.	30...1	...	40...1
Mundig	40...1 t.	4...1 t.	...	32...1	40...1	33...1 t.	...	30...1 t.	...
Bee in a Bon- net	...	40...1 t.	...	33...1 t.	30...1	35...1 t.	33...1	30...1 t.	...
Pelops	...	...	...	...	...	33...1 t.	...	...	...
Elizanne	40...1 t.	40...1 t.	...	35...1 t.	35...1	35...1 t.	...	35...1	...
Anrellus	...	...	...	30...1 t.	...	...	40...1 t.	...	...
Gladiator	...	...	...	50...1 t.	50...1	...	...	...	...
Bosphorus	...	...	...	50...1 t.	...	...	...	...	...
Philosopher ..	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	22...1 t.	23...1 t.
Operator	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	50...1 t.	...
Knobstick	...	35...1 t.	...	...	...	...	...	30...1	...
Fergus	...	50...1 t.	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Free Will	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	33...1
Riddale's Lot ..	...	8...1	...	8...1	...	4...1	9...2 t.	4...1	4...1
Ld. Jersey's lot ..	...	...	...	11...2	...	...	11...2	6...1 t.	6...1 t.
Mr. Grant's lot ..	...	18...1 t.	...	...	...	...	...	...	20...1
OAKS.									
Preserve	...	4...1	...	4...1	...	4...1 t.	...	4...1	...
Hester	...	10...1 t.	...	8...1	...	8...1	...	8...1	...
Eva	...	...	...	10...1	...	10...1 t.	...	8...1	...
Her Majesty	...	7...1 t.	...	7...1	...	7...1 t.	...	10...1	...
Qu. of Trumps ..	...	10...1	...	10...1 t.	...	...	...	...	...
Adela	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	15...1	...

RIDDLESWORTH.—2 to 1 agst. Oak Apple, t.; 5 to 2 agst. Adela; and 8 to 1 agst. Operator, t.
TUESDAY'S RIDDLESWORTH.—7 to 4 agst. Ibrahim, and 100 even between him and Free Will, not p. p.

DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

12 to 1 agst. Coriolanus; 17 to 1 agst. Jupiter; 18 to 1 agst. Preserve; 18 to 1 agst. Ascot; 20 to 1 agst. Her Majesty; 20 to 1 agst. Verbena; 20 to 1 agst. Mamsel Ots; 25 to 1 agst. Powlett's colt.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have been obliged this month to give eight pages extra, that we might complete our Racing and Coursing Calendars; and have still been compelled to omit notices we had written of "Yarrell's History of British Fishes," "Jardine's Naturalist's Library," and "Roscoe's Wanderings in Wales." They shall certainly appear next month.

There were two errors in our list of Stallions last month; *Reveller* is given twice,—the correct reference is Burleigh, Stamford. The other mistake is with respect to *Tranby*, who was sold some time since to Mr. Avery of Hicks Ford, Virginia, U. S.

Received, and under consideration, "Sylva."—"Au Taillis."

"Tom Thumb's," we believe, is the fastest trotting performance on record. He performed 16½ miles in 56 minutes 45 seconds, on August 30, 1830, driven by his then owner Mr. Osbaldeston.

The eight volumes already published of this Magazine (and also single numbers) may be had at the publisher's, 191, Regent Street, or by previous order of all booksellers in town or country, price 15s. a volume. Proof impressions of the plates on India paper are also constantly on sale at 2s. each.

Racing Calendar,

1834.

PLYMOUTH, DEVONPORT, AND CORNWALL.

TUESDAY, August 12.—The **SALTRAM STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c.—Once round and a distance.—The owner of the second horse received back his stake.—Forty-six subs., thirty-seven of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. C. Finch's b. m. Cecilia, by Comus, 5 yrs. old, 7st. 7lb.—S. Mann 1
Mr. W. Ley's br. c. Lansdowne, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 11lb. 2

Mr. Taunton's Frederica, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 3lb.; Mr. J. H. Peel's br. h. Changling, 6 yrs. old, 7st. 7lb.; and Mr. Hayward's br. h. Terror, aged, 7st. 1lb.; also started, but were not placed by the Judge.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 100 added by the Town of Plymouth; the owner of the second horse received back his stake: three yr. olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.—Heats, two miles and a distance.—Four subs.

Mr. Wreford's b. g. Pounce, by Merlin, 5 yrs. old.—J. Day 3 1 1
Mr. C. Finch's Cecilia, 5 yrs. old 1 2 2
Mr. Kirby's ch. h. St. Giles, 5 yrs. old 2 dr

St. Giles bruised his foot before starting for the second heat, fell lame, and was drawn.

The **UNITED SERVICE PLATE** of 50 sovs., given by the Officers of the Army and Navy at Plymouth, Devonport, and Stonehouse; three yr. olds, 7st. 7lb.; four, 8st. 12lb.; five, 9st. 7lb.; six, 9st. 12lb.; and aged, 10st.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.—Heats, once round.

Mr. Taunton's ch. h. Firman, by Sultan, aged.—S. Mann 1 1
Mr. W. Moore's b. f. Spondee, 4 yrs. old 2 2
Mr. Hayward's br. h. Terror, aged 3 dr

WEDNESDAY, 13.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 50 sovs. added by the Ladies: the winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, once round.

Mr. Taunton's br. h. Coronet, by Catton, aged, 9st.—Trenn 1 1
Mr. W. Moore's b. f. Spondee, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 9lb. 2 2

A **GOLD CUP**, value 100 ga., the gift of his Majesty.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. W. Ley's br. c. Lansdowne, by Muley, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 9lb.—S. Mann . 1 1
Mr. Hayward's br. h. Terror, aged, 12st. 4 2
Mr. Wreford's b. g. Pounce, 5 yrs. old, 11st. 5lb. 2 3
Mr. Hobson's b. g. Cyclops, 5 yrs. old, 11st. 5lb. 3 4

A **HANDICAP PLATE** of 50 sovs., the gift of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, Lord High Steward of Plymouth.—One-mile heats.

Mr. Taunton's Frederica, by Sultan, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 12lb.—Trenn 1 1
Mr. W. Ley's ch. f. Partiality, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 2 2
Mr. Cudlip's gr. m. Disappointment, 5 yrs. old, 7st. 8lb. 4 3
Mr. W. Moore's br. m. Intrigue, by Partisan, out of Scheme, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 3lb. 3 dr

PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., for three yr. olds.—One mile.—Five subs.

Mr. Taunton's b. c. The Baronet, by Sir Huldibrand, out of Prosody, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 4lb., walked over.

THURSDAY, 14.—**HANDICAP PLATE** of 100 sovs., given by the Towns of Devonport and Stonehouse.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. C. Finch's Cecilia, 5 yrs. old, 9st. 7lb.	—Horsley	1	1
Mr. Taunton's Coronet, aged, 9st. 2lb.		4	2
Mr. Peel's br. g. Changeling, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 8lb.		3	3
Mr. Wreford's b. g. Pounce, 5 yrs. old, 9st. 4lb.		2	4
Sir W. Trelawny's b. g. Frog, 6 yrs. old, 7st. 7lb. (half-bred—threw his rider		dis.	

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added by the Members for the Southern Division of the County, for half-bred horses.—Gentlemen riders.—Once round.

Mr. W. Nattle's b. g. Edgar, aged, 12st. 4lb.	—Mr. Nattle	1	1
Col. Gilbert's ro. g. Conrad, aged, 12st. 2lb.		4	2
Capt. Whettenhall's b. m. Chattoms, 6 yrs. old, 11st. 12lb.		3	3
Mr. Lyne's b. m. Isabel, aged, 12st. 2lb.		2	dr

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added, for the beaten horses.—Mile heats.

Mr. Hayward's br. h. Terror, by Magistrate, aged, 10st. 10lb.	—Trenn	1	1
Mr. Hobson's b. g. Cyclops, 5 yrs. old, 9st. 4lb.		4	2
Mr. W. Moore's b. f. Spondes, 4 yrs. old, 9st. 8lb.		3	3
Mr. Cudlip's gr. m. Disappointment, 5 yrs. old, 7st.		2	4

HAVERFORDWEST.

TUESDAY, August 12.—**THE PEMBROKESHIRE STAKES** of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. and 5 only if declared, &c.; the owner of the second horse received back his stake.—Two miles.—Fifteen subs., seven of whom paid 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Bristow's b. c. Squirrel, by Cain, 3 yrs. old, 7st.	—R. Hall	1	
Mr. Davies's ch. c. Meridunum, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 10lb.		2	
Mr. Currie's br. g. Major, 6 yrs. old (half-bred), 8st. 9lb.		3	
Mr. Henderson's br. f. Charlotte, by Orville Junior, dam by Centaur, out of the sister to Recruit (foaled in 1822), 3 yrs. old, 7st.		4	
Mr. Davies's b. g. Lara, brother to Smuggler, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 4lb.		5	

THE PICTON STAKES of 3 sovs. each, with 50 added from the fund, for horses, &c., not thorough-bred; three yr. olds, 9st. 7lb.; four, 10st. 9lb.; five, 11st. 6lb.; six and aged, 12st.: m. and g. allowed 8lb.; horses, &c., bred in Wales, allowed 3lb.; the second horse to save his stake; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Two-mile heats.—Ten subs.

Mr. Currie's br. g. Major, by Cripple, 6 yrs. old	1	1
Mr. Henderson's br. m. Brownie, 6 yrs. old	2	2
Mr. Rule na. bl. m. Creeping Jane, 6 yrs. old	3	dr

WEDNESDAY, 13.—**THE ORIELTON STAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 50l. added by Sir John Owen, Bart., and Hugh Owen, Esq.; the winner to be sold for 250l. if demanded, &c.—Twice round and a distance.—Eight subs.

Mr. Peel's br. g. Lely, by Peter Lely, aged, 9st. 2lb.	—Chesswas	1	
Mr. Gough's ch. m. Dandina, aged, 8st. 8lb.		2	
Mr. Bristow's b. c. Squirrel, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 6lb.		3	
Mr. Currie's br. g. Major, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 8lb.		4	

A SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added by the Town, for three yr. olds, 8st. 3lb.; and four, 9st. 8lb.: f. and g. allowed 3lb.: winners once, to carry 3lb.; twice, 5lb. extra: half-bred allowed 10lb.; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.—One-mile heats.

Mr. Currie's ch. c. Conservator, by Cain, 3 yrs. old.—T. Lewis	2	1	1
Mr. Ackland's br. f. by Loxborough, out of Zeline, 2 yrs. old	1	2	2
Mr. B. Davies's br. f. Mirth, 3 yrs. old	3	3	3

THURSDAY, 14.—The **TOWN PLATE** of 50 sovs., added to a Handicap Stakes of 5 sovs. each, 3 ft.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Five subs.

Mr. Peel's br. g. Lely, aged, 9st. 7lb.—Chesswas	1	1
Mr. Currie's br. g. Major, 6 yrs. old, 7st. 13lb.	2	2

The **LADIES' PURSE** of 25 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, 3 ft., for three yr. olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.: winners in 1834, before starting, once, to carry 7lb.; twice, 10lb. extra: if half-bred and never having won, allowed 14lb.; if half-bred and winners, allowed 5lb. only.—Heats, St. Leger Course.—Five subs.

Mr. Davies's ch. c. Meridunum, by Cripples, 4 yrs. old	1	1
Mr. Gough's ch. m. Dandina, aged	2	2

LEWES.

WEDNESDAY, August 13.—His **MAJESTY'S PLATE** of 100 gs., for three yr. olds, 8st. 2lb.; four, 9st. 6lb.; five, 10st.; six and aged, 10st. 3lb.—Heats, the New Course, about two miles and a half.

Mr. Grant's b. f. Famine, by Humphrey Clinker, 3 yrs. old.—Norman	1	1
Mr. Theobald's br. c. Rookingham, 4 yrs. old	2	2
Lord Exeter's ch. m. Datura, 5 yrs. old	4	3
Mr. Forth's b. m. Lady Fly, 5 yrs. old	3	dr

5 to 1 on Rockingham; after the heat, 3 to 1 agst. him.

The **BOROUGH MEMBERS' PLATE** of 50l., for three yr. olds, 7st. 6lb.; four, 8st. 5lb.; five, 9st. 5lb.; six and aged, 9st. 7lb.: m. and g. allowed 5lb.: winners once in 1834 (matches and handicaps excepted), to carry 3lb.; twice, 5lb.; thrice, 7lb. extra: the winner to be sold for 100l. if demanded, &c.—Heats, a mile and half.

Mr. Forth's br. c. The Victim (late Pagan), by Proselyte, 4 yrs. old.—Norman	1	1
Mr. Coleman's ch. g. Doctor Sewell, 6 yrs. old	3	2
Mr. Ricardo's b. f. Ellen, 3 yrs. old	2	—
Mr. Bishop's b. f. Jenny Wren, 4 yrs. old	5	—
Mr. Brown's b. g. Fawn, 6 yrs. old	6	—
Mr. W. Smith's b. c. by Whalebone, or Little John, 3 yrs. old	7	—
Mr. Saour's ch. f. Una, by Hal, out of Gertrude, by Amadis, 3 yrs. old	4	dr

THURSDAY, 14.—The **SUSSEX PLATE** of 50 sovs., for three yr. olds, 7st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st. 5lb.; six and aged, 9st. 8lb.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.: a winner once in 1834 (matches and handicaps excepted), to carry 3lb.; twice, 5lb.; thrice, 7lb. extra: the winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, the New Course.

Mr. Dockeray's b. f. Trickery, by Whalebone, 4 yrs. old.—Davis	1	1
Mr. Shelley's br. g. King of Trumps, aged	2	2

The **LADIES' PLATE** of 60 sovs., for three yr. olds, 7st. 8lb.; four, 8st. 10lb.; five, 9st. 8lb.; six and aged, 9st. 8lb.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.; extra weights as for the Sussex plate.—Heats, one mile.

Mr. Grant's b. f. Famine, 3 yrs. old.—Twitchet	1	1
Mr. Balchin's br. f. Levity, 3 yrs. old	3	2
Mr. Lambden's b. c. Little Rover, 3 yrs. old	4	3
Mr. Ricardo's b. h. Vestris, 6 yrs. old	2	dr
Mr. Saour's b. c. Thump, by Hal, dam by Centaur, 3 yrs. old	5	dr

FRIDAY, 15.—The **TOWN PLATE** of 70 sovs., the winner to pay the second horse 10l.; for three yr. olds, 7st. 6lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st. 5lb.; six and aged, 9st. 8lb.: m. and g. allowed 5lb.; extra weights as for the Sussex plate; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, the New Course.

Mr. Shelley's br. g. King of Trumps, by King of Diamonds, aged.—			
Chapple	4	1	1
Mr. Dockeray's b. f. Trickery, 4 yrs. old	2	3	2
Mr. Shackel's br. g. Pumpkin, 5 yrs. old	3	4	3
Mr. Grant's b. f. Linda, by Mameluke, or Tarrare, out of Linda, by			
Waterloo, 3 yrs. old	1	2	dr
The COUNTY PLATE of 50 sovs., for three yr. olds, 7st. 7lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st. 4lb.; six and aged, 9st. 7lb.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.: a winner once in 1834, up to the time of starting, to carry 4lb.; twice, 7lb. extra: any horse that has started once in 1834, and not won up to the time of starting, to be allowed 4lb.; twice, 7lb.: the winner to be sold for 80 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, one mile and a half.			
Mr. Coleman's ch. g. Doctor Sewell, by Tramp, 6 yrs. old.—W. Cole-			
man	2	1	1
Mr. Messer's ch. c. Florence, 3 yrs. old	1	3	3
Mr. Brown's b. g. Fawn, 6 yrs. old	3	2	2
Mr. Ricardo's b. f. Ellen, 3 yrs. old	4	4	4

STOCKTON.

THURSDAY, August 14.—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, h. ft., for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 3lb.; and fillies, 8st.: 3lb. allowed, &c.—T.Y.C.—Seven subs.

Duke of Leeds's b. f. by Actæon, dam by Thunderbolt, out of Monkey's dam (3lb.).—Templeman	1
Mr. Bowes's b. c. by Actæon, out of Remembrance	2
Mr. Attwood's b. c. Adrian, by his Chestnut Arabian	3
Mr. Jackson's b. c. Tormentor (brother to Lincroft), by Figaro (3lb.); and	
Mr. Chilton's b. f. by Velocipede, out of Fisher Lass (3lb.); also started, but	
were not placed.	

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for three yrs. old colts, 8st. 5lb.; and fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile and a half.

Mr. Fox's ch. f. Mrs. Oakley, by Blacklock.—Weatherill	1
Mr. Orde's ch. f. Lily of the Valley, by Doctor Syntax, out of Tomboy's dam ..	2
Mr. Chilton's b. f. by Remnant, dam by Doctor Syntax	3

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added by J. Bowes, Esq., M.P.—Two miles.—Seven subs.

Mr. Fox's b. c. The Count, by Figaro, 3 yrs. old, 7st.—Wintringham	1
Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. Theodore, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 3lb.	2
Duke of Cleveland's b. c. by Longwaist, out of Lacerta, 3 yrs. old, 7st.	3
Gen. Sharpe's gr. f. Matilde, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 7lb.; Mr. Watt's b. c. Belluno,	
brother to Belshazzar, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 10lb.: and Mr. Orde's ch. f. Lily of the	
Valley, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 7lb.; also started, but were not placed.	

FRIDAY, 15.—THE WYNARD STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added by the Marquess of Londonderry, for horses that never won 100 sovs. at one time, in plate or sweepstakes; three yr. olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five and upwards, 8st. 10lb.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.; the owner of the second horse received back his stake.—Two miles.

Mr. Loy's b. h. Lelevo, by Otho, 5 yrs. old.—King	1
Mr. Bowes's ch. f. Maid of Lune, 3 yrs. old	2
Mr. Potts's b. h. Sparrowhawk, 5 yrs. old	3
Capt. Hogg's ch. f. Pantomime, 4 yrs. old	4

The GOLD CUP, or Tureen, value 80 sovs., by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added.—Two miles and a distance.—Eight subs.

Mr. Orde's br. h. Tomboy, by Jerry, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 9lb.—Johnson ..	1
Mr. Fox's b. c. Count, 3 yrs. old, 7st.	2
Col. Cradock's ch. h. The Barber, aged, 9st.	3
Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. Theodore, 4 yrs. old, 8st.; and Sir E. Dodsworth's	
b. f. Charmer, 4 yrs. old, 8st.; also started, but were not placed.	

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 5lb.; and fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T.Y.C.

Mr. Fox's ch. f. by Langar, out of Lady of the Tees.—Templeman 1
 Mr. Watt's b. f. Sister to Bubastes 2
 Mr. Johnson's b. f. Venus; and Sir E. Dodsworth's b. c. by Mulatto, out of St. Patrick's dam; also started, but were not placed.

SATURDAY, 16.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 3lb.; and fillies, 8st.: winners before starting, to carry 3lb.; twice, 5lb. extra.—Nearly a mile.—Five subs.

Mr. Watt's b. f. Sister to Bubastes, by Blacklock.—Nicholson 1
 Mr. Walker's ch. f. Alice, by Langar, out of Miss Crachami 2
 Mr. Wilson's b. c. Winkley, by Velocipede, dam by Coronation, grandam by Comus 3
 Mr. Jackson's b. c. Tormentor 4

A MAIDEN PLATE of 50l., for three yr. olds, 8st. 10lb.; four, 8st.; five and upwards, 8st. 9lb.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Watt's b. c. Belluno, brother to Belshazzar, by Blacklock, 3 yrs. old.—D. Bulmer - 1 1
 Mr. Maise's b. m. Maid of Oaks, 5 yrs. old 1 4 -
 Mr. Claridge's b. c. by Nimrod, out of Adelia, 3 yrs. old 2 3 2
 Mr. Johnson's b. c. by Monreith, 3 yrs. old - 2 -
 Gen. Sharpe's gr. f. Matilde, 3 yrs. old (bolted) - dis.
 Mr. Chilton's b. f. by Remnant, dam by Doctor Syntax, 3 yrs. old (bolted) dis.

OXFORD.

TUESDAY, August 19.—**The OXFORDSHIRE STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c.—Two miles.—Twenty-one subs., seven of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Sadler's b. m. Delight, by Reveller, 6 yrs. old, 7st. 12lb.—Chapple 1
 Mr. Rawlinson's b. c. Revenge, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 11lb. 2
 Mr. I. Day's b. g. Burghmaster, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb. 3
 Mr. Farrall's b. m. Kate, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb. 4
 Mr. Pryse's ch. h. Pawnbroker, aged, 7st. 6lb. 5

PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three yr. olds.—One mile.—Three subs.

Mr. Sadler's b. c. Desperate, by Defence, dam by Don Cossack, out of Mistake, 8st. 4lb.—Chapple 1
 Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. Cornelia, 8st. 4lb. 2

The COUNTY PLATE of 50l., added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, for all ages; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Etwall's ch. f. Malibran, by Muley, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 4lb.—J. Day 1 1
 Mr. I. Day's b. f. Malibran, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 1lb. 2 2
 Mr. Pryse's ch. h. Pawnbroker, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 2lb. 3 3

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added, for horses not thorough-bred, that had been regularly hunted within fifty miles of Oxford, in the last season.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, once round.—Six subs.

Mr. Dutton's ch. h. Warrior, by Straitwaist, 5 yrs. old, 11st. 10lb.—
 Mr. Peyton 1 2 1
 Mr. Codrington's br. g. Conservative, 6 yrs. old, 12st. 3lb. 2 1 2
 Mr. Forster's b. m. Pessima, 6 yrs. old, 11st. 7lb. 3 dr

WEDNESDAY, 20.—**The CUP**, value 160 sovs. in specie, given by Gentlemen of the county, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each; for three yr. olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.: m. allowed 3lb.; the winner to be sold for 500 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Two miles and a quarter.—Eight subs.

Mr. Shard's b. f. Zetella, by Reveller, 3 yrs. old.—R. Crouch	1
Mr. Sadler's Delight, 6 yrs. old	2
Mr. I. Day's b. g. Burgomaster, 5 yrs. old	3

The CITY MEMBERS' PLATE of 50l., for three yr. olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.: m. and g. allowed 5lb.: the winner of one plate in 1834, to carry 5lb.; of two or more, 5lb. extra: the winner to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Two-mile heats.

Capt. Berkeley's br. f. Goldfringe, by Phantom, or Waterloo, 3 yrs. old.—

Pavis	1	1
Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. Cornelia, 3 yrs. old	2	2
Mr. Hervey's ch. h. Endeavour, 5 yrs. old	3	3

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, for regular hunters.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Gentlemen riders.

Mr. Codrington's br. g. Conservative, by Young Phantom, 6 yrs. old, 12st.

—Capt. Becher	1	1
Mr. Robins's b. g. Lofty, 5 yrs. old, 11st. 7lb.	2	2
Mr. Maley's b. g. Latitat, aged, 12st. 2lb.	4	3
Mr. Dutton's ch. g. Warrior, 5 yrs. old, 11st. 7lb.	3	dr
Mr. Lucas's b. g. Aspe, aged, 12st. 2lb. (ran on the wrong side of a post.) dis.		

SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 5lb.; and fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Three quarters of a mile.—Four subs.

Mr. Thornhill's b. f. Sister to Cornelia, by Emilius, walked over.

BURTON-ON-TRENT.

TUESDAY, August 19.—A SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for three yrs. old colts, 8st. 5lb.; and fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Straight mile.—Three subs.

Lord Chesterfield's ch. f. Miss Kershaw, by Predictor, dam by Sir Oliver, out of Miss Blanchard.—Rogers	1
Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. by Manfred, out of Bracelet	2

The BARTY CUP, or piece of Plate, value 100 sovs., the gift of the Earl of Chesterfield, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c.; the owner of the second horse received back his stake.—A mile and a distance.—Nineteen subs., ten of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Painter's b. g. Mezereon, by Lottery, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 11lb.—Jones	1
Mr. Miles's br. h. The Cardinal, aged, 9st.	2
Mr. Giffard's Perseverance, aged, 9st. 6lb.	3
Mr. Nanney's br. f. Harriet, 4 yrs. old, 6st. 11lb.	4
Lord Chesterfield's gr. f. Fanny Grey, 4 yrs. old, 6st. 6lb.	5
Duke of Rutland's b. c. Armadillo, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 6lb.	6

The CUP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for all ages.—Twice round and a distance.—Seven subs.

Mr. Giffard's ch. g. Traveller, by Tramp, 6 yrs. old, 9st.—Lear	1
Mr. Wheeldon's br. h. Giovanni, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 3lb.	2

The ANGLESEA PLATE of 50l., for maiden horses and winners of not more than one plate of the value of 50l., three yr. olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.: m. and g. allowed 2lb.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Giffard's br. f. by Tramp, out of Kalmia's dam, 3 yrs. old.—Arthur, jun.	0	1	1
Gen. Yates's b. f. Syren, 3 yrs. old	0	2	4
Mr. Robinson's b. g. Eratus, by Catton, dam by Octavius, out of Melrose's dam, 3 yrs. old	3	3	3
Mr. Burton's br. c. by Belzoni, dam by Woful, 3 yrs. old	4	4	2
Mr. Stratham's b. m. Victoria, 5 yrs. old, beat Mr. Breahey's ch. g. Jonathan Bradford, 4 yrs. old, 8st. each.—Half a mile, 40 sovs.			

WEDNESDAY, 20.—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 5lb.; and fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Straight half mile,

Sir J. Gerard's br. c. Wildon, by Bay Malton.—Darling 1
Mr. E. Peel's b. c. Tony Lumpkin, by Bedlamite, out of Cicely 2
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. by Canteen, out of White Cockade 3

The **DRAKELOW STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 13 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c., with 20 added from the Fund.—Twice round and a distance.—Five subs., two of whom paid 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Ellis's b. c. by Figaro, out of Lady Fulford, 4 yrs. old, 8st.—Arthur 1
Lord Chesterfield's Fanny Grey, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 11lb. 2

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 10 added, for horses not thorough-bred; three yr. olds, 9st. 8lb.; four, 10st. 8lb.; five, 11st. 6lb.; six, 11st. 12lb.; and aged, 12st.: a winner of one stake within the year, to carry 5lb.; of two, 7lb.; of three, 10lb. extra.—Gentlemen riders.—Two-mile heats.—Six subs.

Mr. Ongley's b. h. Donnington, by Champion, 6 yrs. old.—Mr. Fletcher .. 1 1
Mr. Willas's b. g. Perseverance, 6 yrs. old 4 2
Mr. Perkins na. Will Tar, 6 yrs. old 3 3
Mr. Webb's b. g. Master Budd, aged 2 dr

LEOMINSTER.

TUESDAY, August 19.—The **LADIES' PLATE** of 50 sovs., the gift of T. Bish, Esq., M.P., for horses, &c. that never won a plate or sweepstakes of that value; three yr. olds, 7st. 11lb.; four, 8st. 5lb.; five, 9st.; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Powell's br. f. Termagant, by Pollio, out of Tatler's dam, 3 yrs. old.—Lynett 2 0 1 1
Mr. Holliday's br. g. Zekiel Homespun, 4 yrs. old 1 0 2 2
Mr. Wall's b. g. by Potsheen, dam by Ambo, 5 yrs. old 3 2 dr
Mr. Jones's ch. m. by Rossini, 5 yrs. old 4 4 dr
Mr. Moss's ch. f. Tiara, 4 yrs. old 5 dr
Mr. Williams's b. f. Miss Winter, 4 yrs. old 6 dr

The **HUNTERS' STAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Members for the County, for horses not thorough-bred, that have been regularly hunted, &c.—Two-mile heats.—Five subs.

Mr. Thorne's b. h. Cannon Ball, 5 yrs. old, 12st.—Hardy 1 1
Mr. Hope's b. g. Charity, 4 yrs. old, 10st. 13lb. 2 2
Mr. Weyman's br. g. Tally-ho, 6 yrs. old, 12st. 2lb. 3 dr

WEDNESDAY, 20.—A **PLATE** of 50 sovs., given by Lord Hotham, M.P., added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each, for all ages; the owner of the second horse received 10l. out of the stakes.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Fuller's br. f. Nell Gwynne, by Master Henry, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 4lb.—Lynett 4 1 1
Mr. Wyatt's b. h. Manchester, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 7lb. 1 2 2
Mr. Farmer's b. g. Bilbury, aged, 9st. 4lb. 2 3 dr
Mr. Collett's b. c. St. Hilary, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb. 3 4 dr

The **BOROUGH STAKES** of 3 gs. each, with 20 gs. added, for half-bred horses, &c.; three yr. olds, 9st. 2lb.; four, 10st. 4lb.; five, 11st. 2lb.; six, 11st. 12lb.; and aged, 12st.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Coleburn's ch. g. Merlin, aged.—Owner 4 1 1
Mr. Marshall's b. f. Lady Jane, 4 yrs. old 1 3 2
Mr. Bowen's b. m. Brierley Lass, 5 yrs. old 2 2 2
Mr. Walsh's ch. g. Tap, 4 yrs. old 5 4 -
Mr. James's br. f. Flower of May, 4 yrs. old 3 5 -
Mr. Vaughan's ch. m. Lawton Lass, 6 yrs. old 7 6 -
Mr. Smythies's b. c. by Truant, 3 yrs. old 6 dr

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

WEDNESDAY, August 20.—The **MANOR STAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 45 added from the Fund, for three yr. olds, 7st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 6lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six, 9st. 11lb.; and aged, 9st. 8lb.: m. and g. allowed 8lb.: winners once in the present year, to carry 3lb.; twice, 5lb.; and thrice, 7lb. extra: the winner to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, two miles and a distance.—Four subs.

Mr. Back's b. m. Ipsala, by Sultan, aged.	Walter	1	1
Mr. Thomas's ch. g. Suffolk Punch, aged		2	2
Mr. Bishop's b. f. Jenny Wren, 4 yrs. old		3	dr

The **KENT and SUSSEX STAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 35 added, for three and four yr. olds; the winner to be sold for 150l. if demanded, &c.—Heats, one mile and a distance.

Capt. Skipwith's b. f. Lady Charlotte, by Catton, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 6lb.—

C. Hornsby	1	2	1
Mr. Dockeray's b. f. Trickery, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 6lb.	4	1	2
Mr. Bishop's b. f. Jenny Wren, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 6lb.	2	3	dr
Mr. Lambden's b. c. Little Rover, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 3lb.	3	4	dr

A SWEEPSTAKES of 3 sovs. each, with 40 added from the Fund, for all ages; the winner to be sold for 80 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. W. Smith's b. c. Victoria, by Whalebone, or Little John, out of Lamia, 3 yrs. old, 7st.—Wakefield	1	1
Mr. Taverner's b. m. Figurante, aged, 9st. 12lb.	4	2
Mr. Dockeray's b. m. Genuine, aged, 8st. 12lb.	6	3
Mr. Smith's b. m. Lady Louisa, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 7lb.	2	dr
Mr. Balchin's b. g. Hero, aged, 9st. 8lb.	4	dr
Mr. J. King's b. m. Mad Moll, by Little John, dam by Teddy the Grinder, 5 yrs. old, 9st. 6lb.	5	dr
Mr. Coleman's b. f. Needle, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 11lb.		dia.

THURSDAY, 21.—The **TUNBRIDGE WELLS STAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 45 sovs. added, for all ages; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Back's b. m. Ipsala, aged, 10st. 2lb.—Walter	1	1
Mr. Bishop's b. f. Jenny Wren, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 11lb.	3	2
Mr. Day's ch. g. Non Compos, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb.	2	3

A CUP, value 70 sovs., given by Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, for all ages: the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.: the second horse received 5l. from the Fund.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Day's br. m. Isabel, by Catton, 5 yrs. old, 9st. 3lb.—Robert Palmby	1	1
Mr. Balchin's bl. f. Levity, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb.	2	2
Mr. Thomas's ch. g. Suffolk Punch, aged, 9st. 2lb.	5	3
Mr. Taverner's b. m. Figurante, aged, 9st. 9lb.	4	4
Mr. Lambden's b. c. Little Rover, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 2lb.	3	5
Mr. Back's b. m. Ipsala, aged, 10st. 5lb.	6	dr
Mr. Smith's b. m. Lady Louisa, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 4lb.	7	dr

A SWEEPSTAKES of 3 sovs. each, with 40 added from the Fund, for maiden horses; the winner to be sold for 60 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, one mile and a distance.

Mr. J. Messer's ch. c. Florence, by Partisan, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 5lb.—C.

Hornsby	1	1
Mr. Dockeray's b. f. Ellen, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 2lb.	4	2
Mr. Coleman's b. f. Needle, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 2lb.	2	3
Mr. Pearce's b. m. Grasshopper, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 11lb.	3	4

The **YEOMANRY CAVALRY CUP**, value 50 sovs.; to carry 11st. each.—Heats, one mile and a distance.

Mr. C. Elliott's ch. g. Chance.—Owner	1	1
Mr. Edwards's bl. g. Young Noakes.....	2	2
Mr. J. Delves's b. m. Matilda	4	3
Mr. H. Playsted's bl. m. The Old Lady	3	4

EXETER.

WEDNESDAY, August 20.—The DEVONSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c.; the owner of the second horse received back his stake.—Once over the Old Course.—Twenty-four subs., sixteen of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Sir L. Glyn's b. g. Haldon, by Blacklock, out of Worthless, 3 yrs. old, 5st. 5lb. —S. Day, jun.....	1	1
Mr. W. Ley's br. c. Lansdown, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 7lb	2	3
Mr. J. H. Peel's br. g. Changeling, 6 yrs. old, 7st. 12lb.	3	
Mr. Sainsbury's br. c. Easton, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 10lb.	4	

The GOLD CUP, with 30 sovs. added.—Heats, once round the Old Course and a distance.

Mr. Finch's Cecilia, by Comus, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 9lb.—S. Mann	1	1
Mr. Scott's b. c. Barney Bodkin, 4 yrs. old, 8st.....	2	2
Mr. Fisher's Parthenia, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 8lb.....	dis.	

The HONE STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 50 added by the County Members, for horses the property (since the 1st of March) of residents in Devon or Cornwall, and wholly trained in one of those counties.—Three miles, over the Old and New Courses.—Five subs.

Mr. Taunton's ch. h. Firman, by Sultan, aged, 12st.—Barnecott	1	
Mr. W. Moore's br. m. Intrigue, 5 yrs. old, 11st. 4lb.	2	
Mr. Moore's b. f. Spondee, by Reveller, out of Prosody, 4 yrs. old, 10st. 4lb... 3		

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added from the Fund.—Heats, about half a mile.

Mr. W. Ley's ch. f. Partiality, by Middleton, 4 yrs. old, 9st., walked over.

THURSDAY, 21.—The CITY MEMBERS' PLATE of 50l.—One-mile heats.

Mr. W. Ley's br. c. Lansdown, by Muley, 3 yrs. old, 7st.—S. Mann	1	1
Mr. Scott's b. c. Barney Bodkin, 4 yrs. old, 8st.	2	dr

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, given by the Inhabitants of the City, for all ages; the winner to be sold for 250l. if demanded, &c.—Heats, once round the Old Course and a distance.

Sir L. Glyn's b. g. Haldon, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 9lb.—S. Day, jun.	5	1	1
Mr. Scott's Barney Bodkin, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb.	1	2	3
Mr. Taunton's b. h. Coronet, aged, 9st. 6lb.	3	4	2
Mr. Wreford's b. g. Pounce, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 12lb. (broke down)	2	3	dr
Mr. Peel's Changeling, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 11lb.....	4	dr	

The LADIES' PLATE of 25 sovs., added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each.—Heats, the last three quarters of the Old mile.—Seven subs.

Sir L. Glyn's b. g. Haldon, 3 yrs. old, 5st. 12lb.—S. Day, jun.....	1	
Mr. W. Ley's ch. f. Partiality, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb.....	2	

ABERYSTWITH.

WEDNESDAY, August 20.—The BOROUGH MEMBER'S PLATE of 50l.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. B. Davies's b. f. Mimic, by Mallard, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb.—Morris	1	1
Mr. Price's b. m. Radnor Lass, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 8lb. (fell).....	dis.	
Mr. Gough's br. g. Lely, aged, 9st. 8lb. (fell).....	dis.	

THURSDAY, 21.—The TOWN PLATE of 50 sovs.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Gough's ch. m. Dandina, by Young Pavilion, aged, 9st. 10lb.—Edwards	1	1
Mr. Price's b. m. Radnor Lass, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 12lb.	2	dr
Mr. Bradley's b. g. Rhagflaeniad, aged, 9st. 10lb.	3	dr

A SWEEPSTAKES of 3 sovs. each, with 11 added (thirteen subscribers), for hunters; gentlemen riders; was won by

Mr. Bradley's b. g. Rhagflaeniad, aged, beating several others.

ROCHESTER AND CHATHAM.

WEDNESDAY, August 20.—A PLATE of 50l., given by the Members for the Western Division of the County, for horses that never won a plate or sweepstakes; three yr. olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.—One-mile heats.

Mr. Savour's bl. c. Raven, by Picton, 4 yrs. old.—F. Buckle	6	0	1	1
Mr. Carter's br. f. Miss Ellen, sister to Myrrha, 3 yrs. old	1	3	2	3
Mr. Dockeray's ch. f. Blue Kellar, 4 yrs. old	2	4	3	2
Mr. Wickham's ch. f. by Robin Hood, out of Norna, by Waterloo, 3 yrs. old	3	0	dr	
Mr. Martyn's br. g. by Gaberlunzie, out of Avon Lass, 3 yrs. old	4	5	dr	
Mr. Mills's b. c. by St. Patrick, out of Angelica, 3 yrs. old	5	dr		

The ROCKINGHAM STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added from the Fund, for three yr. olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.; the winner to be sold for 300 sovs. if demanded, &c.; the owner of the second horse received back his stake.—Heats, a mile and half.—Seven subs.

Mr. Gardnor's b. h. Messenger, by Partisan, 5 yrs. old.—E. Pavis	1	1
Capt. Ricardo's b. h. Vestris, 6 yrs. old	2	dr
Mr. Martyn's ch. c. Contriver, 4 yrs. old	3	dr
Mr. Hodges's ch. f. Caroline, 4 yrs. old	4	dr

The ROCHESTER AND CHATHAM PLATE of 50l., for three yr. olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.: the winner of a plate or sweepstakes in 1834, to carry 4lb.; of two, 7lb. extra: the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Gardnor's br. c. by Catton, out of Twatty, 4 yrs. old.—E. Pavis	1	1
Mr. Wickham's b. m. Hackney, by Smolensko, out of Funny's dam, aged	2	2
Mr. Martyn's ch. c. Contriver, 4 yrs. old	3	dr
Mr. Nash's b. m. Rose Bradwardine, 5 yrs. old	4	dr

THURSDAY, 21.—The GOLD CUP, by subscription of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added from the Fund; for three yr. olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Two-mile heats.—The owner of the second horse to withdraw his stake, and to receive 10l. from the Fund.—Eight subs.

Mr. Gardnor's b. g. Omen, by Orville, aged	3	1	1
Mr. Wickham's b. m. Hackney, aged	1	2	2
Mr. Nash's Rose Bradwardine, 5 yrs. old	2	3	dr

The WEST KENT STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added, for three yr. olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.; the owner of the second horse received back his stake.—Two-mile heats.—Seven subs.

Mr. Wickham's ch. f. by Robin Hood, out of Norna, 3 yrs. old	1	1
Mr. Gardnor's b. f. Myrrha, 4 yrs. old	2	dr

The Ladies' Plate was not run for.

BURNLEY.

THURSDAY, August 21.—The LANCASHIRE STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, for all ages.—About two miles and two furlongs.—Eight subs.

Mr. Cooke's br. c. Red Rover, by Lottery, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 11lb.—H. Arthur.... 1
Mr. W. Crompton's b. f. Mayflower, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb. 2

Mr. Rowland's b. c. Brother to Homer, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 3lb.; Mr. W. Turner's b. c. by Lottery, out of Primrose, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 3lb.; Mr. J. Dean's b. c. Lely of Smedley, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 11lb.; and Mr. J. Scholes's b. f. Ellen, by Starch, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 9lb.; also started, but were not placed.

The TRIAL STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added, for maiden horses.—Heats, about two miles and two furlongs.—Six subs.

Mr. Hornby's br. c. System, by Waverley, dam by Bartonian, 3 yrs. old, 7st.—A boy - 1 1
Mr. Gardner's b. f. Zara, by Camel, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 11lb. -
Mr. Clegg's br. f. Eleanor, by Comus, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 11lb. 2
Mr. Thompson's ch. c. by Predictor, 3 yrs. old, 7st. -
Mr. Joplin's b. c. by Agricola, 3 yrs. old, 7st. -
Two only started for the second heat, the others coming up too late.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 35 added, for all ages.—Heats, about two miles and two furlongs.—Eight subs.

Mr. Barrow's b. f. Catherina, by Whisker, 4 yrs. old, 8st.—Mosley. 1 - - 1
Mr. Hornby's br. c. System, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 2 2 1 -
Mr. Marley's b. f. Palmflower, 4 yrs. old, 8st. - 1 2 -
Mr. J. Thompson's br. g. Orthodox, aged, 9st. - - -
Mr. Hindle's b. g. aged, 9st. - - -

FRIDAY, 22.—A GOLD CUP, in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 60 added.—Four times round and a distance.—Seven subs.

Mr. Barrow's b. f. Catherina, by Whisker, 4 yrs. old, 8st.—Mosley..... 1
Mr. Cooke's br. c. Red Rover, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 11lb. 2
Col. Cradock's b. f. Fanny, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb. 3
Mr. W. Crompton's b. f. Mayflower, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 8lb.; and Mr. Allanson's b. f. Lady Moore Carew, 4 yrs. old, 8st.; also started.

HUNTERS' STAKES of 7 sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses, &c. not thoroughbred.—Heats, three times round and a distance.—Ten subs.

Mr. Batty's b. h. Tally-ho, by Piscator, aged, 12st.—Bellerby - 1 1
Mr. D. Hornby's br. g. by Antonio, aged, 12st. 1 3 -
Five others started.

The CONSOLATION STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 30 sovs. added, for beaten horses.—Heats, three times round and a distance.

Mr. R. Allanson's b. f. Lady Moore Carew, by Tramp, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 3lb.
—Clarke 1 1
Mr. Johnson's b. c. Lely of Smedley, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb. 3 2
Mr. Turner's br. c. by Lottery, out of Primrose, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 3lb. 2 3
Mr. Marley's b. f. Palmflower, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 3lb. 4 dr

NEWPORT PAGNELL.

THURSDAY, August 21.—The GOLD CUP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for all ages; the winner to be sold for 300 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Twice round, about three miles.—Ten subs.

Mr. Edwards's b. f. Dircé, by Partisan, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 6lb.—Conolly..... 1
Mr. I. Day's Liston, aged, 9st. 2
Mr. King's b. c. Airy, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 10lb. 3

A SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added from the Fund.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Five subs.

Mr. I. Day's br. g. Little Boy-blue, by Paulowitz, aged, 9st. 2lb.	3	1	1
Capt. Phillimore's ch. c. Titian, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb.	1	4	2
Mr. Payne's Skimmer, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 13lb.	4	2	dr
Mr. Yates's b. c. Ince, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 10lb.	2	3	dr

A SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses, &c. that have been regularly hunted.
—Heats, once round and a distance.—Six subs.

Mr. Newman's Radical, by Saracen, 4 yrs. old, 11st. 5lb.	1	1	
Mr. Sharman's Fitzwilliam, 5 yrs. old, 11st. 9lb.	2	dr	

A HUNTERS' STAKE of 5 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Ten subs.

Mr. Pettifer's Little Will, 6 yrs. old, 11st. 13lb.	1	1	
Mr. Price's The Cardinal, 5 yrs. old, 11st. 6lb.	2	2	

The TOWN PLATE of 50 sovs.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. G. Edwards's Dircé, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 13lb.—Conolly	1	1	
Mr. Newman's Radical, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 5lb.	2	dr	
Mr. King's Airy, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 3lb.	3	dr	

STOURBRIDGE.

TUESDAY, August 26.—A PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, h. fl. for three yr. olds.—A mile and half.—Six subs.

Lord Grey of Groby's br. c. Enville, by Astrologer, 8st. 4lb., walked over.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added from the fund, for three yrs. old colts, 8st. 5lb.—Two miles.—Four subs.

Mr. B. King's ch. c. Tanworth, by Outlaw.—Arthur	1		
Lord Grey's b. c. Enville	2		
Mr. Moss's gr. g. by Majesty, dam by Claudius	3		

The TRADESMEN'S PURSE of 30 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, for three yr. olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st.; five 8st. 8lb.; six and aged, 8st. 12lb.: m. and g. allowed 2lb.: a winner once this year, to carry 3lb.; twice, 5lb.; thrice, 7lb. extra.—Two-mile heats.—Four subs.

Mr. Giffard's b. f. Miss Charlotte, by Pantaloon, 4 yrs. old.—Lear	1	1	
Mr. Jones's b. c. Chance (late Cherubino), 3 yrs. old	2	dr	
Mr. Moss's b. f. Penance, 4 yrs. old	3	dr	

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added from the fund, for horses that never won a plate or sweepstakes of 50l.; three yr. olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 8lb.; six and aged, 8st. 12lb.: m. and g. allowed 2lb.; half-bred horses, 7lb.—Two-mile heats.—Eight subs.

Mr. Mott's ch. f. Tritonia, by Peter Lely, 3 yrs. old.—Arthur, jun.	1	3	1
Mr. Hobson's b. g. Theodolite, 4 yrs. old (half-bred)	—	1	2
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Brother to Derby, 3 yrs. old	2	4	3
Mr. Moss's ch. f. Tiara, 4 yrs. old	—	2	dr
Mr. Bostock's b. f. by Scamper, 4 yrs. old	3	dr	
Mr. gr. f. Duvernay, 4 yrs. old (half-bred)	—	dr	

The TOWN PLATE of 50 sovs., for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Moss's br. f. Eagle, by Lottery, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 13lb.—Lear	1	1	
Mr. Giffard's gr. g. Mad Tom, 3 yrs. old, 7st.	2	2	

WEDNESDAY, 27.—The WORCESTERSHIRE STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Members for the Eastern Division of the County, for horses that had been regularly hunted.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Painter's ch. g. Coronation, by Champion, 5 yrs. old, 12st. 2lb.—Lear	1	1	
Mr. Mott na. b. g. Master Bud, aged, 11st. 4lb.	2	2	
Mr. Walker's br. h. by Rossini, out of Tenbury Lass, 5 yrs. old, 11st. 7lb.	3	3	

SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 2lb.
—Half a mile.—Three subs.

Mr. Williams's f. Regret, by Woful.—Price	1
Mr. Sheldon's ch. c. by Godolphin, dam by Middleton, out of Governess	2
The CUP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for all ages.—Three miles.—Nine subs.	
Mr. Giffard's b. f. Miss Charlotte, by Pantaloon, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 11lb.—Lear..	1
Mr. Mott's bl. f. Enchantress, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 10lb.	2
The LADIES' PURSE of 30 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each.—Two-mile heats.—Seven subs.	
Mr. Cooke's ch. f. Tarantella, by Tramp, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 9lb.—Marlow ..	1 1
Mr. Jones's br. c. Chance, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 7lb.	2 dr

YARMOUTH.

TUESDAY, August 26.—The CUP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added for all ages: the winner to be sold for 400 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, two miles and a distance.—Four subs.

Lord Berners's ch. f. by Oscar, out of Spotless, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 6lb.	1 1
Mr. Edwards's br. f. Sneaker, by Camel, dam by Soothmayer, out of Hare, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 11lb.	2 2

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Borough Members; the owner of the second horse received back his stake: the winner to be sold for 250l. if demanded, &c.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. G. Edwards's b. f. Dircé, by Partisan, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 6lb.	1 1
Lord Berners's b. c. by Lamplighter, out of Tippetwitchet, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 2	
Mr. Munro's b. g. Atlas, aged, 8st. 11lb.	3 dr

WEDNESDAY, 27.—A HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added by the Committee.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. G. Edwards's Dircé, 4 yrs. old, 9st.	1 1
Lord Berners's b. c. out of Tippetwitchet, 3 yrs. old, 7st.	2 2

The CHAMPAGNE STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Committee.—Gentlemen riders.—Three subs.

Mr. Munro's Atlas, aged, 12st. 2lb.	1 1
Mr. Pearson's Cannon Ball, aged, 12st. 2lb.	2 2

EGHAM.

TUESDAY, August 26.—The CUP, in specie, a subscription of 10 sovs. each; for three yr. olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st. 10lb.; five, 9st. 3lb.; six and aged, 9st. 6lb.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.: the winner to be sold for 600 sovs. if demanded, &c.: the owner of the second horse received back his stake.—Two miles.—Thirteen subs.

Mr. Forth's b. f. Sister to Imbar, by Emilius, 3 yrs. old.—Twitchet.....	1
Mr. Cosby's b. c. Patapan, 3 yrs. old	2
Mr. I. Day's b. g. Liston, aged	3
Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. Astracan, 4 yrs. old.....	4

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft.; for two yr. old colts, 8st. 5lb.; and fillies—8st. 2lb.: winners once before the day of starting to carry 3lb.; twice, 5lb. extra.—Half a mile.—Seven subs.

Mr. Cosby's br. f. Griselda, by Pollio.—Chapple.....	1
Mr. De Burgh's Jacopo, by Magnum Bonum, out of The Bravo's dam.....	2

The WINDSOR CASTLE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., for three yr. olds, 7st. 3lb., and four, 8st. 7lb.: f. and g. allowed 3lb.—A mile and three quarters.—Three subs.

Sir G. Heathcote's ch. c. Samarcand, by Blacklock, 4 yrs. old, walked over.

Mr. Smith's ch. g. Friar Tuck, by Robin Hood (Norman), beat Mr. Kemp's ch. m. Jessy, both 6 yrs. old, 9st. each, 50 sovs.—One mile.—

FIFTY POUNDS, for three yr. olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st.; six, and aged, 9st. 3lb.: m. and g. allowed 5lb.: the winner to be sold for 300 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Two-mile heats.

Capt. Berkeley's br. f. Goldfringe, by Phantom, or Waterloo, 3 yrs. old.—

Pavis	1	1
Mr. Cosby's b. c. Pincher, 3 yrs. old	4	2
Mr. Beckett's br. c. Denbies, 4 yrs. old	2	3
Mr. Holmes, b. c. Shylock, 4 yrs. old	3	dr

WEDNESDAY, 27.—SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. for two yr. olds, 7st., and three, 9st. 3lb.: f. allowed 3lb.—Three quarters of a mile.—Three subs.

Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Intriguer, by Reveller, 6 yrs. old.—Templeman	1
Mr. Gardnor's br. c. Comet, 3 yrs. old	2

THE MAGNA CHARTA STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three yr. olds. New mile.—Five subs.

Sir T. Stanley's Intriguer, walked over.

THE SURREY AND MIDDLESEX STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 ft. if declared, &c.—Two miles and a distance.—Twenty-four subs., fifteen of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Alderson's b. c. Robin Roughhead, by Sober Robin, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 7lb.—

Norman	1
Mr. De Burgh's br. c. The Bravo, 4 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb.	2
Mr. Theobald's br. f. Stockwell Lass, 3 yrs. old, 5st. 8lb.	3

THE LADIES' PLATE of 50l. for three yr. olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 8lb.; six, and aged, 8st. 11lb.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.: winners once in 1834 before or after naming (matches and handicaps excepted), to carry 3lb.; twice, 5lb.; thrice, 7lb. extra: horses that have started twice in 1834 and not won, allowed 5lb.—One-mile heats.

Mr. Forth's Sister to Imbar, 3 yrs. old.—Twitchet	1	1
Mr. Kent's ro. f. Baleine, 4 yrs. old	4	2
Mr. G. Harrison's ch. f. Repentance, 4 yrs. old	3	3
Mr. Beckett's b. c. by St. Patrick, out of Angelica, 3 yrs. old	2	dr

PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, h. ft., for two yrs. old colts.—T.Y.C.—Three subs.

Sir G. Heathcote's ch. c. Valentissimo, by Velocipede, walked over.

THURSDAY, 28.—SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 5lb., and fillies, 8st. 2lb.: winners to carry 3lb. extra.—Three quarters of a mile.

Sir G. Heathcote's ch. c. Valentissimo, by Velocipede—Buckle	1
Mr. Gardnor's ch. f. Bucephalia	2
Capt. Ricardo's br. c. by Camel, out of Mirandola	3
Mr. Martyn's b. c. Macbeth	4

THE SUNNING-HILL STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 80 added, for three yr. olds and upwards (handicap).—The last three quarters of the New mile.—Six subs.

Mr. Gardnor's Messenger, by Partisan, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 9lb.—Chapple	1
Mr. Martyn's Contriver, 4 yrs. old, 8st.	2
Mr. Harrison's ch. f. Repentance, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 10lb.; Mr. De Burgh's The Bravo, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 10lb.; and Mr. T. Dockeray's Fop, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 10lb., also started, but were not placed.	

PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.—New mile.—Six subs.

Lord Orford's ch. f. Chataine, by Emilius, 8st. 11lb.—Chapple	1
Lord Stradbroke's br. f. Begum, 8st. 4lb.	2

THE HUNTERS' CUP of 50 sovs. value, was won by

Mr. Hook's Glowworm, aged.

HEREFORD.

TUESDAY, August 26.—HUNTERS' STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added.—Two-mile heats.—Gentlemen riders.

Mr. Codrington's b. g. Conservative, by Y. Phantom, 6 yrs. old, 12st. 11lb.		
—Captain Beecher	1	1
Mr. Thorne's b. g. Cannon-ball, 5 yrs. old, 11st. 9lb.....	4	2
Colonel Gilbert's ro. g. Conrad, aged, 11st.....	2	3
Mr. Vever's br. g. Sailor Boy, 6 yrs. old, 10st. 3lb.	3	4

HACK STAKES of 1 sov. each, with a Purse added.—Two-mile heats, was won by Mr. Wall's Jerry, beating four others.

WEDNESDAY, 27.—The City and County GOLD CUP, of 100 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each; the winner to receive 80 sovs. besides the stakes, and the second horse 20 sovs.—Three miles.—Four subs.

Mr. Fuller's b. m. Lady Harrington, by Master Henry, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb.—Drown	1	
Mr. Farmer's b. g. Bilberry, aged, 9st.	2	
Mr. Wyatt's b. h. Manchester, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 3lb.	3	

THE FARMERS' STAKES of 50 sovs., the gift of K. Hoskins, Esq., M. P.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Stubbs's b. m. Primrose, 11st. 7lb.....	1	1
Mr. Coleburn's ch. g. Merlin, 11st. 6lb.	2	2
Mr. Tranter's b. m. Jessy, 9st.	5	3
Mr. E. Jefferies's b. m. Grasshopper, 10st. 8lb. . .	4	4

Five others started.

WEYMOUTH.

WEDNESDAY, August 27.—The WEYMOUTH STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., or only 5 if declared, &c., with 50 sovs. added from the Fund; the owner of the second horse received back his stake.—Twice round the course, about two miles.—Ten subs, six of whom paid 5 sovs. each, and one 15.

Mr. Pryse's ch. c. Caldicot, by Dr. Eady, or Virgilius, 4 yrs. old, 7st.—S. Day 1		
Mr. Radclyffe's ch. h. Mazeppa, aged, 8st. 3lb.....	2	
Mr. Taunton's Roulette, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 3lb.	3	

THE JOHNSTONE STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added, free for horses of all denominations; the winner to be sold for 150l. if demanded.—Heats, about two miles.—Four subs.

Sir L. P. Glyn's b. g. Haldon, by Blacklock, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 8lb.—S. Day 1	2	1
Mr. Spencer's bl. g. Sultan, aged, 8st. 2lb.	3	1
Mr. Hewitt's b. g. Skyrocket, 5 yrs. old, 7st. 13lb.	2	dr

THE TOWN PLATE of 50 sovs. added to a subscription of 5 sovs. each; the second horse to save his stake; the winner to be sold for 300l.—Heats, about two miles.

Mr. C. Finch's b. c. Blenheim, by Lapdog, 3 yrs. old, 7st.—S. Day	1	1
Mr. Scott's b. c. Barney Bodkin, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb.....	2	2
Mr. Shrapnel's b. f. May-fly, by Leviathan, dam by Whalebone, grandam by Moses, great grandam by Partisan, 3 yrs. old, 7st.....	3	dr

THURSDAY, 28.—The LODMOOR STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added from the Fund: the winner to be sold for 150l.—Heats, about two miles.

Lord Pembroke's br. g. Coroner, by Magistrate, aged, 8st. 6lb.—H. Benskin	1	1
Mr. Scott's b. c. Barney Bodkin, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 10lb.	2	dr
Mr. Jones's bl. c. Warrener, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 9lb.....	3	dr

HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100 ga., three yrs. old, to carry 8st. 2lb.; four, 9st. 6lb.; five, 10st.; six, and aged, 10st. 3lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. C. Finch's b. m. Cecilia, by Comus, 5 yrs. old.—H. Benskin .. 4 3 1 1
 Mr. Pryce's ch. c. Caldicot, 4 yrs. old..... 2 1 2 2
 Mr. Sidney Herbert's b. c. Carnaby, 4 yrs. old 1 2 dr
 Mr. Shrapnel's b. f. May-fly, 3 yrs. old..... 3 dr
 Mr. J. Harding's ch. g. Anticipation, 11st. 7lb. (Mr. Gould), beat Mr. Bridge's
 bl. g. Chance, 12st. 11lb.—Gentlemen riders.—A mile and a distance.

A HANDICAP STAKES of 3 sovs. each, with 30 added by the Ladies, for the beaten horses.—Heats, about one mile and a quarter.—Seven subs.

Mr. Scott's b. c. Barney Bodkin, by Cain, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 11lb.—H.
 Harris 3 1 1
 Mr. Jones's bl. c. Warrenner, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 1 2 3
 Mr. Radclyffe's ch. h. Mazeppa, aged, 9st. 5lb..... 2 3 2

NORTHAMPTON.

WEDNESDAY, August 27.—The YEOMANRY CUP of 50gs. value.

Mr. Westley's b. m. Saccharina, by Saracen, 5 yrs. old, 11st. 7lb.—Owner 1 1
 Mr. Richards's b. f. True Blue, 4 yrs. old, 10st. 9lb. 2 2
 Mr. Meikins's gr. g. Ironsides, 5 yrs. old, 10st. 9lb. 3 3
 His MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100gs.; for three yr. olds, 7st. 11lb.; four, 9st. 11lb.;
 five, 9st. 9lb.; six and aged, 10st.—Three miles.

Mr. I. Day's Diana, by Catton, 6 yrs. old.—Pavis 1
 Mr. Greville's Chantilly, 4 yrs. old 2
 Mr. Sowerby's Catalonian, 4 yrs. old 3

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with a Purse added by the Innkeepers, for all ages:
 the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, once round.

Mr. Campion's Sevillian, by Figaro, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb. 1 1
 Mr. Peache's Rockingham, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 6lb. 2 2
 Mr. West's Claxton, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 9lb. dis

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three yrs. old colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies,
 8st. 4lb.—Once round.—Three subs.

Mr. Nevill's ch. c. Bamboozle, by Welbeck, out of Lily of the Valley, walked
 over.

The COUNTY PLATE of 50 sovs. for all ages: the winner to be sold for 200 sovs.
 if demanded, &c.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. L. Day's b. g. Little Boy-blue, by Paulowitz, aged, 9st. 8lb. 5 1 1
 Mr. Newman's Radical, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 12lb..... 1 4 2
 Mr. King's Airy, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 10lb..... 2 3 -
 Mr. Sharman's Fitzwilliam, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 12lb..... 3 2 -
 Mr. Yates's Ince, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 11lb. 4 dr

THURSDAY, 28.—The NORTHAMPTON STAKES of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 50
 added by the Town; the owner of the second horse received back his stake.
 —Two miles.—Four subs., one of whom paid only 5 sovs.

Gen. Grosvenor's br. c. Dick, by Lamplighter, 3 yrs. old, 7st.—Rogers..... 1
 Mr. King's b. c. Ganges, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 2

The NORTHAMPTONSHIRE CUP STAKES, in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each,
 for all ages: the winner to be sold for 500 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Twice
 round.—Sixteen subs.

Mr. I. Day's Diana, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 11lb.—Pavis 1
 Mr. Greville's Chantilly, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb. 2

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 30 added by the Corporation.—Twice
 round.

Mr. Smith's b. c. Airy, by St. Patrick, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 11lb.—Butler. 1
 Mr. Newman's Radical, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb. 2

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Members for the Town, for all ages: the winner to be sold for 120*l.* if demanded, &c.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Champion's Sevillean, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 8lb. 1 1
Mr. Phillimore's Titian, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 3lb. 2 2

A Forced Handicap of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft. for the winners of each race at this meeting.—One mile.—Six subs.

Mr. I. Day's Little Boy-blue, aged, 9st. 5lb. 1
Mr. Champion's Sevillean, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 5lb. 2
General Grosvenor's Dick, 8 yrs. old, 7st. 7lb. 3

CANTERBURY.

WEDNESDAY, August 27.—The **COUNTY SUBSCRIPTION PLATE** of 100 sovs., for three yr. olds, 7st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 6lb.; five, 9st.; six, and aged, 9st. 4lb.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.: the winner of one plate or sweepstakes this year before or after naming, to carry 3lb.; of two, 5lb.; and of three, 7lb. extra: the winner to be sold for 300 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Smith's br. m. The Witch, by Whalebone, 6 yrs. old.—Wakefield.. 5 1 1
Mr. Willes's ch. g. Guildford, aged..... 1 2 dr
Lord A. Conyngham's br. m. Isabel, 5 yrs. old..... 2 3 dr
Mr. Carter's br. f. Miss Ellen, 3 yrs. old 3 dr
Mr. Back's b. m. Ipsala, aged (fell lame) 4 dis

The **BARHAM DOWN PLATE** of 50*l.* the winner to be sold for 150*l.* if demanded, &c.; all other conditions as above.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Gardnor's b. g. Omen, by Orville, aged.—E. Pavis 1 1
Mr. Coleman's ch. g. Dr. Sewell, 6 yrs. old..... 5 2
Mr. Smith's b. c. Victoria, 3 yrs. old 2 3
Mr. Carter's b. f. Miss Ellen, 3 yrs. old 3 dr
Mr. Wickham's b. m. Hackney, aged 4 dr
Mr. Bevil's bl. g. Cantab, 5 yrs. old 6 dr

THURSDAY, 28.—His **MAJESTY'S PLATE** of 100 gs., for three yr. olds, 8st. 2lb.; four, 9st. 4lb.; five, 10st.; six, and aged, 10st. 3lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Theobald's b. c. Rockingham, by Humphrey Clinker, 4 yrs. old.—Macdonald 1 1
Captain Ricardo's b. h. Vestris, 6 yrs. old 2 dr
Sir W. Geary's b. g. Arab, aged (Owner), beat Captain Stacey's br. g. Balloon, aged, 11st. each, 100 sovs.—Two miles.

A PLATE of 100 sovs. given by the City of Canterbury, for three yr. olds, 7st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 6lb.; five, 9st.; six, and aged, 9st. 4lb.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.: the winner of a plate or sweepstakes this year, before or after naming, to carry 4lb.; of two, 7lb.; of three, 10lb. extra: the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Smith's br. m. The Witch, 6 yrs. old.—Wakefield.. 4 1 1
Captain Ricardo's b. h. Vestris, 6 yrs. old 1 2 dr
Mr. Hodges's ch. f. Robinetta, by Robin Hood, out of Norna, by Waterloo, 3 yrs. old 2 3 dr
Mr. Theobald's ch. c. Colossus, 3 yrs. old - 3 dr

A SWEEPSTAKES of 2 sovs. each, with 20 added: the winner to be sold for 80 sovs.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Willes's ch. g. Guildford, by Hampden, aged, 9st. 4lb.—W. Coleman. 1 1
Mr. Carter's b. f. Miss Ellen, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 4lb. 2 2
Mr. Dockeray's ch. f. Blue Keller, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 4lb. 7 3
Mr. White's gr. g. The Ghost, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 11lb. 5 4
Mr. Bevil's br. g. Cantab, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 11lb. 3 dr
Mr. Wickham's b. m. Hackney, aged, 9st. 4lb. 4 dr
Mr. Hawkins's b. g. Tick, by Pendulum, dam by Woful, out of Tempest's dam, 8 yrs. old, 7st. 7lb. 6 dr

The winner was claimed.

FRIDAY, 29.—The **BRIDGE PLATE** of 70 sovs., for three yr. olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six, and aged, 9st.: m. and g. allowed 8lb.: a winner once this year to carry 4lb.; twice, 6lb.; thrice, 8lb. extra: the winner once here this year to carry 7lb., twice, 10lb. over and above the extra weight before mentioned: the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Two-mile heats

Captain Skipwith's b. f. Lady Charlotte, by Catton, 4 yrs. old.—Hornsby 2 1 1
Mr. Shelley's b. h. Gratis, 5 yrs. old (fell lame) 1 2 dr
Mr. Gardnor's br. f. Myrrha, 4 yrs. old 3 3 dr
Mr. Willes's ch. g. Guildford, aged 4 dr

A SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Stewards, for three yr. olds, 7st. 2lb.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six, and aged, 9st. 2lb.: a winner once to carry 8lb.; twice, 5lb.; thrice, 7lb. extra: the winner to be sold for 200l. if demanded, &c.: the second horse to save his stake.—Two-mile heats.—Six subs.

Mr. W. Smith's br. m. The Witch, 6 yrs. old.—Wakefield 1 1
Mr. Saour's bl. c. Raven, 4 yrs. old 3 2
Mr. Gardnor's b. h. Omen, aged 2 2

A SWEEPSTAKES of 3 sovs. each, with 20 added, 11st. each.—Heats, one mile and a distance, over three flights of Hurdles.—Gentlemen riders, was won by Sir W. Geary's br. g. Arab (Owner), beating a b. g. Camel, and a br. g. Cantab.

Mr. Hemsley's b. g. by Figaro (Owner), beat Mr. Vannack's br. g. Zohrab.—50 sovs.—One mile.

WARWICK.

TUESDAY, September 2.—The **GUY STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three yr. olds.—The Mile Course.—Twenty-seven subs.

Mr. Sadler's c. Defensive, by Defence, 8st. 4lb.—Chapple 1
Mr. Nowell's ch. f. Amadou, 8st. 1lb. 2
Mr. Tomes's b. c. by Bedlamite, out of Mischance, 8st. 8lb. 3

The **LEAMINGTON STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c., with 100 sovs. added by the Town of Leamington.—Two-mile Course.—Twenty-four subs., ten of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. g. Independence, by Filho, or Sherwood, aged, 8st. 11lb. Spring 1
Mr. Sadler's b. m. Delight, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 2
Mr. Etwall's b. c. Revenge, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb.; Mr. I. Day's b. g. Liston, aged, 8st. 6lb.; Mr. Bower's b. m. Lady Stafford, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 5lb.; Lord Exeter's b. c. Sir Robert, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 12lb.; Mr. J. H. Peel's ch. c. Uncle Toby, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 10lb.; and Mr. King's b. m. Lucy, 5 yrs. old, 7st. 5lb.; also started, but were not placed.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Six subs.

Mr. West's ch. g. Cricket, by Claude Lorraine, 4 yrs. old, 9st.—Chapple .. 1 1
Mr. I. Day's b. g. Boy-blue, aged, 9st. 11lb. 2 2
Mr. Wheelton's br. h. Giovanni, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 13lb. 3 3

The **WARWICK ST. LEGER STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three yrs. old colts, 8st. 2lb.; and fillies, 8st.—The St. Leger Course, once round and a distance.—Four subs.

Mr. E. Peel's ch. c. Noodle, by Bedlamite.—Spring 1
Lord Grey's b. c. Enville 2

WEDNESDAY, 3.—A SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 5lb.; and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T.Y.C.—Eight subs.

Mr. West's b. f. Purity, by Filho da Puta, out of Rachel Ruysch.—Chapple ..	1
Mr. Bristow's br. c. Trim, by Edmund	2
Mr. White's b. f. by Harry, out of Miracle	3
Mr. I. Day's b. f. by Fungus, out of Zelinda	0

The AVON STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for foals of 1831.—Once round and a distance.—Nine subs.

Mr. Nevill's ch. f. Amadou, by Sultan, 8st.—Calloway	1
Mr. Tomes's b. c. by Bedlamite, out of Mischance, 8st.	2

The WARWICK CUP, value 100 sovs., the rest in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each; for three yr. olds, 6st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 13lb.; six and aged, 9st. 5lb.: m. and g. allowed 2lb.—Four-mile Course.—Eleven subs.

Mr. Etwall's b. c. Revenge, by Fungus, 4 yrs. old.—J. Day	1
Mr. J. H. Peel's ch. c. Uncle Toby, 4 yrs. old	2
Mr. Beardsworth's b. g. Independence, aged, broke down.	

A PLATE of 50 sovs., given by E. B. King, Esq., M.P. for the Borough; for maiden horses, &c. and those that never won more than 50l. at any one time.—Two-mile heats.

Gen. Yates's b. f. Juliana, by Waxy Pope, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 11lb.—	
Arthur	2 4 1 1
Lord Grey of Groby's b. c. Enville, 3 yrs. old, 7st.	1 2 2 2
Mr. Holland's ch. f. Tiara, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 11lb.	5 1 3 3
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Brother to Derby, 3 yrs. old, 7st.	3 3 4
Mr. Jones's ch. f. by Pantaloon, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb.	4 dr

The YEOMANRY CAVALRY PLATE of 50 sovs., with 10 sovs. for the second horse.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. R. Holloway's br. m. Coquet, aged	1 1
Mr. Sabin's ch. g. Gustavus the Third, 4 yrs. old	3 2
Mr. Lucas's b. g. The Asps, aged	2 3

THURSDAY, 4.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three yrs. old colts, 8st. 8lb.; and fillies, 8st. 5lb.—The New mile.—Seven subs.

Mr. E. Peel's ch. c. Noodle.—Spring	1
Mr. Leigh's ch. f. by Pantaloon, dam by York	2

The KING'S PLATE of 100 gs., for three yr. olds, 8st. 2lb.; four, 9st. 6lb.; five, 10st.; six and aged, 10st. 3lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. I. Day's b. m. Diana, by Catton, 6 yrs. old.—A. Pavis	1 1
Mr. E. Peel's ch. c. Tanworth, 3 yrs. old	2 dr

The TOWN PLATE of 50 sovs.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. West's ch. g. Cricket, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 11lb.—Chapple	1 1
Mr. Etwall's ch. f. Malibran, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 11lb.	2 2
Mr. I. Day's b. g. Boy-blue, aged, 9st. 9lb.	- 3
Mr. Holland's ch. f. by Belzoni, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 7lb.	3 4
Sir G. Pigot's ch. f. Miss Chester, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 5lb.	- dr
Mr. I. Day's b. g. Don Juan, aged, 9st. 4lb.	- dr

The STAND STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added, for the beaten horses.—Two-mile heats.—Three subs.

Mr. B. King's b. m. Lucy, by Cain, 5 yrs. old, 7st. 4lb.—Arthur	2 1 1
Mr. Wheelton's br. h. Giovanni, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb.	1 2 dr
Mr. I. Day's b. g. Liston, aged	3 3 dr

ASHFORD.

WEDNESDAY, September 2.—The **TOWN PLATE** of 50 sovs.; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Ricardo's b. h. Vestris, by Whalebone, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 4lb.—E. Pavis.. 1 1

Mr. White's gr. g. The Ghost, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 11lb. 2 2

Mr. Hodge's ch. f. Robinetta, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 4lb. 3 3

The **RIFTON PLATE** of 50 sovs.; the winner to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Saour's bl. c. Raven, by Picton, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 11lb.—Macdonald.... 1 1

Mr. W. Smith's b. c. Victoria, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 7lb. 5 2

Mr. Dockeray's ch. f. Blue Keller, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 4lb. 2 dr

Mr. Carter's b. f. Miss Ellen, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 3 dr

Mr. Thomas's ch. g. Suffolk Punch, aged, 9st. 3lb. .. 4 dr

Mr. Hemsley's b. g. by Figaro, dam by Dick Andrews, out of Miss Watt, aged, 9st. 3lb. 6 dr

The **LEES COURT STAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added from the fund.—Heats, one mile and a distance.

Mr. Carter's b. f. Miss Ellen, by Peter Lely, 3 yrs. old, 7st.—Wakefield .. 1 1

Mr. Hodge's ch. f. Robinetta, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 4lb. 3 2

Mr. G. Dockeray's ch. f. Blue Keller, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 4lb. 2 3

Mr. Thomas's ch. g. Suffolk Punch, aged, 9st. 3lb. dis.

PONTEFRAC T.

TUESDAY, September 2.—The **PONTEFRAC T STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and 5 only if declared, &c., with 50 added by the Town and Neighbourhood; the owner of the second horse received back his stake.—To start at the Distance and go once round.—Thirty-two subs., twenty-two of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. R. Harrison's br. f. Miss Wilfred, by Lottery, 4 yrs. old, 7st.—Cartwright 1

Mr. T. O. Powlett's br. c. by Figaro, or Lottery, out of Miss Fanny's dam, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 3lb. 2

Mr. Reynard's ch. h. Revolution, aged, 8st. 6lb. 3

Duke of Leeds's b. m. Lady Marcia, 5 yrs. old, 7st. 11lb. 4

Mr. Boulton's b. f. Charlotte, 3 yrs. old, 5st. 8lb. 5

Capt. Pott's b. h. Sparrowhawk, 5 yrs. old, 7st. 6

Mr. Orde's ch. c. The Dancing-master, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 7
5 to 4 on Mr. Powlett's colt, and 5 to 1 agst. the winner.

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three yrs. old colts, 8st. 5lb.; and fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile and three quarters.—Seven subs.

Duke of Cleveland's br. c. Amurath, by Whisker, walked over.

WEDNESDAY, 3.—**FIFTY POUNDS**, the gift of the Hon. H. V. S. Jerningham, M.P.; for three yr. olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 7st. 12lb.; five, 8st. 6lb.; six and aged, 9st.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.: a winner of a 50l. plate, match, or stakes in 1834, to carry 3lb.; of two, 5lb.; and of three, 6lb. extra: maiden horses on the day of entrance allowed 2lb. in addition to the above allowance.—Heats, a mile and three quarters.

Mr. Reynard's ch. h. Revolution, by Oiseau, aged.—Shepherd 1 2 1

Mr. Loy's br. h. Lelevo, 5 yrs. old 3 1 2

Mr. S. Fox's br. f. Tessane, by Whisker, 4 yrs. old 2 3 dr

Mr. Watt's b. c. Belluno, 3 yrs. old 4 4 dr

THURSDAY, 4.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 20 sovs. each, for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 5lb.; and fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Seven furlongs.—Eight subs.

Mr. Gully's b. c. Dimber Dam, by Tramp.—T. Shepherd 1

Capt. Taylor's ch. c. Ainderby, by Velocipede..... 2

Mr. Marson's b. c. Lotto, by Lottery	3
Mr. Wilson's b. c. Winkley, by Velocipede	4
Mr. Gill's bl. c. by Waverley	5
FIFTY POUNDS , given by John Gully, Esq., M.P. for all ages; weights, &c. the same as Wednesday's plate, and the winner of that plate to carry 3lb. extra.—Two-mile heats.	
Mr. Reynard's ch. h. Revolution.—Shepherd	1 1
Mr. Loy's br. h. Lelevo, 5 yrs. old.....	2 dr
Mr. Boulton's b. f. Charlotte, 3 yrs. old	3 dr
THE HURDLE SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 5 sovs. added, for three yr. olds, 10st. 2lb.; four, 11st.; five, 11st. 9lb.; six and aged, 12st. 2lb.—To start at the distance and go once round.	
Mr. Blunt's b. h. Craven, by Parlington, aged.—Mr. W. Blunt	1
Mr. R. Smith's b. h. Middleton, aged.....	2

DORCHESTER.

WEDNESDAY, September 3. —The DORCHESTER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c., with 50 added.—Two miles and a quarter.—Nine subs., four of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.	
Mr. C. Finch's b. m. Cecilia, by Comus, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 9lb.—P. Percy	1
Mr. Finch's br. m. Clara, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb.....	2
THE YEOMANRY STAKES of 5 sovs. each: the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, a mile and a half.—Sixteen subs.	
Mr. Hill's b. g. Romer, 4 yrs. old, 11st. 8lb.—Owner	1 1
Capt. Frampton na. br. g. Timekeeper, by Canopus, 5 yrs. old, 11st. 5lb. ..	3 2
Mr. Harding's ch. g. Anticipation, aged, 12st.....	2 3
THE MAIDEN CASTLE STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 25 added.—Heats, one mile and a half.—Five subs.	
Mr. C. Finch's b. m. Cecilia, 5 yrs. old, 9st. 4lb.—P. Percy	1 1
Lord Pembroke's br. g. Coroner, aged, 8st. 13lb.	3 2
Mr. Scott's b. c. Barney Bodkin, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 3lb.....	2 dr
THURSDAY, 4. —The DINNER STAKES of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft. with a bonus by independent subscription of 10 sovs. each.—Heats, about two miles and a quarter.	
Mr. C. Finch's b. m. Cecilia, 5 yrs. old, 9st. 7lb.—P. Percy	1 1
Mr. Finch's br. m. Clara, 5 yrs. old, 9st.	2 dr
Mr. Jones's bl. c. Warrener, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 5lb.....	3 dr
THE LADIES' PLATE of 50 sovs., for all ages: the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, about a mile and a half.	
Mr. C. Finch's b. c. Blenheim, by Lapdog, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 2lb.—	
G. Loveridge.....	3 3 1 1
Mr. Scott's b. c. Barney Bodkin, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 8lb.	1 2 2 2
Lord Pembroke's br. g. Coroner, aged, 9st.....	2 1 3 3
The winner was claimed.	
A SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred, with 10l. added from the fund; gentlemen riders; 12st. each.—Heats, mile and a half.—Four subs.	
Mr. Harding's ch. g. Anticipation, aged.—Mr. Gould	1 1
Mr. Davis's ch. g. by Record, aged	2 2
A HANDICAP STAKES of 5 sovs. each, h. ft. with 20l. added from the fund.—Heats, one mile and a half.—Six subs.	
Mr. Jones's bl. c. Warrener, by Sir Huldibrand, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 9lb.—Logic ..	1 1
Mr. Hill's b. g. Romer, 4 yrs. old, 7st.	2 dr
Mr. Scott's b. c. Barney Bodkin, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb.....	3 dr

WESTERN MEETING.—AYR COURSE.

Mares and geldings allowed 8lb. for all the plates, and a winner of the present year of 50 sovs. carried 8lb. extra; of the value of two fifties, a gold cup, or King's hundred, 5lb. extra.

WEDNESDAY, September 3.—A PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, 20 ft. for the produce of mares covered in 1830; colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.: those got by untried stallions, or out of mares whose produce never won before the day of closing, allowed 2lb.; of both, 4lb.—Two miles.—Seven subs.

Lord Eglintoun's gr. f. Miss Annie, by Monreith, out of La Grisette (m. untried).
—Lye 1
Mr. W. M. Alexander's ch. f. Firefly, by Monreith, out of Helicat 2
Lord Elcho's ch. f. by Actæon, out of gr. m. by Champignon, out of an Arabian mare (both untried) 3
Sir J. Boswell's ch. f. Theresa, by The Moslem, out of Wilful (h. untried).... 4
Sir J. Boswell's Meretrix (owner), beat Lord Eglintoun's Paul Pry, 12st. 6lb.—Two miles.—100 to 150 sovs. h. ft.

TWO YEARS OLD STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. with 50 added; for colts, 8st. 3lb.; and fillies, 8st.—Three quarters of a mile.—Nine subs.

Lord Eglintoun's br. f. Butterfly, by Lottery, dam by Comus, out of Arabella.—
Lye 1
Lord Eglintoun's br. f. Rectitude (late Can't-forget) 2
Sir J. Boswell's br. f. Viola, by Canteen, out of Sister to Jerry 3
Mr. Alexander's ch. f. by Monreith, out of Fair Helen 4

THE AYR GOLD CUP of 100 gs. value, the rest in specie, by subscriptions of 100 gs. each, for three yr. olds, 7st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 5lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.: m. and g. allowed 8lb.—Two miles.—Eleven subs.

Sir J. Boswell's br. c. Masetto (late Mellerstein), by Corinthian, 3 yrs. old.—
Nicholson 1
Lord Elcho's Gondolier, aged 2
Sir W. Scott's b. f. by Champignon, out of Maria, 4 yrs. old 3

A SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Earl of Eglintoun, for horses not thorough-bred and bred in Ayrshire; three yr. olds, 10st. 2lb.; four, 11st. 4lb.; five, 12st.; six and aged, 12st. 7lb.—Gentlemen riders.—One mile and a half.—Seven subs.

Lord Eglintoun's Lady Susan, by Trissy, aged.—Owner 1
Sir J. Boswell's The Doctor, aged 2
Mr. Campbell's br. g. Baronet, 5 yrs. old 3
Mr. Fairlie na. b. g. Splendour, 5 yrs. old 4

A PLATE of 50 sovs., for three yr. olds, 7st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st. 4lb.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Elcho's br. f. Philip, by Filho da Puta, 6 yrs. old.—Templemun 1 1
Lord Eglintoun's Byzantium, 5 yrs. old 3 2
Sir J. Boswell's Masetto, 3 yrs. old 2 3

THURSDAY, 4.—A SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added by Lord Eglintoun, for hunters, 13st. each.—Gentlemen riders.—One mile.—Three subs.

Lord Eglintoun's Paul Pry, aged.—Owner 1
Mr. Gibson's gr. g. Allegro, by Jock, 4 yrs. old 2

A PLATE of 50 sovs., for two yr. olds, 5st. 10lb.; three, 7st. 3lb.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Lord Elcho's Philip, 6 yrs. old.—Templeton 1 1
Lord Eglintoun's Zillah, 3 yrs. old 2 2
Mr. W. M. Alexander's Little-go, 4 yrs. old - 3
Sir W. Scott's b. f. by Champignon, out of Maria, 4 yrs. old - 4
Sir J. Boswell's Meretrix, aged 3 5
Mr. Hutchinson's Tantalus, 4 yrs. old - dr

THE HARRIER STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Earl of Eglintoun, for horses not thorough-bred; 13st. each.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Six subs.

Lord Eglintoun's Lady Susan, by Trissy.—Owner..... 1 1
Sir J. Boswell's Lady Restless, aged 2 dr

FRIDAY, 5.—Sir J. Boswell's br. c. Masetto, by Corinthian, 3 yrs. old, 8st. (Nicholson), beat Lord Eglintoun's br. f. Butterfly, by Lottery, dam by Comus, 2 yrs. old, 7st.—Half a mile, 50l.

Mr. I. O. Fairlie's br. h. The Fop, 12st. (owner), beat Mr. Gordon's b. h. The Little Doctor, 11st.—A quarter of a mile, 25l.

A PLATE of 50 sovs., for three yr. olds, 6st. 7lb.; four, 7st. 10lb.; five, 8st. 2lb.; six and aged, 8st. 7lb.: the winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Eglintoun's b. h. Byzantium, by Sultan, 5 yrs. old.—Lye..... 1 3 1
Mr. W. M. Alexander's Little-go, 4 yrs. old 2 1 3
Mr. Smillie's br. g. Cistercian, aged - 3 2
Mr. Gibbon's gr. g. Allegro, 4 yrs. old - dr
Mr. Hutchinson's Tantalus, 4 yrs. old - dr

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 gs. added, for horses not thorough-bred; 12st. 7lb. each.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Gentlemen riders.—Six subs.

Lord Eglintoun's Lady Susan, aged (owner), walked over.

Mr. Hay's ch. m. Polly (Mr. Gordon), beat Mr. Lamb's gr. m. Matilda.—A quarter of a mile, 25l.

HANDICAP STAKES of 5 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.—Gentlemen riders.—A quarter of a mile.—Seven subs.

Lord Eglintoun's Lucifer, 13st.—Owner 1
Mr. Fairlie's The Fop, 12st. 5lb. 2
Mr. Gordon's The Little Doctor, 11st. 12lb. 3
Sir J. Boswell's Lady Restless, 12st. 7lb. 4
Mr. Campbell's Tally-ho, 13st. 5

BECCLES.

THURSDAY, September 4.—The GENTLEMEN'S PURSE of 50l., for all ages: the winner to be sold for 250 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. G. Edward's b. f. Dirce, by Partisan, 4 yrs. old, 9st. 11lb.—Owner .. 1 1
Mr. Bloss's b. m. Water Witch, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 12lb. 2 dr

SWEEPSTAKES of 3 sovs. each, with 20 added.—Heats, two miles and a half.

Mr. Munro's b. g. Atlas, by Muley, aged, 11st. 7lb.—G. Edwards..... 1 1
Mr. Peirson's b. g. Tristram, aged, 11st. 7lb. 2 2

FRIDAY, 5.—A **HANDICAP STAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added.—Heats, twice round the Course.

Mr. Caldecott's gr. g. The Dwarf, 7st. 8lb.—E. Edwards 2 1 1
Lord Berners's b. c. by Lamplighter, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 5lb. 1 3 2
Mr. Munro's b. g. Atlas, aged, 8st. 11lb. 3 2 dr

HANDICAP STAKES of 2 sovs. each, with 5 added.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Six subs.

Mr. Peirson's b. g. Tristram, aged, 9st. 8lb.—E. Wright 2 1 1
Mr. Munro's Atlas, aged, 10st. 2lb. 1 3 2
Mr. Fenn's Grapeshot, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 3 3 3

LICHFIELD.

TUESDAY, September 9.—The FOAL STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.—Last mile.
—Three subs.

Mr. E. Peel's ch. c. Gracchus, by Emilius, dam by Merlin, out of Morel, 7st. 13lb.,—Spring	1
Mr. Beardsworth's ch. f. by Monarch, out of Gadabout, 7st. 11lb.	2

TWO YEARS OLD STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.—T.Y.C.—Seven subs.

Mr. E. Peel's br. c. Humphrey, by Filho da Puta, 8st. 7lb.—Spring	0 1
Mr. Nanney's b. c. by Banker, out of Racket, 8st. 7lb.	0 2

TWO YEARS OLD STAKES of 25 sovs. each.—T.Y.C.—Three subs.

Mr. Mott's b. f. by Pantaloon, out of Vexation, 8st. 4lb.—Calloway	1
Mr. E. Peel's b. c. Tony Lumpkin, 8st. 7lb.	2

The CUP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for all ages.—Three miles.—Six subs.

Mr. Giffard's ch. g. Traveller, by Tramp, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 1lb., walked over.

The CITY MEMBERS' PURSE of 50 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three yr. olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 8lb.; six and aged, 8st. 12lb.: a winner once this year, to carry 8lb.; twice, 5lb. extra.—Two miles.

Mr. Giffard's br. f. by Tramp, 3 yrs. old.—Arthur, jun.	1
Mr. Beardsworth's b. g. Independence, aged	2
Mr. E. Peel's ch. c. Noodle, 3 yrs. old	3
Mr. Mott's bl. f. Enchantress, 3 yrs. old	4

Mr. Webb's b. g. Master Bubb, 6 yrs. old (Calloway), beat Mr. Finden's b. h. Theodolite, 4 yrs. old, 10st. each.—Two miles, 50 sovs.

WEDNESDAY, 10.—The STAFFORDSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and 5 only if declared, &c., with 5 added from the City fund.—Two miles.—Four subs.

Mr. Giffard's b. f. Miss Charlotte, by Pantaloon, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 12lb.—Lear .	1
Mr. Beardsworth's b. g. Independence, aged, 8st. 18lb.	2

HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100 gs.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Giffard's ch. g. Traveller, 6 yrs. old, 10st. 8lb.—Lear	1 1
Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. Bon Ton, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb.	2 2
Mr. H. Ongley's b. h. Donnington, 6 yrs. old, 10st. 8lb.	4 3
Mr. E. F. Maynell's ch. g. Gleam, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb.	3 4

The LADIES' PURSE of 25 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, for three yr. olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 8lb.; six and aged, 8st. 12lb.: m. and g. allowed 2lb.; horses having started three times in the present year and not won, allowed 8lb.: winners once in the present year to carry 8lb.; twice, 5lb. extra.—One-mile heats.

Mr. Giffard's b. f. by Tramp, out of Kalmia's dam, 3 yrs. old.—Arthur, jun.	1 1
Mr. E. Peel's ch. c. Noodle, 3 yrs. old.	2 dr
Mr. Bostock's b. f. by Scamper, 4 yrs. old	3 dr

CARMARTHEN.

TUESDAY, September 9.—The CARMARTHENSHIRE STAKES of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft. and 5 only if declared, &c., with 20 added; the second horse to save his stake.—Two miles.—Eight subs., four of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Fuller's b. f. Nell Gwynne, by Master Henry, 4 yrs. old, 8st.	1
Mr. Davies's ch. g. Maridunum, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 10lb.	2
Mr. Gough's ch. m. Dandina, aged, 9st. 2lb. (half-bred)	3

A PLATE of 50l., the gift of E. H. Adams, Esq., M.P., for horses bred in South Wales.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Currie's b. g. Major, by Cripple, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 8lb.....	1	1
Mr. Davies's b. f. Mimic, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb.....	2	2
Mr. Parry's gr. m. by Duplicate, 5 yrs. old, 9st. 5lb.....	3	3

WEDNESDAY, 10.—The DYNEVOR STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Hon. Col. Trevor, M.P., for all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Five subs.

Mr. Fuller's b. f. Nell Gwynne, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 8lb.....	4	1	1
Mr. Currie's b. g. Major, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 9lb.....	1	2	2
Mr. Davies's ch. g. Maridunum, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 10lb.....	2	-	dr
Mr. Gough's b. g. Lely, aged, 9st. 8lb.....	3	-	dr

A FREE HANDICAP STAKES of 3 sovs. each, with a Silver Cup given by the Town and Trade of Carmarthen, for all horses.—Four subs.

Mr. Gough's The Brownie, aged, 9st. 7lb.....	1	1
Mr. Neel's b. g. Bob Handy, aged, 10st.....	3	2
Mr. Smith's b. c. Climber, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 3lb.....	2	dr

The LADIES' SILVER CUP, for maiden horses, added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each; the winner to be sold for 30 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, to start at the Stand and go twice round.—Four subs.

Mr. Smith's b. c. Climber, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 7lb.....	1	1
Mr. Dulymon's b. g. Tartar, aged, 9st. 13lb.....	3	2
Mr. H. Williams's b. g. Tom Blunt (late Creeper), 4 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb.....	2	dr

MORPETH.

TUESDAY, September 9.—The BOROUGH MEMBERS' PLATE of 50l., for maiden horses.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. D. Ross's b. c. Morpeth (late The Pretender), by Actæon, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb.—Lye.....	1	2	1
Mr. Potts's ch. f. Enchantress, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb.....	3	1	2
Mr. Francis's b. c. Frank, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb.....	5	3	4
Mr. Ramsay's b. c. by Longwaist, out of Dulcamara, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb.....	2	3	dr
Mr. Mace's b. m. Maid of Oaks, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 12lb.....	4	5	dr

HANDICAP STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 10 added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Two miles.

Mr. Winship's b. h. Sir Peter, aged, 9st. 4lb.—Stevenson.....	1
Mr. Potts's gr. g. Cornet, 5 yrs. old, 9st. 6lb.....	2
Mr. Hudson's b. m. Alice Gray, by XYZ, aged, 9st. 2lb.....	3
Mr. Howison's br. m. Victorine, by Vittoria, 8st. 7lb.....	4

WEDNESDAY, 10.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 50 added, for all ages.—Heats, one mile and a distance.—The second horse to save his stake.—Six subs.

Mr. Orde's ch. f. Lilly of the Valley, by Doctor Syntax, out of Tomboy's dam, 3 yrs. old, 7st.—J. Gray.....	1	1
Mr. Ramsay's br. g. XXX, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 12lb.....	4	2
Mr. D. Ross's b. c. Morpeth, 3 yrs. old, 7st.....	2	3
Mr. Wormald's ch. c. by Velocipede, out of Bullet's dam, 3 yrs. old, 7st...	3	4

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, for hunters, &c.—Heats, twice round.—Five subs.

Mr. Ramsden's b. g. The Knight, by Filho da Puta, aged, 13st.—Mr. Kinlock	1
Mr. Walker's b. h. The Pilot, aged, 13st.....	2

THURSDAY, 11.—A GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs., given by the Town, added to a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. and only 5 if declared; the second horse to receive 20 sovs. out of the stakes.—Two miles.—Seven subs., two of whom paid only 5 sovs.

Mr. Orde's ch. f. Lily of the Valley, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 10lb.—J. Gray.....	
Mr. Wormald's b. g. Bullet, aged, 8st. 12lb.....	2
Mr. Ramsay's br. g. XXX, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 8lb.	3
Mr. Skipsey's gr. f. Nell, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 10lb.	4

HUNTERS' STAKES of 7 sovs. each, with 10 added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, one mile and a half.—Four subs.

Mr. Potts's gr. g. Cornet, by Contest, 5 yrs. old, 11st. 10lb.—Mr. Kinlock .	1	1
Mr. Shirley's gr. m. The Doe, 6 yrs. old, 11st. 10lb.	2	2
Mr. Hudson's b. m. Alice Grey, by XYZ, aged, 13st.	3	3
Mr. Langham's gr. g. Earl Grey (owner), beat Mr. Shirley's gr. m. The Doe, 5 yrs. old, 25 sovs.		

ABINGDON.

WEDNESDAY, September 10.—A SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 25 added by the Town; three yr. olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 8lb.; six and aged, 8st. 12lb.: the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, the Abingdon Course, about a mile and a quarter.—Nine subs.

Capt. Berkeley's b. f. Goldfringe, by Phantom or Waterloo, 3 yrs. old.—		
Pavis	1	1
Mr. Etwall's br. f. Maid of Underley, 3 yrs. old.....	4	2
Mr. I. Day's b. g. Little Boy-blue, aged	3	3
Mr. Pryce's ch. h. Pawnbroker, aged	2	dr
The winner was claimed.		

The Cup, in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, for three yr. olds, 6st. 9lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, 9st.; and aged, 9st. 2lb.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.; a winner of a cup, stakes, or plate, of 100 sovs. value, in 1834, previous to starting, to carry 5lb. extra.—Two miles and a half.—Fourteen subs.

Mr. J. H. Peel's ch. c. Uncle Toby, by Cain, 4 yrs. old.—Chapple	1
Mr. Etwall's b. c. Revenge, 4 yrs. old	2
Mr. I. Day's b. m. Diana, 6 yrs. old	3
Mr. Forth's Robin Roughhead, 4 yrs. old	4

HUNTERS' STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. four yr. olds, 10st. 5lb.; five, 11st.; six, 11st. 5lb.; and aged, 11st. 7lb.: thorough-bred horses to carry 14lb. extra.—Gentlemen riders.—Two-mile heats.—Six subs.

Mr. I. Day's b. g. Little Boy-blue, by Paulowitz, aged.—Mr. Peyton	1	1
Mr. Sadler's b. g. Latitat, aged	2	dr

The ABINGDON STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. for three yr. olds, 7st. 2lb.; and four, 8st. 7lb.: f. and g. allowed 2lb.—Two miles.—Three subs.

Mr. Etwall's b. c. Revenge, by Fungus, 4 yrs. old, walked over.

SWEEPSTAKES of 2 sovs. each, with 50 added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, the Abingdon Course.

Mr. Bennett's b. g. Sir Andrew.—Mr. Myers	1	1
Mr. Kennard's b. m. Maria, aged	3	2
Mr. Tyrell's Creeping Jane	2	3
Mr. Tarrant's b. m. Stanford Lass	-	4
Mr. Matthews's John o'Gaunt	-	dr

PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.—The last mile.—Eleven subs.

Mr. Sadler's b. c. Defensive, by Defence, walked over.

The FOAL STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.—A mile.—Five subs.

Mr. Sadler's Defensive, walked over.

THURSDAY, 11.—A SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.: winners once to carry 3lb.; twice, 5lb. extra.—The last three quarters of a mile.

Mr. Bristow's b. c. Trism, by Edmund, out of Mary.—Chapple 1
 Mr. Biggs's De Beriot 2

A HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft. with 25 added; the winner to be sold for 80 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, the Abingdon Course, starting at the distance, about a mile and a half.

Mr. Reeves's b. m. Harlot, by Fitz-Orville, aged, 7st. 7lb.—S. Mann 1 1
 Mr. Etwall's ch. f. Malibran, by Muley, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 10lb. 4 2
 Mr. Peyton's b. g. Don Juan, aged, 7st. 5 3
 Mr. Sadler's b. m. Eleanor, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb. 2 dr
 Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. Cornelia, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 3 dr

A HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c., with 50 added by T. Duffield, Esq., M.P. for the Borough.—Two miles.—Twenty-one subs., fifteen of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Forth's b. c. Robin Roughhead, brother to Rough Robin, by Sober Robin, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 7lb., walked over.

A SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added, for three yr. olds, 6st. 11lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 8lb.; six, 8st. 12lb.; and aged, 9st.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.; and horses having started three times, in 1834, and not won, previous to the day of starting, allowed 3lb.: winners once in 1834, to carry 3lb.; twice, 5lb.; and a cup or 100 sovs. in 1834, to carry 5lb.; of any two, 7lb., previous to the day of starting, in addition to the extra weight: the winner to be sold for 250 sovs.—Two miles.—Thirteen subs.

Mr. Etwall's br. f. Maid of Underley, by Muley, 3 yrs. old.—S. Day 1
 Mr. I. Day's Burgomaster, 5 yrs. old. 2

A SWEEPSTAKES of 3 sovs. each, with 50 added, for three yr. olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, 8st. 12lb.; and aged, 9st.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.: winners once this year to carry 3lb.; twice, 5lb.; thrice, or 100 sovs. at one time, 7lb. extra: horses that have started once this year and not won allowed 3lb.; twice, 5lb.—Heats, the Abingdon Course.—Nine subs.

Mr. I. Day's b. g. Boy-blue, aged.—Pavis - 1 1
 Mr. Etwall's b. f. Maid of Underley, 3 yrs. old. 1 4 3
 Mr. Pryse's ch. c. Caldicot, 4 yrs. old - 2 2
 Mr. Goddard's f. by Bobadil, 3 yrs. old 2 3 dr
 Mr. Sadler's Desperate, 3 yrs. old 3 dr
 Mr. Reeves's b. m. Harlot, aged - dr

A HUNTERS' STAKES of 10 sovs. each.—Heats, twice round the course.—Five subs.

Mr. T. Bennett's b. g. Vandyke, 6 yrs. old, 12st.—Mr. Sadler 1 1
 Mr. Throckmorton's b. g. Roscius, aged, 12st. 2lb. 2 dr

LEICESTER.

WEDNESDAY, September 10.—HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100 gs., for three yr. olds, 7st. 11lb.; four, 9st. 11lb.; five, 9st. 9lb.; six and aged, 10st.—Thrice round, about three miles and a distance.

Duke of Rutland's b. c. Armadillo, by St. Patrick, 3 yrs. old.—W. Boyce 1
 Lord Berners's ch. f. by Oscar, out of Spotless, 4 yrs. old 2

THE BELVOIR STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, for hunters.—Heats, twice round.—Four subs.

Mr. Newman's b. c. Radical, 4 yrs. old, 11st. 3lb.—Westley 1 1
 Mr. Painter's ch. g. Coronation, 5 yrs. old, 11st. 7lb. 2 2
 Mr. Whattoff's b. f. Enchantress, 4 yrs. old, 10st. 12lb. 3 dr

A SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 50 added, for all ages; the second horse received back his stake.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Hobson's b. f. Niké, by Bizarre, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 8lb.—Darling 1 1
 Mr. Newman's b. c. Radical, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb. 2 dr
 Mr. Painter's ch. g. Coronation, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 12lb. 3 dr

THURSDAY, 11.—The GOLD CUP of 100 sovs., by subscription of 10 sovs. each.
—Three times round.

Mr. Hobson's b. f. Nikè, by Bizarre, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 1
Duke of Rutland's b. c. Armadillo, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 9lb. 2

The QUORN PLATE of 50 sovs., for hunters not thorough-bred; to be ridden by
Farmers.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Perkins's ch. g. Negociator, 6 yrs. old, 12st. 1 1
Mr. Whattoff's b. f. Enchantress, 4 yrs. old, 10st. 12lb. 2 2

DOVER.

THURSDAY, September 11.—A MAIDEN PLATE of 50l. for horses not thorough-bred, given by J. M. Fector, Esq., for three yr. olds, 7st. 10lb.; four, 8st. 10lb.; five, 9st. 5lb.; six and aged, 10st.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. W. Howard's b. g. Parachute, by Worthy 1 1
Mr. G. Harrison's br. g. Walton 2 2
Mr. Podevin's ch. m. Isabella 4 3
Mr. Jennings's bl. g. Doctor 3 dr

Capt. Stracey's br. g. Balloon, beat Mr. Singleton's br. g. Kentish Pippin, 10st.
each.—Two miles, 50l.

The CORPORATION PLATE of 50l., for three yr. olds, 7st. 3lb.; four, 8st. 7lb.; five, 9st.; six, 9st. 4lb.; and aged, 9st. 6lb.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.; a winner of a plate, match, or sweepstakes this year to carry 3lb.; of two, 5lb.; of three, 7lb. extra; a winner of a King's plate, cup, or stake of the value of 100 sovs. to carry 10lb. over and above the extra weights above mentioned.
—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Capt. Skipwith's b. f. Lady Charlotte, by Catton, 4 yrs. old 3 1 1
Mr. Ricardo's b. h. Vestris, 6 yrs. old 1 2 dr
Mr. White's gr. g. The Ghost, 5 yrs. old 2 dr

FRIDAY, 12.—TOWN and VISITORS' PLATE of 50 sovs., weights and conditions as above; the winner of the Corporation plate to carry 4lb. extra of all other weights; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. W. Smith's b. c. Victoria, by Whalebone, or Little John, 3 yrs. old 3 1 1
Mr. White's gr. g. The Ghost, 5 yrs. old 1 2 2
Mr. Dockeray's ch. f. Bluekellar, 4 yrs. old 2 3 3

Mr. Pearson's ch. g. Poverty, beat Mr. Back's b. h. Randall.—One mile and a distance, 50l.

HUNTERS' STAKES, by subscription of 3 sovs. each, with 40 added from the fund; the second horse to receive 5l. from the winner; four yr. olds, 10st. 7lb.; five, 11st. 7lb.; six, 11st. 12lb.; and aged, 12st.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.; the winner of a stake or plate in 1834 to carry 7lb.; of two, 10lb. extra: a horse, &c., bred in the county of Kent, to be allowed 7lb.; the winner to be sold for 100l. if demanded, &c.—Heats, two miles and a distance.—Four subs.

Capt. Stracey's br. g. Balloon 1 1
Mr. Back's b. g. Monarch, late Nimrod 2 2
Mr. Singleton's br. g. Kentish Pippin 3 dr

The HURDLE STAKES; beats, a mile and a distance; was won, at two heats, by Capt. Stracey's Camel, beating four others.

DONCASTER.

MONDAY, September 15.—The FITZWILLIAM STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added by the Corporation; three yr. olds, 7st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 5lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mile and a half.

Mr. Orde's br. h. Tomboy, by Jerry, 5 yrs. old.—R. Johnson 1
 Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. Marcellina, by Lottery, out of Marchess, 3 yrs. old 2
 Mr. S. Fox's br. c. Goldbeater, 3 yrs. old 3
 6 to 5 agst. Tomboy; and 6 to 4 agst. Marcellina.

The CHAMPAGNE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 5lb.; and fillies, 8st. 3lb.: the winner to give six dozen of Champagne to the Racing club.—Red-house in.—Twenty-nine subs.

Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. Coriolanus, by Emilius, out of Linda, by Waterloo.—Conolly 1
 Mr. S. Fox's b. f. Nymphalin, by Langar, out of Lady of the Tees, by Octavian 2
 Mr. Walker's ch. c. Curtius 3
 Duke of Leeds's ch. c. by Actæon, out of Gin 4
 Mr. E. Peel's bl. c. Cyrus, by Camel, out of Panthea; Mr. Attwood's b. f. Calista, by Velocipede, out of Isabella, by Smolensko; Mr. Mostyn's br. c. The Magnate; Major Yarburgh's br. f. Miss Bell, by Lottery, out of Belinda, by Blacklock; Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Felix; Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Hectic; and Mr. Skipsey's br. f. Violante, sister to The Saddler (who fell at the distance); also started, but were not placed.

Mr. Powlett's c. by Langar, out of Giovanni's dam, was left behind.
 3 to 1 agst. Magnate, 7 to 2 agst. Coriolanus, 8 to 1 agst. the Duke of Leeds's colt, and 10 to 1 agst. Nymphalin.

HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE, of 100 gs., for three yr. olds, 7st. 9lb.; four, 9st.; five, 9st. 9lb.; six and aged, 10st.—Four miles.

Mr. Walker's br. h. Consol, by Lottery, 6 yrs. old.—W. Scott 1
 Mr. Watt's ch. c. Belshazzar, 4 yrs. old (broke down)
 13 to 8 on Consol.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50 sovs. added by the Corporation; the owner of the second horse to save his stake.—One mile.—Six subs.

Mr. Batson's ch. f. Revelry, by Reveller, 4 yrs. old, 8st.—Conolly 0 1
 Mr. Harrison's br. f. Miss Wilfred, by Lottery, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 8lb.—Cartwright 0 2

Mr. S. Fox's ch. f. Mrs. Oakley, by Blacklock, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 4lb.; Mr. Salvin's b. f. Isabella, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 4lb.; Lord Sligo's b. c. Spume, by Roller, out of Foam, 3 yrs. old, 7st.; and Major Yarburgh's br. f. Omnibus, 3 yrs. old, 7st.; also started, but were not placed.

2 to 1 agst. Revelry, 5 to 2 agst. Spume, 3 to 1 agst. Miss Wilfred, 5 to 1 agst. Omnibus; after the dead heat, 6 to 4 on Miss Wilfred.

The FOUR YRS. OLD PRODUCE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.: 3lb. allowed, &c.—Four miles.—Four subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. Fidelity, by Whisker, walked over.

TUESDAY, 16.—The TWO YRS. OLD PRODUCE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 5lb.; and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Red-house in.—Nine subs.

Duke of Cleveland's b. c. by Velocipede, out of Matilda, by Comus.—T. Lye . 1
 Duke of Leeds's ch. f. by Malek, out of Rhodacantha, by Comus 2
 Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Jerry, out of Purity, by Octavian 3
 Mr. Walker's ch. f. Alice; and Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Caliph, by Sultan, out of Variety; also started, but were not placed.

6 to 4 on the Duke of Leeds's filly.

The GREAT ST. LEGER STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three yrs. old colts, 8st. 6lb.; and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—St. Leger Course.—Seventy-one subs.

Lord Westminster's b. c. Touchstone, by Camel, out of Banter, by Master Henry.—Calloway 1

Lord Sligo's ch. c. Bran, by Humphrey Clinker, out of Velvet 2
 Sir J. Boswell's ch. c. General Chassé, by Actæon 3
 Duke of Cleveland's br. c. Shilelagh, by St. Patrick 4

Mr. Batson's ch. c. Plenipotentiary, by Emilias; Mr. Watt's b. c. Bubastes, by Blacklock; Duke of Leeds's ch. c. Valparaiso, by Velocipede; Mr. W. Richardson's b. f. Lady le Gros, by Young Phantom, out of Jenny Mills's dam; Mr. Heseltine's b. c. Warlaby Baylock, by Blacklock; Mr. Chisholme's b. f. by Partisan, dam by Walton or Orville, out of Pippylina, by Sir Peter; and Mr. Marson's bl. c. Louden, by Chateau Margaux, out of Morgiana, by Muley; also started, but were not placed.

11 to 10 on Plenipotentiary, 3 to 1 agst. Shilelagh, 6 to 1 agst. Warlaby Baylock, 10 to 1 agst. General Chassé, 25 to 1 agst. Lady le Gros, 30 to 1 agst. Louden, and 40 to 1 agst. Touchstone.

RENEWED DONCASTER STAKES (third year) of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Corporation; three yr. olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Two miles.—Nine subs.

Duke of Cleveland's br. c. Muley Moloch, by Muley, 4 yrs. old.—J. Day 1
 Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Despot, 4 yrs. old 2
 Mr. Gascoigne's br. g. Zohrab, 3 yrs. old 3
 5 to 1 on Muley Moloch.

WEDNESDAY, 17.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 sovs. added by the Corporation; three yr. olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 7lb.; six and aged, 9st. 10lb.: the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.—St. Leger Course.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. h. David, by Catton, 5 yrs. old.—S. Darling 1
 Mr. Towneley's b. h. Westport, 5 yrs. old 2
 Duke of Cleveland's br. c. Amurath, 3 yrs. old; Mr. Eddison's br. h. Brunswick, aged; Col. Athorpe's br. c. Furfan, 3 yrs. old; and Mr. Attwood's b. g. Stainton, 5 yrs. old; also started, but were not placed.

7 to 4 agst. David, 15 to 8 agst. Westport, and 7 to 2 agst. Amurath.

THE FOUR YRS. OLD STAKES of 50 sovs. each, 20 ft. with 25 sovs. added by the Corporation.—St. Leger Course.—Three subs.

Duke of Cleveland's br. c. Muley Moloch, 8st. 7lb., walked over.

THE FOAL STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three yrs. old colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—One mile and a half.—Six subs.

Mr. Nevill's ch. f. Amadou, by Sultan.—Conolly 1
 Mr. Walker's b. f. Cotillon 2
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Forester 3
 6 to 5 on Cotillon, and 13 to 8 agst. Amadou.

THE CORPORATION PLATE of 60l.; for three yr. olds, 6st. 7lb.; four, 7st. 9lb.; five, 8st. 3lb.; six and aged, 8st. 10lb.: mares allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Despot, by Sultan, 4 yrs. old.—Scaife 1 1
 Mr. S. Fox's ch. f. Mrs. Oakley, 3 yrs. old (received 24 gs.) 2 2
 Mr. R. Walker's b. m. Maid of Melrose, 5 yrs. old 4 3
 Mr. Riddale's gr. c. Botanist, by Lottery, out of Flora, 3 yrs. old 3 dr
 6 to 4 on Despot, 9 to 2 agst. Botanist; after the heat, 4 to 1 on Despot.

THURSDAY, 18.—**THE THREE YRS. OLD STAKES** of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—St. Leger Course.—Twelve subs.

Mr. Heseltine's b. c. Warlaby Baylock, by Blacklock.—G. Nelson 1
 Duke of Leeds's br. c. by Blacklock, out of Lady of the Vale 2
 Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Darius 3
 11 to 8 on Warlaby Baylock.

THE GASCOIGNE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, 30 ft. for three yrs. old colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.: the winner of the Great St. Leger Stakes to carry 4lb. extra.—St. Leger Course.—Nine subs.

Sir E. Baker's ch. c. Bran, by Humphrey Clinker.—Conedy	1
Duke of Cleveland's br. c. Shilolagh	2
5 to 4 on Bran.	

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T.Y.C.—Thirty-two subs.

Mr. Walker's ch. c. Pilgrim, by Langar, dam by Blacklock.—W. Scott.....	1
Mr. Watt's ch. f. Sister to Bubastes	2
Mr. Powlett's b. c. by Langar, out of Giovanni's dam	3
Mr. E. Peel's bl. c. Cyrus; Duke of Leeds's ch. c. by Actæon, out of Gin; Duke of Leeds's b. c. Ariel, by Actæon, dam by Reveller, out of Lisette; Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Longwaist, out of Young Duchess, by Walton; Mr. Barrow's b. c. by Langar, out of Alecto; Mr. S. Fox's ch. c. by Bustard, dam by Comus, out of Margrave's dam; Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Jerry, out of Purity, by Octavian; Mr. Marson's ch. c. The General, by Confederate, out of Sybil; and Mr. G. Crompton's b. c. The Stag, by Actæon; also started, but were not placed.	
6 to 4 on Pilgrim, 5 to 1 agst. Sister to Bubastes, and 5 to 1 agst. Mr. Powlett's colt.	

A GOLD CUP, given by the Stewards, with 50 sovs. added by the Corporation; three yr. olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.: the winner of the then St. Leger to carry 3lb. extra.—To start at the Red-house and run once round the Ending-post, about two miles and five furlongs.

Mr. Orde's br. h. Tomboy, 5 yrs. old.—R. Johnson	1
Mr. Walker's br. h. Consol, 6 yrs. old	2
Duke of Cleveland's br. c. Muley Moloch, 4 yrs. old	3
Mr. Attwood's br. c. Polander, 3 yrs. old	4
Mr. Powlett's br. f. The Mystery, 4 yrs. old	5
5 to 4 on Muley Moloch.	

FRIDAY, 19.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Corporation, for three yrs. old fillies, 8st. 4lb.—St. Leger Course.—Eleven subs.

Mr. Mostyn's b. Birdlime, by Comus.—T. Lye	1
Mr. W. Richardson's b. Lady le Gros	2
Mr. Nevill's ch. Amadou	3
Mr. Vansittart's br. by Lottery, dam by Abjer, out of Slight	4
6 to 4 agst. Lady le Gros, 2 to 1 agst. Birdlime, and 5 to 2 agst. Amadou	

THE CLARENCE HANDICAP of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 60 sovs. added by the Corporation, for horses, &c., of all ages; the owner of the second horse to save his stake.—Two miles.—Six subs.

Mr. Crompton's b. f. Mayflower, by Jerry, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 10lb.—T. Nicholson ..	1
Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. Marcellina, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 12lb.	2
Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Darius, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 6lb.	3
Mr. S. Fox's ch. f. Mrs. Oakley, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 2lb.	4
Duke of Cleveland's br. c. Amurath, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 7lb.	5
13 to 8 agst. Marcellina, 11 to 4 agst. Darius, 7 to 2 agst. Mayflower, and 9 to 2 agst. Amurath.	

THE SCARBROUGH STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft., for three yrs. old colts, 8st. 6lb., and fillies, 8st. 3lb.: the winner of the St. Leger to carry 7lb. extra.—One mile.—Twenty subs.

Sir J. Boswell's ch. c. General Chassé, by Actæon.—R. Johnson	1
Mr. Heseltine's b. c. Warlaby Baylock	2
Duke of Leeds's ch. c. Valparaiso	3
Mr. E. Peel's b. c. Tariek	4
2 to 1 on General Chassé, 5 to 1 agst. Warlaby Baylock.	

SWEEPSTAKES (third year) of 25 sovs. each, for four yr. olds, 7st. 9lb.; five, 8st. 5lb.; six and aged, 8st. 10lb.: four yrs. old fillies allowed 4lb.—Four miles.—Three subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. h. David, by Catton, 5 yrs. old, walked over.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, for three and four yr. olds : three, 7st. 5lb., and four, 8st. 7lb. : maiden colts allowed 2lb., and maiden fillies, 3lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Broenenberg's bl. c. Loudon, by Chateau Margaux, 3 yrs. old.....	1	1
Major Yarbrough's br. f. Omnibus, 3 yrs. old (received 51 gs.)	2	2
Mr. Harrison's br. f. Miss Wilfred, 4 yrs. old.....	5	3
Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. Marcellina, 3 yrs. old	3	dr
Mr. E. Peel's b. c. Tarick, 3 yrs. old	4	dr

5 and 6 to 4 on Loudon ; after the heat, high odds on him.

SHREWSBURY.

TUESDAY, September 16.—PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.—Once round and a distance.—Four subs.

Lord Westminster's br. f. Regatta, by Camel, out of Boadicea, 8st. 4lb.—Lear. 1
Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. The High Sheriff, 8st. 4lb. 2

The TANKERVILLE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and 5 only if declared, &c., with 25 sovs. added; the second horse to receive back his stake.—Twice round and a distance.—Six subs., two of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Lord Westminster's b. c. Bridegroom; by Filho, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 5lb.—Marlow. 1
Mr. Nanney's ch. c. Ratcatcher, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 3lb. 2

The INNKEEPERS' PURSE of 60 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, for three yr. olds, 7st. 2lb.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, and aged, 9st. : m. and g. allowed 3lb.—Heats, a mile and a quarter.

Mr. B. King's b. m. Lucy, by Cain, 5 yrs. old.—Arthur.....	-	1	1
Mr. Giffard's br. f. by Tramp, 3 yrs. old	1	-	3
Sir G. Pigott's b. f. Heads-or-Tails, 3 yrs. old.....	2	3	-
Mr. Painter's b. g. Mezereon, 4 yrs. old.....	3	-	2
Mr. G. Cooke's br. c. Red Rover, 3 yrs. old	-	2	-
Mr. Moss's br. f. Eagle, 4 yrs. old	-	-	dr

WEDNESDAY, 17.—The GOLD CUP, in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added; three yr. olds, 6st. 8lb.; four, 7st. 12lb.; five, 8st. 6lb.; six, and aged, 8st. 12lb. : m. and g. allowed 2lb.—Three miles.—Twelve subs.

Mr. Painter's b. g. Russell, by Corinthian, aged.—Lear.....	1
Mr. Bower's b. m. Lady Stafford, 5 yrs. old	2
Mr. Nanney's ch. c. Ratcatcher, 4 yrs. old	3
Mr. Wadlow's b. g. by Strephon, 3 yrs. old	4

The HUNTERS' STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, twice round and a distance.—Gentlemen riders.—Three subs.

Mr. Painter's ro. g. by Cydnus, 5 yrs. old, walked over.

The BOROUGH MEMBERS' PLATE of 60 sovs., for three yr. olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, 8st. 12lb.; and aged, 9st. : m. and g. allowed 3lb. : winners once this year (matches excepted) to carry 3lb.; twice, 5lb.; thrice, or a royal plate, 7lb. extra : horses that have started twice without winning allowed 3lb.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Giffard's b. f. Miss Charlotte, by Pantaloon, 4 yrs. old.—Lear	1	1
Mr. Moss's ch. f. Tiara, 4 yrs. old	2	2
Captain Phillips's b. h. Jack-a-Lantern, 5 yrs. old	-	3
Mr. Oseland's b. f. by Wamba, 3 yrs. old	-	dr
Mr. Nanney's br. f. Harriet, 4 yrs. old	-	dr

THURSDAY, 18.—FREE HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 30 added.—Two miles.—Four subs.

Mr. B. King's b. m. Lucy, 5 yrs. old, 7st. 6lb., walked over.

HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100 gs. for all ages.—Three miles.

Mr. Painter's b. g. Russell, aged, 10st.—Arthur	1
Mr. G. Cooke's b. c. Red Rover, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 11lb.....	2

Mr. Giffard's ch. g. Traveller, 6 yrs. old, 10st.....	3
Mr. R. Farmer's b. g. Bilbury (half-bred), aged, 10st.	4
Mr. Wadlow's b. g. by Strephon, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 11lb.....	5

THE COUNTY MEMBERS' PLATE of 60 sovs., for all ages; weights as for the Borough Members' Plate, the winner of which carried 3lb. extra.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Giffard's b. f. Miss Charlotte, 4 yrs. old.—Lear	-	1	1
Mr. Moss's br. f. Eagle, 4 yrs. old	1	2	4
Mr. Fuller's b. m. Lady Harrington, 5 yrs. old.....	-	-	2
Mr. Massey's ch. f. Tritonia, 3 yrs. old	-	-	3
Mr. Bower's b. m. Lady Stafford, 5 yrs. old	dis.		

Lady Stafford came in first for the first heat, but was declared distanced in consequence of her rider having crossed.

THE TALLY-HO STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added, for horses not thorough-bred; to be ridden by gentlemen or farmers.—Two-mile heats.—Twenty subs.

Sir R. Hill's b. f. Anne, by Young Camillus, 3 yrs. old, 9st. 11lb.—Mr. Boot.....	1	1
Mr. J. Cook's ch. g. by Langar, 3 yrs. old, 9st. 11lb.....	-	2
Mr. Wynne's ch. g. by Piscator, aged, 12st. 7lb.	2	3
Mr. Beck's br. g. The Winner, 5 yrs. old, 11st. 10lb.....	-	-

ENFIELD.

WEDNESDAY, September 17.—The **TOTTENHAM** and **EDMONTON PLATE** of 50 sovs.; three yr. olds, 7st.; four, 9st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.; the second horse received 5 sovs. from the fund.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Hook's b. g. Revealer, by Reveller, 5 yrs. old.—F. Buckle	1	1
Mr. Brown's b. g. Fawn, 6 yrs. old	2	2
Mr. King's ch. g. Trident, 5 yrs. old	4	3
Mr. Coleman's ch. g. Doctor Sewell, 6 yrs. old (fell lame)	3	dr

THE LEA STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added; three yr. olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six and aged, 9st. 4lb.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.; horses having started three times in the present year and not won 50l. (matches and handicaps excepted) to be allowed 7lb., the winner of the Tottenham and Edmonton Plate to carry 7lb. extra; the second horse received back his stake; the winner to be sold for 80 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Harrison's br. c. Denbies, by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs. old.—N. Farrall..	1	1
Mr. Messer's ch. c. Florence, 3 yrs. old	2	2
Mr. Matthews's ch. g. Ace of Diamonds, 6 yrs. old	-	-
Mr. Lambden's b. c. Little Rover, 3 yrs. old	-	-
Mr. Thomas's ch. g. Suffolk Punch, aged.....	-	-
Mr. Smith's b. m. Lady Louisa, 5 yrs. old	-	-
Mr. Arnold's ch. m. Poetess, 6 yrs. old	-	dr
Mr. Coleman's b. f. Needle, 3 yrs. old	-	dr

THURSDAY, 18.—The **WALTHAM ABBEY PLATE** of 50 sovs., for horses never having won more than 50l. at any one time; three yr. olds, 7st.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.; the winner of the Tottenham and Edmonton plate, or the Lea stakes, to carry 12lb. extra; and any horse having won three times in the present year (matches and handicaps excepted) to carry 7lb. over the extra weight; the second horse received 5 sovs. from the fund.—Two-mile heats.—Six subs.

Mr. Harrison's br. c. Denbies, 4 yrs. old.—N. Farrall	1	1
Mr. Brown's b. g. Fawn, 6 yrs. old	5	2

Mr. Bishop's b. f. Jenny Wren, 4 yrs. old	3	3
Mr. Balchin's b. g. Hero, aged	4	4
Mr. White's gr. g. The Ghost, 5 yrs. old	2	5

The WHIP and HURDLE STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added from the fund, and a gold Whip given by P. P. Firth, Esq.; to carry 11st. each; the winner to be sold for 80 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Gentlemen riders.—Two-mile heats, with two leaps over hurdles in each heat.

Mr. Firth's b. m. Figurante, by Figaro, aged.—Mr. Charlton	1	1
Mr. White's ch. g. The General, by Whisker, out of Selma, 5 yrs. old	5	2
Mr. F. Mason's br. h. Job, aged	4	3
Mr. Hook's b. g. Glow-worm, 6 yrs. old	3	4
Mr. King's b. g. Windermere, by Whalebone, aged	2	5
Mr. Arnold's ch. m. Poetess, 6 yrs. old	6	dr

The HACK STAKES of 3 sovs. each, with a Purse added; 10st. each; the winner to be sold for 50 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Eight subs.

Mr. Hook's b. g. Revealer, 5 yrs. old.—F. Buckle	1	1
Mr. Firth's b. m. Figurante, aged	3	2
Mr. Powell's ch. f. by Tarrare, 4 yrs. old; Mr. Thomas's ch. g. Suffolk Punch, aged; Mr. Matthews's ch. g. Ace of Diamonds, 6 yrs. old; also started, but were not placed.		

The winner was claimed.

FRIDAY, 19.—**The BERKELEY STAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added, for beaten horses; three yr. olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st. 11lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.; the winner to be sold for 80 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Two-mile heats.—Five subs.

Mr. Bishop's b. f. Jenny Wren, by Comus, 4 yrs. old.—J. Higgins	4	—	1	1
Mr. Coleman's b. f. Needle, 3 yrs. old	1	—	3	2
Mr. Messer's ch. c. Florence, 3 yrs. old	2	1	3	3
Mr. Brown's b. g. Fawn, 6 yrs. old	3	—	dr	

OSWESTRY.

TUESDAY, September 23.—**PRODUCE STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three yr. olds.—One mile.—Four subs.

Sir T. S. Stanley's br. c. Young Tarragon, by Tarragon, 8st. 4lb.—Templeman	1
Lord Westminster's b. c. Sheik, by Camel, out of Michaelmas	2

A CUP, value 50 sovs., in specie, the gift of Sir W. W. Wynn, bart., added to a Handicap Stakes of 15 sovs. each.—One mile and a half.—Four subs.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. f. La Grace, by Battledore, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb.—Templeman	1
Mr. Nanney's bl. f. Harriet, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 6lb.	2

The SHROPSHIRE STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. and 5 ft. only if declared, &c., with 50 added by the Innkeepers of Oswestry.—Heats, a mile and a half, starting at the Winning-chair.—Ten subs., six of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Giffard's ch. g. Traveller, by Tramp, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb.—Lear	1	1
Mr. Painter's b. g. Decoction, 5 yrs. old, 7st.	2	2

The NORTH SHROPSHIRE COUNTY MEMBERS' STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 30 added by Sir Rowland Hill, for all ages.—Heats, a mile and a half.

Mr. G. Cooke's br. c. Red Rover, by Lottery, 3 yrs. old, 7st.—Arthur, jun.	2	1	1
Mr. Giffard's b. f. Miss Charlotte, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 11lb.	1	2	dr
Mr. Allanson's b. f. Lady Moore Carew, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 11lb.	3	3	dr

WEDNESDAY, 24.—**A SWEEPSTAKES** of 20 sovs. each, for foals of 1831.—One mile and a half.—Three subs.

Mr. Paliu's b. f. Zara, by Camel, 8st., walked over.

A GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each.—Two miles and a quarter, starting at the turnpike-road.—Eleven subs.

Mr. Painter's b. g. Mezereon, by Lottery, 4 yrs. old, 8st.—Templeman 1
Mr. T. W. Giffard's ch. g. Traveller, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 2

The GENTLEMEN'S SUBSCRIPTION PURSE of 50l., for three and four yr. olds.—Two-mile heats.

Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Young Tarragon, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 2lb.—M. Jones 2 1
Mr. Moss's ch. f. Tiara, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 13lb. 3 2
Mr. Wadlow's b. g. by Strephon, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 13lb. 4 3
Mr. G. Cooke's br. c. Red Rover, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 2 dr

The TOWN PLATE of 50l.—Heats, a mile and half.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. f. La Grace, 4 yrs. old, 8st.—Templeman 1 1
Mr. Giffard's b. f. Miss Charlotte, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 4lb. 2 2
Mr. Moss's br. f. Eagle, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 3 dr
Mr. Ahanson's br. f. Lady Moore Carew, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb. 4 dr

UPTON-UPON-SEVERN.

TUESDAY, September 23.—The **HAM STAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses that never won more than one 50l., in cup, match, or sweepstakes.—Heats, once round, about a mile and half.—Six subs.

Col. Gilbert's b. g. Kendal, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 1lb. (half bred)—Hardy 1 1
Mr. White's b. f. by Grimaldi, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb. (half-bred) 2 2
Col. Davies's b. g. The Miser, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 8lb. 5 3
Mr. Holland na. ch. f. Cymbal, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 9lb. (half-bred) 3 dr
Mr. Higgins's b. c. Brilliant, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 4lb. 4 dr

The HUNTER'S STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses not thoroughbred.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Six subs.

Mr. F. W. Price na. br. m. Chasseuse, aged, 12st.—Mr. W. Clowther . 3 1 1
Major Martin na. b. g. Witley, 5 yrs. old, 11st. 9lb. 1 2 2
Mr. Baker's b. g. Deceiver, 6 yrs. old, 12st. 2 3 3

The YEOMANRY STAKES of 1 sov. each, with 20 added, for horses not thoroughbred; the second horse to receive half the entrance money; to be ridden by Non-commissioned Officers or Privates of the corps: 12st. 7lb. each.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.

Mr. J. Hill's ch. g. The Colonel.—Owner 1 1
Mr. Cotterell's b. m. Lucy 2 2
Mr. Chesterton's b. m. Eliza 3 3

The HACK STAKES of 3 sovs. each, with 10 added; the winner to be sold for 25 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, a mile and a quarter.—Seven subs.

Mr. Hobson's b. g. Cyclops, 5 yrs. old, 11st. 9lb.—Col. Gilbert 1 1
Mr. F. W. Price na. ch. f. Cymbal, 4 yrs. old, 10st. 12lb. - 2
Mr. New's ch. g. Tipple Cider, aged, 12st. 3 3
Capt. Abraham's br. g. Newland, aged 3 4

Several others started.

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARD'S.

TUESDAY, September 23.—The **TOWN PLATE** of 50 sovs. for all ages; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. King's b. o. Airy, by St. Patrick, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 10lb.—Wakefield .. 1 1
Mr. Saour's bl. c. Raven, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb. 4 2
Mr. Farrall's b. m. Kate, 5 yrs. old, 9st. 2 3
Capt. Skipwith's b. f. Lady Charlotte, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 9lb. 3 dr

LADIES' PLATE of 50 sovs., for all ages; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Capt. Skipwith's b. f. Lady Charlotte, by Catton, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 9lb.—

Hornaby.....	1	1
Mr. Brown's br. g. Pumpkin, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 9lb.	6	2
Mr. Dockeray's b. f. Trickery, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 9lb.....	3	3
Mr. G. Harrison's ch. f. Repentance, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb.	3	dr
Mr. W. Day's br. c. The Bravo, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 5lb.	4	dr
Mr. T. Hodge's ch. f. Caroline, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 5lb.	5	dr

WEDNESDAY, 24.—**ST. LEONARD'S CUP** of 50 sovs., for all ages; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Dockeray's b. f. Trickery, by Whalebone, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 9lb.—

Pavis.....	5	1	1
Mr. Farrall's b. m. Kate, 5 yrs. old, 9st. 2lb.....	1	2	2
Mr. Wickham's ch. g. Guildford, aged, 9st. 5lb.	—	5	3
Capt. Skipwith's b. f. Lady Charlotte, 4 yrs. old, 9st. 2lb.	—	3	dr
Mr. W. Day's br. c. The Bravo, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 5lb.....	—	4	dr
Capt. Ricardo's b. h. Vestris, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 9lb., came to the post, but did not start.			

ST. MARY'S CUP of 50 sovs., for all ages; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Bishop's b. g. Revealer, by Reveller, 5 yrs. old, 9st. 2lb.—

Buckle.....	6	2	1	1
Mr. G. Harrison's ch. f. Repentance, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb.	5	1	2	2
Mr. W. Smith's b. c. Victoria, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 10lb.	1	5	3	dr
Mr. Brown's br. g. Pumpkin, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 9lb.	4	3	dr	
Mr. Bacon's ch. m. Malibran, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 6lb. (half-bred)	2	4	dr	
Mr. Lambden's b. c. Little Rover, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 7lb.	—	3	dr	
Mr. Theobald's br. f. Stockwell Beauty, 3 yrs. old, 7st.	—	dr		
Mr. Saour's br. g. Albion, aged, 9st. 2lb.....	—	dr		
Mr. Dockeray's b. f. Ellen, 3 yrs. old, 7st. (fell).....	dis.			

N.B. This race is disputed, on the ground that Revealer did not carry his right weight.

THURSDAY, 25.—**A SWEEPSTAKES** of 2 sovs. each, with 40 added, for the beaten horses.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Brown's br. g. Pumpkin, by Troy, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb.—Mac-

donald.....	4	4	1	1
Mr. T. Hodges's ch. f. Caroline, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 11lb.....	5	5	2	2
Mr. Lambden's b. c. Little Rover, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 13lb.....	0	1	3	3
Mr. Saour's br. g. Albion, aged, 9st. 5lb.....	0	2	4	dr
Mr. Theobald's br. f. Stockwell Beauty, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 5lb.	3	3	dr	

BRECON.

WEDNESDAY, September 24.—**THE BRECONSHIRE STAKES** of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. and only 5 if declared, &c., with 20 added.—Two miles.—Six subs.

Mr. Fuller's br. f. Nell Gwynne, by Master Henry, 4 yrs. old, 8st., walked over.

The LADIES' PLATE of 50l.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Fuller's br. f. Nell Gwynne, 4 yrs. old, 9st.—Brown.....	1	1
Mr. Gough's b. g. Lely, aged, 9st. 10lb.	2	2
Mr. P. Powell's b. f. Termagant, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 8lb.....	5	3
Mr. Tyler's br. f. by Luzborough, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 2lb.	3	dr
Mr. Williams's ch. m. Dauntless, by Comus, 9st. 5lb.	4	dr

Mr. Peyton's gr. g. Frolic, beat Mr. Mayberry's br. g. Spree.—Two miles, 100:

The USK STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 20 added.—Heats, one mile and three quarters.—Eight subs.

Mr. Gough's ch. m. Dandina, by Young Pavilion, aged, 9st. 13lb.— Lynett.....	2	1	1
Mr. Mayberry's br. m. Polly Hopkins, 7st. 9lb.	1	1	2
Mr. St. George's b. m. Fatima, 9st. 7lb., beat Mr. Disney's ch. g. The Admiral, 10st.—Two-miles, 50.			

SWEEPSTAKES of 3 sovs. each, with a Cup added, for horses bred in the county.—
Heats, once round.

Mr. R. Powell's b. g. Crazy Jack, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 11lb.	1	1
Mr. Kennedy's b. f. The Abbess, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 12lb.	2	2
Mr. Gough's b. f. Useful, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 3lb.	2	2
Mr. Williams's ch. c. Brecon Youth, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb.	4	4

WALSALL.

WEDNESDAY, September 24.—A GOLD CUP STAKES, in specie, by subscription
of 10 sovs. each.—Three miles and a distance.—Five subs.

Mr. Beardsworth's br. g. Independence, by Filho, or Sherwood, aged,
walked over.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses not thorough-bred.—
Two-mile heats.—Five subs.

Mr. T. F. Sharratt's Buffalo, 3 yrs. old, 9st. 10lb.—Whitehouse.....	1	1
Capt. Lamb's Vivian, aged, 12st.	2	2
Mr. Ongley's b. h. Donnington, 6 yrs. old, 12st. 3lb. (fell)	dis.	

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added.—Heats, once round, to start at the
Distance-chair.—Six subs.

Mr. Beardsworth's Brother to Derby, by Truant, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 9lb.— Whitehouse	4	1	1
Mr. Tomes's b. c. Bedlamite, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 7lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Warren's b. f. Shalot, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 7lb.	2	3	3
Mr. E. Peel's b. c. Rutland, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 11lb.	3	dr	
Mr. Jones's ch. f. by Pantaloon, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 7lb. (fell)	dis.		

THURSDAY, 25.—The MEMBERS' PLATE of 50 sovs., for all ages.—Heats,
twice round, to start from the Distance-chair.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. f. by Longwaist, out of Lucinda, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 13lb.—Whitehouse	4	1	1
Mr. Giffard's b. f. by Tramp, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 11lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Tomes's b. c. by Bedlamite, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 10lb.	2	4	4
Gen. Yates's b. f. Juliana, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 11lb.	5	3	3
Mr. Evans's b. f. Shelah, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 11lb.	3	dr	

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 20 added.—Heats, once
round, to start at the Distance-chair.—Three subs.

Mr. Holloway's Coquette, aged, 8st. 9lb.—Whitehouse	2	1	1
Mr. Evans's b. f. Shelah, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 12lb.	1	2	dr

HEATON PARK.

WEDNESDAY, September 24.—The STANLEY STAKES of 10 sovs. each; three
yr. olds, 9st. 7lb.; four, 10st. 5lb.; five, 10st. 12lb.; six and aged, 11st. 2lb.
—A.F.—Nine subs.

Sir J. Gerard's br. c. Billinge, by Belzoni, 3 yrs. old.—Mr. Burton.....	1
Mr. Thompson's br. g. Orthodox, aged	2
Lord Wilton's br. c. by Camel, out of Arachne, 3 yrs. old	3
Mr. Barrow's b. f. by Tramp, out of Alecto, 3 yrs. old	4
11 to 8 on Billinge, and 7 to 1 agst. Orthodox.	

The HEATON PARK STAKES (handicap) of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only 5 if
declared, &c.—One mile and a half.—Seventeen subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. Titus, by Truffle, 4 yrs. old, 10st.—Mr. Burton 1
 Mr. C. Townley's b. h. Westport, 5 yrs. old, 11st. 9lb. 2
 Mr. Osbaldeston's br. h. Swing, 5 yrs. old, 10st. 3

Even betting on Westport, and 5 to 4 agst. Titus.

A GOLD CUP of 100 sovs., given by Mr. King, added to a subscription of 10 sovs. each, for three yr. olds, 9st. 3lb.; four, 10st. 5lb.; five, 11st.; six and aged, 11st. 7lb.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.; a winner of a cup or King's plate, in 1834, to carry 3lb., of two or more 5lb., extra; and a previous winner of the Heaton Park weight for age cup to carry 3lb. extra.—St. Leger Course.—Thirteen subs.

Lord Wilton's b. h. Chancellor, by Minos, 6 yrs. old.—Owner 1
 Mr. Barrow's b. f. Catherina, 4 yrs. old. 2
 Sir J. Gerard's br. c. Billinge, 3 yrs. old 3

6 to 4 agst. Billinge, and 7 to 4 agst. Chancellor.

THE GRAND JUNCTION STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for three yrs. old colts, 10st. 7lb.; and fillies, 10st. 4lb.—One mile.—Four subs.

Lord Wilton's b. f. by Figaro, out of Jenny Sutton, walked over.

THURSDAY, 25.—HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 20 added; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Once round.—Eight subs.

Mr. Johnson's b. c. Smedley Lely, by Peter Lely, 3 yrs. old.—Mr. Osbaldeston 1
 Mr. Hamer's b. c. Limner, 3 yrs. old 2
 Mr. Dawson's b. g. Brown Stout, 6 yrs. old 3
 Mr. Wood's gr. f. Fanny Trim, 4 yrs. old 4
 Mr. Clegg's br. f. Eleanor, by Comus, 3 yrs. old (bolted)

Even betting on Brown Stout, 5 to 2 agst. Limner, and 4 to 1 agst. Smedley Lely.

THE MANCHESTER STAKES of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft. and 5 only if declared, &c., with 100 sovs. added.—One mile and a half.—Seven subs., two of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Barrow's b. f. Catherina, by Whisker, 4 yrs. old, 10st. 7lb.—Mr. Burton . 1
 Mr. Dawson's ch. g. Pestilence, 5 yrs. old, 10st. 9lb. 2
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. h. David, 5 yrs. old, 11st. 2lb. 3
 Mr. Wheelodon's br. h. Giovanni, 6 yrs. old, 11st. 7lb.; and Lord Wilton's br. f. by Camel, out of Loo Choo, 3 yrs. old, 9st. 4lb.; also started, but were not placed.

2 to 1 agst. Pestilence, 5 to 2 agst. Catherina, 4 to 1 agst. David, and 4 to 1 agst. Giovanni.

A PURSE of 50 sovs., given by the Town of Oldham, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each.—Once round.—Eleven subs.

Mr. Barrow's b. f. Catherina, 4 yrs. old, 11st. 12lb.—Mr. Sirdefield 1
 Mr. Davies's b. c. by Lottery, 3 yrs. old, 9st. 11lb. 2
 Mr. Johnson's b. c. Smedley Lely, 3 yrs. old, 10st. 5lb. 3
 Mr. G. Ogden's br. c. by Tramp, out of Despatch, 3 yrs. old, 9st. 11lb. 4
 Mr. Thompson's ch. c. by Predictor, out of Ostrich, by Bustard, 3 yrs. old, 9st. 11lb. 5

2 to 1 on Catherina.

FRIDAY, 26.—THE ST. LEGER STAKES of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c., with 100 sovs. added by the Club; for three yr. olds (handicap).—One mile and a half.—Five subs.

Mr. Johnson's b. c. Smedley Lely, 11st. 11lb.—Mr. Osbaldeston 1
 Lord Wilton's b. f. by Figaro, out of Jenny Sutton 2
 Lord Wilton's br. c. by Camel, out of Arachne 3

Even betting on filly by Figaro, and 4 to 1 agst. Smedley Lely.

Mr. Batty's b. h. Tally-ho, by Piscator (Mr. Sirdefield), beat Mr. W. H. Hornby's b. h. by Antonio, 10st. each.—Two miles and three quarters, 60 sovs.—5 to 4 on Tally-ho.

A GOLD CUP, value 200 sovs., given by the Town of Manchester, with 20 sovs. for the second horse out of the stakes, added to a handicap sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, 5 ft. for four yr. olds and upwards.—**St. Leger Course**.—Twenty-five subs.

Mr. Wheelodon's br. h. Giovanni, by Filho, 6 yrs. old, 11st. 6lb.—Mr. Sirdefield 1
Mr. Houldsworth's b. h. David, 5 yrs. old, 11st. 6lb. 2
Lord Wilton's b. h. Chancellor, 6 yrs. old, 12st. 10lb. 3
Mr. Barrow's b. f. Catherina, 4 yrs. old, 11st. 4lb.; Mr. Dawson's ch. g. Pestilence, 5 yrs. old, 10st. 13lb.; Count Matuschevitz's b. f. Languish, 4 yrs. old, 10st. 5lb.; Mr. Osbaldeston's br. h. Swing, 5 yrs. old, 10st.; and Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. Titus, 4 yrs. old, 9st. 10lb.; also started, but were not placed.

5 to 2 agst. Languish, 7 to 2 agst. Swing, 4 to 1 agst. Chancellor, 6 to 1 agst. David; 7 to 1 agst. Giovanni, and 10 to 1 agst. Titus.

Mr. Osbaldeston's br. h. Swing, by Fitzwalton, 5 yrs. old, 12st. (owner), beat Mr. Thompson's gr. f. Duvernay, 4 yrs. old, 10st. 7lb.—One mile, 100 sovs. h. ft.—6 to 4 on the winner.

The CLARET STAKES of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft. (handicap).—One mile.—Five subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. h. David, by Catton, 5 yrs. old, 11st. 9lb.—Mr. Kent .. 1
Mr. Dawson's br. g. Brown Stout, 6 yrs. old, 10st. 7lb. 2
Mr. Townley's b. h. Westport, 5 yrs. old, 11st. 7lb. 3
Even betting on Westport, 2 to 1 agst. David, 4 to 1 agst. Brown Stout.

A FREE HANDICAP of 5 sovs. each, for the beaten horses, with 25 added by the Club.—One mile.

Lord Wilton's b. f. by Camel, out of Loo Choo, 3 yrs. old, 9st. 3lb.—Mr. Molony 1
Mr. Houldsworth's b. h. David, 5 yrs. old, 12st. 12lb. 2
Mr. Davies's b. c. by Lottery, 3 yrs. old, 9st. 6lb. 3
2 to 1 on David, 4 to 1 agst. the Lottery colt, and 6 to 1 agst. b. f. by Camel.

LINCOLN.

THURSDAY, September 25.—**HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE** of 100 gs., for mares; three yr. olds, 8st. 2lb.; four, 9st. 4lb.; five, 9st. 11lb.; six and aged, 10st.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. T. O. Powlett's br. f. The Mystery, by Lottery, 4 yrs. old.—Holmes .. 1 1
Dr. Willis's b. f. by Mountebank, 3 yrs. old 2 dr

HUNTERS' STAKES of 5 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred; four yr. olds, 10st. 11lb.; five, 11st. 8lb.; six and aged, 12st.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.—Ten subs.

Mr. Watmough's b. g. Perseverance, by Grenadier, 6 yrs. old.—Mr. Watmough 1 1
Mr. W. Cappe na. b. f. Vixen, by Centaur, 4 yrs. old 2 2
Mr. Allison's b. f. by Prime Minister (Holmes), beat Mr. Skepper's ch. f. by Prime Minister, 8st. each, both 2 yr. olds.—One mile, 50 sovs.

The CORPORATION PLATE of 50 sovs., for horses that never won the value of 100 sovs. at any one time; three yr. olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six and aged, 9st.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.; a winner of one stake or plate this year to carry 3lb., of two, 5lb. extra.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Marson's b. f. Shepherdess, by Young Phantom, 4 yrs. old.—Marson, jun. 1 1
Mr. Watmough's b. c. The Page, by Figaro, 4 yrs. old 2 2
Mr. Milder's b. h. The Pilot, by Catton, 5 yrs. old 4 3
Mr. Schofield's br. c. by Tramp, out of Manto, 3 yrs. old 3 dis

FRIDAY, 26.—**THE GOLD CUP**, by subscription of 10 sovs. each, the rest in specie, for three yr. olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.: the second horse received back his stake.—To start at the end of the Two yrs. old Course, and run once round to the Ending-post.—Thirteen subs.

Mr. T. O. Powlett's br. f. Mystery, 4 yrs. old.—Holmes	1
Mr. Walker's br. h. Consol, 6 yrs. old	2
Mr. Broenenberg's bl. c. Louden, 3 yrs. old	3
Dr. Willis's br. g. by Young Filho, out of Snail, aged.....	4
Mr. W. Taylor's ch. g. by Johnny Raw, dam by Orion, beat Mr. Parkinson's b. g. by Henderskelf, dam by Cerberus, 10st. each, both 4 yrs. old, 50 ga. h. ft.	
The NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN'S PURSE of 70 ga. for three yr. olds, 7st. 2lb.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st.: m. and g. allowed 2lb.; a winner of a cup or stakes above 100l. this year, to carry 3lb.; of two, 5lb.; of more, 7lb. extra.—Two-mile heats.	
Mr. Gascoigne's br. g. Zohrab, by Lottery, 3 yrs. old.—Cartwright	1 1
Mr. Watmough's b. c. The Page, 4 yrs. old.....	2 2

NEWMARKET.—FIRST OCTOBER.

MONDAY, September 29.—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each.—T.Y.C.—Three subs.

Col. Peel's br. h. Lochinvar, by Swap, 8st. 12lb.—Pavis	1
Mr. Greville's ch. h. Gondolier, 8st. 7lb.	2
14 to 8 on Lochinvar.	

The HOLT STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for two yrs. old fillies not engaged in the July stakes; 8st. 6lb. each.—New T.Y.C.—Eleven subs.

Duke of Grafton's ch. f. Florin, sister to Fidalgo, by Sultan.—J. Day	1
Lord Orford's ch. f. Dorothy, by Whisker, out of Elizabeth, by Rainbow	2
Sir M. Wood's br. f. by Whisker, out of Dromedary's dam.....	3
Duke of Rutland's bl. f. Flame, by Lamplighter, out of Armadillo's dam, by Orville	4
Gen. Grosvenor's br. f. by Phantom, out of Maresfield's dam.....	5
Even betting on Sir M. Wood's filly, 4 to 1 agst. Dorothy, and 5 to 1 agst. Florin.	
The GRAND DUKE MICHAEL STAKES of 50 sovs. each, for three yrs. old colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—A. F.—Twenty-seven subs.	

Sir M. Wood's b. c. Flatterer, by Muley, out of Clare.—Robinson	1
Mr. Yates's ch. c. Bentley	2
Lord Orford's b. c. Paris	3
Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Olympic ..	4
Gen. Grosvenor's br. c. Dick	5
6 to 4 on Flatterer, 5 to 1 agst. Bentley, and 6 to 1 agst. Paris.	

TUESDAY, 30.—The BUCKENHAM STAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. for colts, 8st. 6lb.; and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T.Y.C.—Untried mares and stallions allowed 3lb.—Seven subs.

Mr. Wreford's b. c. Free Will, by Sultan (m. untried).—J. Day	1
Lord Lowther's b. c. by Figaro, out of Coquette	2
5 to 2 on Free Will.	

The HOPEFUL STAKES of 40 sovs. each, h. ft. for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 6lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Last half of Ab. M.—The winner of the July stakes to carry 6lb., and the second horse in that race 3lb., extra; the winner of either of the Two yrs. old stakes at Ascot, or of the Lavant stakes at Goodwood, to carry 5lb., and the second horse in any of those stakes, 2lb. extra; and a winner of any two of the above stakes to carry 8lb. extra; those got by Arabians, or out of Arabian mares, allowed 5lb.—Nineteen subs.

Lord Chesterfield's br. f. Eva, by Sultan (5lb. extra).—F. Boyce.....	1
Mr. Spalding's b. f. Madame de Jeck, by Langar, out of Elephant's dam	2
Mr. Wreford's b. f. Waresti, by Sultan, out of Liverpool's dam.....	3
Mr. Sowerby's ch. f. Catalina, Sister to Catalonian; Mr. Greville's b. f. Medea, by Merlin, out of Esprit; Lord Lichfield's br. c. Cajeput; Mr. Grant's b. f. by Filho da Puta, out of Orpheline; Sir S. Graham's br. c. Mohair, by Camel, dam by Whalebone, out of Ransom; Mr. Yates's b. f. Vagary; Mr. Pettit's b. f. Kate	

Kearney (6lb. extra); Mr. Mills's br. f. Camlet, by Camel, out of Will Scarlet's dam; and Mr. Perren's aa. br. c. The Brigand; also started, but were not placed. 7 to 2 agst. the Orpheline filly, 4 to 1 agst. Eva, 6 to 1 agst. Waresti, 6 to 1 agst. Kate Kearney, and 8 to 1 agst. Medea.

FIFTY POUNDS, for four yr. olds carrying 7st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 5lb.; six, 8st. 11lb.; and aged, 9st.—B.C.

Lord Berners's ch. f. Malvina, by Oscar, out of Spotless, 4 yrs. old.—Chapple 1
Mr. Greville's ch. f. Chantilly, 4 yrs. old 2
Mr. Biggs's ch. h. Little Red Rover, aged 3
Lord Lichfield's br. h. Dissolution, 5 yrs. old 4
6 to 4 agst. Malvina, and 7 to 4 agst. Little Red Rover.

WEDNESDAY, October 1.—**HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for three yrs. old and upwards.—D.M.

Col. Peel's ch. c. Nonsense, by Bedlamite, 4 yrs. old, 9st.—Pavis 1
Lord Lichfield's gr. g. Gab, 6 yrs. old, 7st. 12lb. 2
Mr. Grant's b. f. Famine, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 7lb. 3
Lord Orford's br. c. Paris, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 7lb. 4
Mr. Stephenson's ch. c. Gale Middleton, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 4lb. 5
6 to 4 on Nonsense, and 8 to 1 agst. Gab.

Mr. Kent's ro. f. Baleine, by Whalebone, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb. (F. Boyce), beat Lord Lichfield's b. c. Altamont, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 5lb.—T.Y.C.—100, h. ft.
6 to 4 on Baleine.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. for two yr. olds.—T.Y.C.

Mr. Pettit's b. f. Kate Kearney, by Benedict, 8st. 7lb.—Conolly 1
Lord Egremont's b. f. Redleg, 8st. 1lb. 2
Mr. Newton's ch. f. Heberlé, 7st. 6lb. 3
Mr. Yates's ch. f. Adana, 8st.; Gen. Grosvenor's br. f. by Bizarre, out of Young Mouse, 7st. 12lb.; Sir S. Graham's br. c. Mohair, 7st. 10lb.; Mr. Wilson's ch. f. by Tramp, out of Ridotto, 7st. 9lb.; and Mr. Turner's b. f. Lady Albert, 7st. 6lb.; also started, but were not placed.

3 to 1 agst. Adana, 7 to 2 agst. Redleg, and 4 to 1 agst. Kate Kearney.

The St. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three yrs. old colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. I.—Sixteen subs.

Mr. Yates's ch. c. Bentley, by Buzzard.—Pavis 1
Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Olympic 2
Sir M. Wood's ch. c. Charivari 3
Duke of Cleveland's br. c. Shillelagh 4
Duke of Rutland's b. c. Armadillo 5
7 to 4 agst. Charivari, 5 to 2 agst. Bentley, 4 to 1 agst. Shillelagh, 4 to 1 agst. Armadillo, and 20 to 1 agst. Olympic.

THURSDAY, 2.—**The TOWN PLATE** of 50l., for three yrs. old colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—D.I.

Duke of Rutland's b. c. Armadillo, by St. Patrick.—Robinson 1
Gen. Grosvenor's br. c. Dick 2
4 to 1 on Armadillo.

Duke of Rutland's bk. f. Flame, by Lamplighter (Robinson), beat Lord Orford's b. f. by Lamplighter, out of Spavina, 8st. 3lb. each.—T.Y.C., 100.
11 to 8 on the loser.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each.—T.Y.C.

Col. Peel's br. h. Lochinvar, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 2lb.—Nat 1
Lord Egremont's b. f. by Skim, out of Caroline, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 2
Mr. Yates's b. f. Ophelia, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 9lb. 3
Mr. Forth's br. c. Pagan, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 4
Mr. Greville's b. c. Whale, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 12lb. pd
2 to 1 agst. Lochinvar, 5 to 2 agst. Pagan, and 3 to 1 agst. Ophelia.

The KING'S PLATE of 100 gs., for four yr. olds carrying 10st. 7lb.; five, 11st. 7lb.; six, 11st. 12lb.; and aged, 12st.—R.C.

Lord Berners's ch. f. Malvina, 4 yrs. old.—J. Day 1
Mr. Alderson's b. c. Rough Robin, 4 yrs. old 2
5 to 4 on Malvina.

Mr. Cosby's ch. g. Non Compos, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 3lb., agst. Mr. Yates's Adana, 2 yrs. old, 7st.—T.Y.C.—100, h. ft.—Off by consent.

FRIDAY, 3.—POST SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three yr. olds, 8st. 1lb.; and four, 9st. 2lb.: f. allowed 3lb.—D.I.—One to the post—Five subs.

Count Hunyady's ob. c. Charivari, by Reveller, 3 yrs. old.—Robinson 1
Duke of Portland's c. by Tiresias, out of Agatha, 3 yrs. old 2
4 to 1 on Charivari.

Lord Chesterfield's b. c. Fortunatus, by Sultan, received 440 sovs. from Sir M. Wood's c. (dead) by Emilius, out of Pastime, 8st. 7lb. each.—D.M.—1000, sov. h. ft.

WREXHAM.

TUESDAY, September 30.—The BRYN Y PYR STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three yr. olds.—Once round and a distance.—Three subs.

Lord Westminster's b. c. Touchstone, by Camel, 8st. 1lb.—Lear 1
Mr. Mostyn's br. f. Vitteria, 7st. 13lb. 2

A GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs., by subscription of 10 sovs. each, the remainder in specie.—Three times round.—Eleven subs.

Mr. Painter's b. g. Russell, by Corinthian, aged, 9st. 3lb.—Arthur 1
Mr. Giffard's ch. g. Traveller, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 3lb. 2
Mr. Nanney's bl. c. Sir William, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 3lb. 3
Mr. Mostyn's b. f. Queen Bess, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 3lb. 4

The WYNNSTAY PLATE, value 50 sovs., the gift of Sir W. W. Wynn, bart., for all ages.—One-mile heats.

Mr. B. King's b. m. Lucy, by Cain, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 8lb.—Arthur - 1 1
Mr. Painter's b. g. Mezereon, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 12lb. 1 - 2
Mr. G. Cooke's br. c. Red Rover, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb. - 2 dr
Mr. Moss's br. f. Eagle, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 12lb. 2 3 dr
Mr. Nanney's br. f. Harriet, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 12lb. 3 - dr

WEDNESDAY, October 1.—The WYNNSTAY STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c.; the owner of the second horse to receive back his stake.—Twice round and a distance, to start at the Distance-chain.—Thirteen subs., five of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. g. Independence, by Filho or Sherwood, aged, 8st. 2lb.—G. Whitehouse 1
Sir T. Stanley's ch. f. La Grace, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 3lb. 2
Mr. F. R. Price's b. c. Caliban, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 12lb. 3

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft. with 20 sovs. added by the fund; the owner of the second horse received back his stake.—Two-mile heats.—Nine subs.

Mr. G. Cooke's br. c. Red Rover, by Lottery, 3 yrs. old, 7st.—G. Whitehouse 4 1 1
Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. High Sheriff, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 5lb. 1 4 2
Mr. Giffard's b. f. Miss Charlotte, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 2 2 dr
Mr. Nanney's bl. c. Sir William, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 9lb. 3 3 dr

The TOWN PLATE of 50l. value, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Nanney's ch. c. Ratcatcher, by Langar, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 11lb.—Darling 3 1 1
Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Young Tarragon, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 7lb. 1 2 2
Mr. Moss's ch. f. Tiara, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 13lb. 2 3 dr

CARLISLE.

WEDNESDAY, October 1.—A SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. for three yrs. old colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.: those got by untried stallions or out of untried mares allowed 3lb.—Two miles.—Five subs.

Sir J. Boswell's b. c. Masetto, by Corinthian.—Johnson 1
Gen. Sharpe's ch. f. Myrrha, by Malek (3lb.) 2

The TWO YRS. OLD STAKES of 20 sovs. each, with 20 added from the Inhabitant's Racing-fund; colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—About three quarters of a mile.

Lord Eglintoun's br. f. Butterfly, by Lottery, dam by Comus, out of Arabella, by Williamson's Ditto.—Lye 1
Mr. Attwood's b. f. Calista 2
Lord Kelburne's ch. f. by Actæon, out of Retainer's dam 3
Mr. Armitage's ch. c. Van, brother to Peter Simple, by Velocipede 4

A PLATE of 50l., given by the Members for the City of Carlisle, for horses, &c., that never won at any one time, plate, match, or sweepstakes of the value of 50l. before the day of running; three yr. olds, 6st. 13lb.; four, 7st. 13lb.; five, 8st. 8lb.; six and aged, 9st.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Metcalf's b. c. Monitor, by Wanton, 3 yrs. old.—Wintringham 2 1 1
Mr. Taylor's b. f. by Lottery, out of Talleyrand's dam, 3 yrs. old 1 4 3
Mr. Thompson's ch. g. by Octavian, 3 yrs. old 4 3 2
Gen. Sharpe's gr. f. Mathilde, 3 yrs. old 3 2 4

THURSDAY, 2.—The GOLD CUP, or specie, at the option of the winner, by subscription of 10 gs. each; for three yr. olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.—Two miles and a quarter.—Fourteen subs.

Duke of Cleveland's br. c. Muley Molock, by Muley, 4 yrs. old.—Lye 1
Duke of Cleveland's b. c. by Muley, out of Bequest, 3 yrs. old 2
Mr. Skipsey's bl. c. Inheritor, 3 yrs. old 3
Sir J. Boswell's ch. h. The Barber, aged; Mr. Attwood's b. c. Polander, 3 yrs. old; Mr. Skipsey's b. h. Physician, 5 yrs. old; and Mr. Orde's ch. f. Lily of the Valley, 3 yrs. old; also started, but were not placed.

A SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Members for the Eastern Division of the County, for three yrs. old colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies and geldings, 8st. 2lb.: winners this year of a cup, stakes, or plate, of the value of 100l. before the day of naming, to carry 3lb. extra.—About a mile and three quarters.—Four subs.

Mr. Attwood's b. c. Polander, by Lottery.—Garbutt 1
Duke of Cleveland's br. c. by Muley, out of Bequest 2
Mr. Skipsey's bl. c. Inheritor 4

A PLATE of 50l., given by the Inhabitants of Carlisle and neighbourhood, for three yr. olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.; a winner of 50l., in the present year, to carry 3lb.; of two, or a gold cup, stake, or plate, value 100l., 5lb. extra.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Attwood's b. g. Stainton, by Lottery, 5 yrs. old.—Garbutt 1 1
Mr. Hornsby's br. c. System, by Waverley, 3 yrs. old 3 2
Mr. Taylor's b. f. by Lottery, 3 yrs. old 2 dr

FRIDAY, 3.—The CUMBERLAND STAKE (handicap) of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 20 sovs. added by the Members for the Eastern Division of the County.—Two miles.—Nine subs.

Col. Cradock's b. f. Fanny, by Jerry, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 6lb.—Wintringham 1
Lord Kelburne's b. f. Sister to Retainer, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 2
Mr. Attwood's b. c. Polander, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 6lb. 3
Mr. Murray's b. h. Ernest, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 3lb.; and Mr. Armitage's b. c. Peter Simple, by Velocipede, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 5lb.; also started, but were not placed,

HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100 gs., for all ages.—Four miles.

Duke of Cleveland's br. c. Muley Moloch, 4 yrs. old, 9st.—Lye	1
Mr. Crompton's b. f. Mayflower, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 9lb.	2
Mr. Metcalf's b. c. Monitor, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 9lb.	3

A PLATE of 50l., given from the Racing-fund, for three yr. olds, 7st. 2lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 7lb.; six and aged, 8st. 12lb.: m. and g. allowed 2lb.; horses, &c., that never won the value of 50l. in plate or stake, before the time of starting, allowed 3lb.; the winner to be sold for 150 gs. if demanded, &c.
—Two-mile heats.

Gen. Sharpe's ch. f. Myrrha, by Malek, 3 yrs. old.—Gray	1	1
Mr. J. Jaques's ch. f. Jemima, 4 yrs. old	3	2
Mr. Attwood's b. g. Stainton, 5 yrs. old	2	3

CHESTERFIELD.

WEDNESDAY, October 1.—A SWEEPSTAKER of 10 sovs. each; for three yrs. old, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st.; m. and g. allowed 3lb.—Two miles.—Seven subs.

Mr. Barrow's b. f. Catherina, by Whisker, 4 yrs. old.—John Maudsley	1
Lord Warwick's b. c. Trepidation, 4 yrs. old	2

A PLATE of 60 gs. given by his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, for horses that never won the value of 50lb. before the day of naming; three yrs. old, 7st. 8lb.; four, 8st. 6lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 8st. 13lb.: m. and g. allowed 2lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Robinson's b. f. Her Ladyship, by Figaro, out of Jenny Sutton, 3 yrs. old.—C. Marlow	1	1
Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. Festival, 3 yrs. old	3	2
Mr. Johnson's br. h. Luck's-all, by Amadis, aged	2	3
Mr. Wilmot's ch. c. Independent, by Tramp, 3 yrs. old	-	4
Mr. Watmough's b. g. The Stranger, by Henderskelf, 3 yrs. old	-	dr

THURSDAY, October 2.—A SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each; for three yrs. old, 7st. 2lb.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st.: m. and g. allowed 2lb.; the winner of the 10 sov. stakes to carry 3lb. extra.—Once round and a distance.—Eleven subs.

Mr. Barrow's b. f. Catherina, 4 yrs. old.—J. Maudsley	1
Mr. Houldsworth's b. h. David, 5 yrs. old	2
Mr. Robinson's b. f. Her Ladyship, 3 yrs. old	3

The Noblemen and Gentlemen's Plate of 60 sovs.; for three yrs. old, 7st. 2lb.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.: m. and g. allowed 2lb.: horses not having won plate or sweepstakes this year, and started twice, to be allowed 3lb., and winners this year of one plate or sweepstakes to carry 3lb.; of two, 5lb.; and of three, or King's plate 7lb. extra.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Barrow's b. f. Catherina, 4 yrs. old.—J. Maudsley	3	1	1
Mr. Watmough's b. c. The Page, 4 yrs. old	1	3	2
Mr. Houldsworth's b. h. David, 5 yrs. old	3	2	dr

BEVERLEY.

THURSDAY, October 2.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft.; for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 5lb., and fillies 8st. 3lb.—T.Y.C.—Four subs.

Capt. Taylor's ch. c. Ainderby, by Velocipede.—J. Holmes	1
Col. Thompson's b. f. Everilda, by Young Phantom, out of Betty Martin	2

The GOLD CUP, given by the Town, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each; the second to save his stake.—Two miles.—Five subs.

Mr. Richardson's b. f. Lady le Gros, by Young Phantom, three yrs. old, 6st. 11lb.—Wright	1
Mr. Reynard's ch. h. Revolution, aged, 9st.	2
Mr. Watt's b. c. Bubastes, 3 yrs. old, 7st.	3

A HUNTERS' STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.—Once round and a distance.

Mr. H. S. Thompson's b. m. Raffle, by Lottery, 5 yrs. old, 11st. 10lb.—Owner	1
Col. Thompson's b. f. Penelope, 4 yrs. old, 11st. 8lb.	2
Mr. M. Foulis's gr. h. by Falcon, 5 yrs. old, 11st. 10lb.	3
Mr. Reynard's b. f. Ada, by President, 4 yrs. old, 11st. 8lb.	4

Mr. Smith's ch. f. by Tinker, 3 yrs. old, 10st. also started, and came in first, but a complaint having been made against the rider, the stake was given to Mr. Thompson.

FRIDAY, October 3.—The HOTHAM STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added; for two and three yr. olds.—One mile.—Six subs.

Mr. Richardson's b. f. Lady le Gros, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb.—Wright.....	1
Mr. Bowser's b. c. Logic, by Lottery, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb.	2
Mr. Heseltine's b. f. by Brutandorf, dam by Macbeth, 2 yrs. old, 6st. 5lb....	3

MEMBERS' PLATE of 50l.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Marson's b. f. Shepherdess, by Young Phantom, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 13lb.—Marson	1	1
Mr. Johnson's b. f. Ellen, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 9lb.	2	2
Mr. Loy's br. h. Lelevo, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 9lb.....	3	3

FIFE HUNT (CUPAR COURSE).

THURSDAY, October 2.—PLATE of 50l.—Heats, one mile and a half,

Lord Elcho's br. h. Philip, by Filho da Puta, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 12lb.—Wetherell	1	1
Mr. Crompton's br. h. Prince, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb.	1	2
Mr. Ramsay's br. c. Spider, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 8lb.	3	dr
Lord Eglintoun's b. f. Remember, 4 yrs. old, 7s. 5lb.	2	dr
Mr. Alexander's b. f. Little-go. 4 yrs. old, 7st. 5lb.	—	dr

SILVER CUP, value 30 sovs.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Robertson's bl. m. Queen Bess, aged, 12st.	1	1
Mr. Redeio's b. m. Noonday, aged, 12st.	3	2
Mr. Burn's br. m. Nosegay, aged, 12st.	2	3
Mr. Gulland's b. h. by Stainborough, aged, 12st.	4	4

FRIDAY, 3.—A PLATE of 50 sovs.; for 3 yrs. old, 7st.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six and aged, 9st.: the winner of a cup or King's hundred in 1834, to carry 8lb.; of two or more, 5lb. extra: m. and g. allowed 3lb.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Lord Elcho's br. h. Philip, by Filho da Puta, 6 yrs. old.....	1	3	1
Mr. Alexander's ch. f. Firefly, 3 yrs. old	3	1	3
Mr. D. Ross's b. c. Morpeth, 3 yrs. old	2	4	2
Mr. Ramsay's b. c. by Longwaist, out of Dulcamara, 3 yrs. old.....	4	2	4

SWEESTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses carrying 13st.—Gentlemen riders, members of a racing or fox-hunting club.—One-mile heats.—Five subs.

Mr. Smellie's b. g. Cistercian, by Catton, aged.—Col. Dalryell	2	1	1
Mr. Walker's br. g. The Pilot, aged.....	1	2	2
Mr. T. Bruce na. br. g. Glammis, by Bustler, aged	3	3	dr

A PLATE of 50 sovs.; for three yrs. old, 6st. 8lb.; four, 7st. 8lb.; five, 8st. 4lb.; six and aged, 8st. 12lb.: winners during the meeting once to carry 3lb.;

twice, 5lb. extra : m. and g. allowed 3lb. : and horses having started and not won during the meeting to be allowed 3lb.—Heats, one mile and a distance.

Mr. Alexander's b. f. Little-go, by Lottery, 4 yrs. old	1	1
Mr. Dawson's br. h. Prince, 5 yrs. old	2	2
Mr. Ramsay's br. c. Spider, 4 yrs. old	4	3
Lord Eglintoun's b. f. Remember, 4 yrs. (bolted)	3	dis
Mr. Gibson's gr. g. Allegro, 4 yrs. old	5	dr

RUGELEY.

THURSDAY, October 2.—A SWEEPSTAKES of 6 sovs. each, with 20 added.—Heats, once round and a distance; the winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Nine subs.

Mr. Painter's ch. g. Coronation, by Champion, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb.

—Lear	—	1	1
Mr. Giffard's gr. g. Mad Tom, 3 yrs. old, 7st.	2	1	3
Mr. Griffin's br. c. Chance, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 3lb.	1	—	4
Gen. Yates's b. f. Juliana, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 2lb.	—	—	2
Mr. E. Peel's b. c. Rutland, 3 yrs. old, 7st.	—	3	—
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Brother to Derby, 3 yrs. old, 7st.	—	2	—
Mr. Mott's bl. f. Enchantress, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 3lb.	3	—	—
Sir G. Pigot's ch. f. by Sultan, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 13lb.	—	4	dr
Capt. Bunney's b. g. Newcastle, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 3lb.	4	—	dr

A SWEEPSTAKES of 6 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. F. Ongley's b. h. Donnington, by Champion, 6 yrs. old. 12st 2lb.—

Capt. Becher	2	1	1
Mr. William's ch. g. Gleam, 3 yrs. old, 9st. 5lb.	—	3	2
Mr. Mott's b. m. Gazelle, aged, 11st. 9lb.	1	2	dr
Mr. Westley's br. m. Saccharina, 5 yrs. old, 11st. 10lb.	—	4	dr
Mr. Sharratt's b. g. Buffalo, 3 yrs. old, 9st. 12lb.	—	—	dr

FRIDAY, 3.—The RUGELEY STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added.—Heats, twice round.

Sir G. Pigot's b. f. Heads-or-tails, by Lottery, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 11lb.	1	1
Mr. Mott's b. m. Gazelle, aged, 8st. 11lb.	—	2
Mr. Burton's br. c. Tristram Shandy, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 1lb.	—	3
Mr. Evans's b. f. Shelah, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb.	2	4

BLANDFORD.

THURSDAY, October 2.—PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. ; for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 3lb. ; and fillies, 8st.—Last half mile of the New Course.—Four subs.

Mr. Tobin's c. Tauntonian, by Lambtonian, walked over.

The Dorsetshire GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each ; for three yrs. old, 6st. 10lb. ; four, 8st. 11lb. ; five, 8st. 10lb. ; six 9st. ; and aged, 9st. 2lb. : the winner of a King's plate, or the value of 100 sovs. including his own stake in 1834, previous to the day of running, to carry 5lb. extra : m. and g. allowed 3lb.—Two miles and a distance.—Nine subs.

Mr. Etwall's b. f. Goldfringe, by Phantom, or Waterloo, 3 yrs. old.—S. Day..	1
Mr. Finch's b. m. Cecilia, 5 yrs. old	2
Mr. C. Finch's b. c. Blenheim, 3 yrs. old	3

The TOWN PLATE of 50l. ; for three yrs. old, 7st. ; four, 8st. 6lb. ; five, 8st. 13lb. ; six 9st. 2lb. ; and aged, 9st. 5lb. : the winner of a plate or sweepstakes this year to carry 3lb. ; of two, 5lb. extra : maiden horses allowed 3lb. : m. and g. allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Etwall's br. f. Maid of Underley, by Muley, 3 yrs. old.—S. Day	1	1
Mr. Finch's b. m. Cecelia, 5 yrs. old.....	3	2
Mr. Shrapnell's b. f. Mayfly, 3 yrs. old.....	4	3
Mr. Crocker's b. g. Orbit, aged.....	—	4
Mr. Allies's ch. f. Lady Canford, 3 yrs. old	2	dr
Mr. Moss's b. f. Woodland Mary, 3 yrs. old	—	dr

The HUNTERS' STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 10 added from the fund, for horses that have been regularly hunted and not trained in any training stables; forced handicap.—Heats, one mile.—Nine subs.

Mr. C. W. Codrington's br. g. Conservative, by Young Phantom, 6 yrs. old, 12st. 8lb.—R. Harris	1	1
Mr. Maidment's b. g. Touchwood, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 9lb.	5	2
Mr. G. Kendall's ch. m. Lady Sophy, 9st. 4lb.	4	3
Mr. Portman's b. m. Suspense, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 10lb.	2	dr
Sir E. Baker na. ch. m. by Clavilino, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 12lb.	3	dr

FRIDAY, 3.—PRODUCE STAKES of 30 sovs. each, h. ft.; for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st.; the produce of untried horses or mares allowed 8lb.; if both, 5lb.; half-bred allowed 5lb. extra.—Three-quarters of a mile.—Four subs.

Mr. Tobin's c. Tauntonian, walked over.

The DORSETSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and 5 only if declared, &c.—Two miles.—Fifteen subs. eleven of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Reeves's b. m. Harlot, by Fitz-Orville, aged, 7st. 11lb. 1
Mr. Etwall's b. f. Goldfringe, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 8lb. ran on a wrong course, in consequence of a post being accidentally knocked down, and the claim of Harlot to the race was disputed.

The COUNTY MEMBERS' PLATE of 50l.; three yrs. old, 6st.; four, 7st. 10lb.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, 9st.; and aged, 9st. 3lb.: a winner of one plate or sweepstakes this year to carry 8lb.; of two 6lb. extra.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Etwall's br. f. Maid of Underley, 3 yrs. old.—S. Day	1	1
Mr. Allies's ch. f. Lady Canford, 3 yrs. old.....	3	2
Mr. Scott's b. c. Barney Bodkin, 4 yrs. old	2	dr

A PLATE of 50l. for the beaten horses.—One-mile heats.

Sir E. Baker's b. g. Haldon, by Blacklock, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 10lb.—S. Day	5	1	1
Mr. C. Finch's b. c. Blenheim, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 6lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Allies's ch. f. Lady Canford, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 3lb.	2	3	3
Mr. Moss's b. f. Woodland Mary, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb.	3	dr	
Mr. Crocker's b. g. Orbit, aged, 7st. 10lb.	4	dr	

RICHMOND.

TUESDAY, October 7.—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, h. ft.; for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 5lb.; and fillies, 8st. 2lb.: untried stallions or mares allowed 3lb.—From the Grey Stone.—Four subs.

Mr. T. Dundas's b. c. Weldare, by Langar, 8st. 2lb.—Templeman	1	
Mr. Metcal's ch. f. Miss Frill, by Acton out of Giglet, by Wanton, 7st. 13lb.	2	
Mr. Jaques's ch. f. by Acton, out of Comedy, by Comus, 7st. 13lb.	3	

MEMBERS' PLATE of 50l.—Two-mile heats.

Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Blacklock, out of Mrs. Rye, by Octavian, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb.—Lye	1	1
Mr. Chilton's b. f. by Remnant, dam by Dr. Syntax, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 9lb.	2	2
Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Canteen, 4 yrs. old, 8st.	—	3
Mr. Francis's b. c. Frank, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 12lb.	—	—
Mr. Armitage's b. f. by Velocipede, out of Crazy Jane, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 9lb.	—	—

WEDNESDAY, 8.—**GOLD CUP**, value 100 gs. by subscription of 10 gs. each.—Once round and a distance.

Mr. Orde's br. h. Tomböy, by Jerry, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 9lb. walked over.

Free HANDICAP STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 30l. added.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Ten subs.

Mr. Dawson's ch. g. Pestilence, by Cleveland, 5 yrs. old, 9st. 11lb.—Lye .. 1 1
Mr. Fox's b. f. Mrs. Oakley, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 4lb. 2 2
Mr. Francis's b. c. Frank, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 8lb. 3 3

The HACK STAKES of 3 sovs. each.—From the Grey Stone in, was won by

Mr. Thompson's gr. h. by Grey Middleham (Mr. R. Thompson), beating at two heats, Mr. C. Bradley's bl. h. by Otho, and Mr. L. Carter's b. h.

THURSDAY, 9.—**PLATE** of 50l.—Two-mile heats.

Duke of Leeds's b. c. by Blacklock, out of Mrs. Rye, 3 yrs. old, 7st.—

Cartwright..... 1 1
Mr. Dawson's Pestilence, aged, 9st. 2lb. - 2
Mr. Chilton's b. f. by Remnant, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 11lb. - 3
Mr. Peirse's b. f. Benevolence, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 2 4
Mr. Armitage's b. c. Peter Simple, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 3lb. 3 dr

HUNTER'S STAKE of 5 sovs. each, for horses of all ages; 12st. each.—Gentlemen riders.—Two miles.

Mr. W. Hulster's br. m. Raffle, by Lottery, 5 yrs. old, walked over.

EPSOM.—OCTOBER MEETING.

(OVER THE NEW COURSE.)

WEDNESDAY, October 8.—**The EPSOM STAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added, three yr. olds, 6st. 7lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six and aged, 9st. 11lb.; m. and g. allowed 3lb.; winners once in 1834, to carry 3lb.; twice, 5lb.; and thrice, 7lb. extra: the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Craven Course.

Mr. King's b. c. Airy, by St. Patrick, 3 yrs. old.—Wakefield..... 1
Mr. Dockeray's b. f. Trickery, 4 yrs. old 2
Mr. Harrison's ch. f. Repentance, 4 yrs. old 3
Mr. T. Hodges's ch. f. Caroline, 4 yrs. old 4
Mr. Boulding's b. c. Wanderer, by Wanderer, dam by Election, out of Emily, by Young Whiskey, 3 yrs. old 5

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added; the winner to be sold for 80 sovs. if demanded, &c.—New T.Y.C.—Six subs.

Capt. Martyn's ch. c. Contriver, by Partisan, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 4lb.—Mann 1
Mr. Molony's b. h. Wassailer, aged, 8st. 10lb. 2
Mr. Lambden's b. c. Rover, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 8lb. 3
Mr. Harrison's b. c. by St. Patrick, out of Angelica, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 2lb. 4
Mr. T. Hodges's ch. f. Robinetta, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 4lb. 5

The HEDLEY STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added; three yr. olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.; the winner to be sold for 120 sovs.—One-mile heats.—Seven subs.

Mr. Saour's bl. c. Raven, by Picton, 4 yrs. old.—Macdonald..... 1 1
Mr. Pigott's b. c. Pincher, 3 yrs. old 1 - 2
Capt. Skipwith's b. f. Lady Charlotte, 4 yrs. old - 2 3
Mr. Gardnor's b. f. Myrrha, 4 yrs. old 2 - dr
Mr. Lambden's b. g. Revealer, 5 yrs. old - dr
Capt. Martyn's ch. c. Contriver, 4 yrs. old.. - dr

THURSDAY, 9.—**The NORR STAKES** of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added; three yr. olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.; the winner to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Craven Course.—Seven subs.

Mr. Harrison's b. c. Denbies, by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs. old.—N. Farvall.....	1
Mr. Dockeray's b. f. Trickery, 4 yrs. old	2
Mr. Snour's bl. c. Raven, 4 yrs. old	3
Mr. Lamden's b. g. Revealer, 5 yrs. old	4
Capt. Gardnor's br. f. Myrrha, 4 yrs. old	5
Capt. Skipwith's b. f. Lady Charlotte, 4 yrs. old	6
The WOODCOTE STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added; three yr. olds. 7st.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.: m. and g. allowed 5lb.: the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.—One-mile heats.—Six subs.	
Sir G. Heathcote's b. f. by Figaro, out of Canopy, 3 yrs. old.—W. Hall ...	1 1
Mr. Pigott's b. c. Pincher, 3 yrs. old	2 2
Mr. Bishop's b. f. Jenny Wren, 4 yrs. old	3 3
Mr. Molony's b. h. Wassailer, aged	4 4

NOTTINGHAM.

WEDNESDAY, October 8.—A SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for the produce of mares covered in 1830.—A mile and three quarters.—Five subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Darius, by Reveller, 8st. 4lb., walked over.

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 5lb., and fillies, 8st. 2lb.—About half a mile.—Four subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Hectic, by Sultan.—Darling..... 1

Mr. E. F. Meynell's b. f. Regret, by Woful 2 |

Mr. Lacey's br. f. by Filho da Puta, dam by Waverley, out of Garcia's dam .. 3 |

A GOLD CUP or Piece of Plate, value 100 sovs., by subscription of 10 sovs. each (the rest in specie).—Two miles and a half.—Twelve subs.

Mr. E. Peel's ch. c. Noodle, by Bedlamite, 3 yrs. old, 7st.—Marlow 1 |

Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Darius, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 2 |

Mr. Walker's br. h. Consol, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 3 |

A PLATE of 60l. given by the Town of Nottingham and Members for the Town, for maiden horses: the owner of the second horse received 10l.—Heats, two miles and a half.

Mr. Bradley's ch. f. Festival, by Reveller, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb.—Scaife.... 1 1 |

Mr. Gilbert's ch. c. Roman, by Emilius, out of Rough Robin's dam, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 2 2 |

Mr. Gee's b. g. Watnall, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 12lb. 2 2 |

THURSDAY, 9.—The YEOMANRY CAVALRY PLATE of 50l., given by Lord Middleton.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Ebey's bl. g. Conservative, aged, 13st.—Mr. Pilgrim 1 1 |

Mr. Gee's b. g. Watnall, aged, 13st. 1 - 2 2 |

Mr. Pyatt's b. g. Nimrod, aged, 13st. - 1 - dr |

Mr. Pogson's bl. g. Fitzwilliam, 6 yrs. old, 13st. - 2 2 - |

Mr. Moseley's br. m. Fanny, aged, 13st. - - |

Mr. Vincent's b. g. Rocky, 4 yrs. old, 12st. - - dr |

A PLATE of 50l. for all ages; the owner of the second horse received 10l.—Heats, two miles and a half.

Mr. Hobson's b. h. David, by Catton, 5 yrs. old, 9st. 3lb.—Scaife 1 1 |

Mr. Wheelton's br. h. Giovanni, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 7lb. 2 dr |

Mr. Milner's b. h. Pilot, 5 yrs. old, 9st. 1lb. 3 dr |

Mr. Watmough's b. c. The Page, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 6lb. 4 dr |

A SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for foals of 1831.—Once round and a distance.—Five subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Darius, 8st. 7lb., walked over.

The SHERWOOD STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., for three yr. olds.—Once round and a distance.—Three subs.

Mr. E. Peel's ch. c. Noodle, 8st. 7lb., walked over.

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FRIDAY, 10.—A SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for foals of 1831.—Once round.—Six subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. Vulpes, by Velocipede, out of Simon's dam, 8st. 7lb., walked over.

HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100 ga. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. E. Peel's ch. c. Noodle, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb.—Spring.....	1	1
Mr. Watmough's b. c. The Page, 4 yrs. old, 9st. 4lb.	4	2
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Darius, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb.	3	3
Mr. Wheelodon's br. h. Giovanni, 6 yrs. old, 10st.	2	dr

A PLATE of 60l. given by the Members for the County; for three yrs. old colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.: the owner of the second horse received 10l.—Heats, once round.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. f. by Longwaist, out of Lucinda—Whitehouse ...	-	1	1
Mr. Robinson's b. f. Her Ladyship	-	3	2
Mr. E. Peel's ch. c. Noodle	1	2	dr
Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. Vulpes.....	2	4	dr

INGLEWOOD HUNT AND PENRITH MEETING.—(CUMBERLAND).

WEDNESDAY, October 8.—SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20l. added for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, two miles.—Six subs.

Mr. Jaques's b. f. Jemima, by Cleveland, 4 yrs. old, 9st. 8lb.	1	1
Mr. Gaddas's b. f. Nightingale, 4 yrs. old, 9st. 1lb.	2	2
Mr. Tolson's b. h. by Jack Spigot, 5 yrs. old, 9st. 11lb.	4	3
Mr. Williamson's gr. c. by Neptune, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 11lb.	3	dr

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 gs. each, with 20 gs. added.—Heats, two miles.—Six subs.

Mr. Dawson's b. g. Brown Stout, by Jack Spigot, or Young Phantom, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 13lb.	1	1
Mr. Jaques's b. f. Jemima, 4 yrs. old, 8st.	2	dr

SHIFFNAL.

FRIDAY, October 10.—A SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added from the fund.—Two miles.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. g. Independence, by Filho, or Sherwood, aged, 9st. 12lb.—Arthur, Sen..... 1
 Mr. Moss's ch. f. Tiara, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 13lb..... 2
 Mr. Giffard's gr. g. Mad Tom, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 8lb.; Mr. Warren's b. f. Shalot, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 11lb.; Mr. Painter's ch. g. Coronation, 5 yrs. old, 9st. 7lb.; Mr. E. Peel's b. c. Bardolph, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 3lb. (who fell); Mr. Oseland's b. f. by Wamba, out of Lady Harrington's dam, 3 yrs. old, 7st.; Sir G. Pigott's b. f. Heads-or-Tails, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 11lb. (whose rider fell); and Mr. Boycott na. b. c. by Pollio, dam, Clatter, by Clinker, out of Nina, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 7lb.; also started, but were not placed.

The LADIES' PURSE of 20 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each.—Heats, a mile and a half.

Mr. Boycott na. b. c. by Pollio, out of Clatter, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 10lb.—Wadlow	1	1
Mr. Moss's ch. f. Tiara, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb.....	-	2
Mr. E. Peel's b. c. Bardolph, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 10lb.....	2	-

Mr. Warren's br. f. Shalot, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 7lb.; Mr. Oseland's b. f. by Wamba, out of Lady Harrington's dam, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 7lb.; Mr. Ogden's br. c. Terror, by Tramp, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 10lb.; Mr. Timperley's b. m. Outcast (late Wayward), 6 yrs. old, 8st. 11lb.; Mr. Stubbs's b. m. Primrose, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 11lb., and Mr. Wilson's br. f. Eliza, 4 yrs. old, 8st., also started, but were not placed.

HUNTERS' STAKES of 3 sovs. each, with 20 added, the gift of the Members of the Southern Division of the County of Salop, for horses not thorough-bred.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, a mile and a half.

Mr. Lamb's b. g. Leather Lugs, aged, 11st. 7lb.—Capt. Beecher	1	1
Mr. Wesley's b. m. Saccaria, aged, 11st. 7lb.....	1	—
Mr. J. Clay's b. f. Anne, by Young Camillus, 3 yrs. old, 9st. 8lb.....	2	2
Mr. W. Giffard's b. g. by Hedley, aged, 11st. 7lb.....	—	2
Mr. T. Humphrey's b. g. Brallagham, by Jupiter, aged, 11st. 7lb.....	—	dr

NEWMARKET.—SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

MONDAY, October 13.—**HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for three yr. olds and upwards.—T. Y. C.

Lord Orford's ch. f. Chataigne, by Emilius, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 13lb.—S. Rogers..	1
Mr. Thornhill's b. c. Harum Scarum, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 11lb.....	2
Mr. Forth's ch. c. Robinson Crusoe, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 10lb.	3
Mr. Yates's b. c. Ince, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 6lb.....	4
Lord Lichfield's gr. g. Gab, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 11lb.....	pd
6 to 4 agst. Harum Scarum, and 3 to 1 agst. Chataigne.	

Col. Peel's b. f. Rosalie, by Whalebone (Pavis), beat Sir S. Graham's b. f. Zulima, 8st. 4lb. each.—T. Y. C.—100, h. ft.—2 to 1 on Rosalie.

THE GARDEN STAKES of 100 sovs. each.—T. M. M.—Five subs.

Lord Jersey's ch. c. Glencoe, by Sultan, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 3lb.—Robinson	1
Lord Chesterfield's b. c. Glaucus, 4 yrs. old, 9st. 5lb.	2
Lord Chesterfield's b. b. Colwick, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 7lb.....	3
6 to 4 on Glencoe.	

Lord Lichfield's gr. g. Gab, by Swap, 8st. 7lb., received ft. from Mr. Thornhill's b. c. Harum Scarum, 7st. 12lb.—T. Y. C.—100, h. ft.

TUESDAY, 14.—**FIFTY POUNDS**, for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 4lb.; and fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Yates's Castaway, by Cain, out of Rowena, by Rubens.—Pavis	1
Lord Egremont's b. f. Ethilda.....	2
Mr. S. Stonehewer's b. f. by Sultan, out of Emma	3
Mr. Goddard's b. f. by Emilius, out of Sketchbook's dam; Lord Berners's ch. c. by Lamplighter, dam by Juniper, out of Spotless's dam; Mr. Hunter's b. f. by Tramp, out of Ridotto; Sir M. Wood's br. f. by Whisker, out of Dromedary's dam; Lord Chesterfield's b. f. by Pantaloon, out of Vexation; Mr. Forth's b. c. by Lottery, out of Pimlico; Mr. Wreford's b. f. Waresti; Duke of Grafton's ch. f. Florin; and Mr. Mills's b. c. Lurcher; also started, but were not placed.	
5 to 2 agst. Castaway, 3 to 1 agst. the Pantaloon filly, 4 to 1 agst. Ethilda, and 6 to 1 agst. Waresti.	

Sir M. Wood's b. f. Lilka, by Emilius or Lamplighter, 8st. 5lb. (J. Day), and Mr. W. S. Stanley's bl. f. Flame, by Lamplighter, 8st. 2lb. (Robinson)—D. M.—100, h. ft.—ran a dead heat. 2 to 1 on Lilka.

RENEWAL OF THE CLEARWELL STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft.; for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 5lb.; and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T. Y. C.—Thirty-four subs.

Mr. Greville's ch. f. Preserve, Sister to Pickle, by Emilius, out of Mustard.—Arnall	1
Mr. Mills's br. f. Hester, by Camel, out of Monimia.....	2
Mr. Grentrex's b. f. by Camel, out of Martha	3
Mr. Sowerby's gr. f. Constantia, by Camel, out of Miss Craven's dam; Mr. Grant's ch. c. Knobstick, by Emilius, out of Ally; Sir M. Wood's ch. c. Splinter, by Partisan, out of Scratch; Duke of Grafton's br. c. Emu, by Cannon-ball or Buzzard, out of Zinc; Lord Lichfield's f. Ileen, by Sligo, out of Ina; Mr. Bloes's br. f. Matilda, by Shakespeare, out of Maud, by Morisco; Mr. Yates's br. c. Clarence, and Mr. Wreford's b. c. Free Will; also started, but were not placed.	
6 to 4 agst. Preserve, 7 to 4 agst. Hester, 8 to 1 agst. Knobstick, 8 to 1 agst. Clarence, 10 to 1 agst. Martha, and 10 to 1 agst. Free Will.	

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—From the turn of the lands, in.

Lord Tavistock's f. Oak Apple, by Royal Oak, out of Mona.—E. Wright.... 1
Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. Nautilus, by Skiff, out of Icaria 2
Lord Southampton's br. f. by Bizarre, out of Young Barrosa..... 3
Even on Nautilus.

Mr. Payne's b. c. Skimmer, by Skiff, 8st. 5lb., recd. ft. from Lord Exeter's ro. f. Bodice, 8st.—Ab. M.—100, h. ft.

WEDNESDAY, 15.—Second year of a Renewal of the OATLANDS STAKES, a subscription of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft. if declared, &c., for horses of all ages (two yr. olds excepted).—B.M.

Mr. Yates's ch. m. Sensitive, by Cain, 5 yrs. old, 8st.—Pavis 1
Lord Lichfield's gr. g. Gab, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 2
Mr. Payne's b. c. Skimmer, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 12lb. 3
Lord Chesterfield's b. c. Glaucus, 4 yrs. old, 9st. 4lb.; Mr. Kent's ro. f. Ba-
leine, 4 yrs. old, 8st.; and Mr. Forth's b. f. Louisa, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 4lb.; paid 5
sovs. forfeit each.

6 to 4 agst. Skimmer, and 6 to 4 agst. Sensitive.

Mr. Ford's br. c. Llewellyn, by Waxy Pope, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb. (Robinson),
beat Mr. Greville's ch. h. Gondolier, aged, 7st. 7lb.—T.Y.C.—100, h. ft.
4 to 1 on Gondolier.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each; for two yr. olds, 7st. 3lb.; and three, 9st.; fillies
allowed 3lb.—T.Y.C.—The winner to be sold for 80 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Gardnor's ch. f. Bucephalia, by Emilius, 2 yrs. old.—Pavis..... 1
Mr. Forth's br. c. by Lottery, out of Pimlico, 3 yrs. old 2
Mr. Thornhill's b. c. Marum Scaram, 3 yrs. old 3
Mr. Sowerby's ch. f. Catalina, sister to Catalosia, 3 yrs. old..... 4
Lord Lichfield's b. c. Altamont, 3 yrs. old 5
N. B. The winner was claimed.

6 to 4 agst. Bucephalia.

THURSDAY, 16.—Lord Lichfield's br. f. Gipsy, by Mr. Best's Tinker, out of
Consol's dam (Arnall), beat Gen. Grosvenor's f. Sister to Dick, 8st. 7lb.
each.—B.M.—50, 30 ft.—7 to 4 on Sister to Dick.

HANDICAP PLATE of 100l., for four yr. olds and upwards.—A.F.

Mr. W. Chifney's b. f. Moorhen, by Emilius, out of Shoveler, 4 yrs. old,
7st. 2lb.—F. Butler 1
Lord Exeter's br. c. Cactus, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 12lb. 2
Mr. Batson's ch. f. Revelry, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb. 3
Col. Peel's Nonsense, 4 yrs. old, 9st. 4lb.; Mr. Gardnor's b. h. Messenger, 5
yrs. old, 8st.; Mr. Greville's ch. f. Chantilly, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 12lb.; Mr. J. Ro-
binson's Laud, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 4lb.; and Mr. Forth's Pagan, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 2lb.;
also started, but were not placed.

5 to 2 agst. Nonsense, and 7 to 2 agst. Revelry.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 6lb.; and fillies,
8st. 4lb.—T.Y.C.—The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Grant's ch. c. Knobstick, by Emilius, out of Ally.—Conolly..... 1
Lord Lowther's b. c. by Figaro, out of Coquette 2
Sir M. Wood's b. f. Lilka 3
Gen. Grosvenor's br. f. by Bizarre, out of Young Mouse..... 4
Mr. Newton's Herbelé 5

The winner was claimed.

6 to 5 on Coquette, and 5 to 2 agst. Knobstick.

The TOWN PLATE of 50l., for three yr. olds, 7st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five,
8st. 11lb.; six, 9st. 11lb.; and aged, 9st. 4lb.—T.M.M.—The winner to be
sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Forth's ch. c. Robinson Crusoe, by Helenus, 3 yrs. old.—Twitchet 1
 Mr. J. Robinson's Laud, 4 yrs. old 2
 Sir M. Wood's b. c. by Gaberlunzie, out of Mignonette, 3 yrs. old 3
 Even betting on Laud, and 3 to 1 agst. Robinson Crusoe.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 4lb.; and fillies, 8st. 2lb.—First half of Ab.M.—The winner to be sold for 40 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Lord Jersey's b. f. by Partisan, out of Henrica.—Robinson 1
 Mrs. Yates's ch. f. Adana 2
 Sir M. Wood's br. c. The Magnate; Sir M. Wood's b. f. Lilka; Lord Lichfield's f. Ileen, by Sligo, out of Ina; Lord Chesterfield's f. by Partisan, out of St. Julien's dam; Col. Peel's b. c. Weathercock; and Lord Egremont's Redleg; also started, but were not placed.

The winner was claimed.

5 to 4 agst. Redleg, 5 to 2 agst. Adana, and 5 to 1 agst. Lilka.

FRIDAY, 17.—HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three yr. olds and upwards.—T.Y.C.

Col. Peel's b. f. Rosalie, by Whalebone, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 6lb.—Pavis 1
 Lord Orford's br. c. Paris, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 2
 Mr. Greville's ch. h. Gondolier, aged, 7st. 13lb. 3
 Col. Peel's Nonsense, 4 yrs. old, 9st. 6lb.; and Sir S. Graham's Zulima, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 11b.; paid.

7 to 4 on Rosalie, and 3 to 1 agst. Paris.

The PRENDERGAST STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 5lb.; and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T.Y.C.—Thirty-two subs.

Mr. Mills's br. f. Hester, by Camel.—Nat. 1
 Sir M. Wood's ch. f. by Bustard, out of Camelina, sister to Camel 2
 Sir M. Wood's ch. h. The Glama. 3
 Lord Orford's c. by Tramp, out of Medina, by Selim; Gen. Grosvenor's Nautilus; Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. Veronica, by Velocipede, out of Charity; Mr. Pettit's b. f. Kate Kearney; and Mr. S. Stonehewer's b. f. Sister to Zulima; also started, but were not placed.

6 to 4 on Hester, 7 to 2 agst. Kate Kearney, 8 to 1 agst. Lord Orford's colt, and 8 to 1 agst. Sir M. Wood's two.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.—T.Y.C.—Three subs.

Gen. Grosvenor's c. Nautilus, 8st. 7lb., walked over.

Lord Chesterfield challenged for the Whip and named Glaucus. The challenge was not accepted.

HOLYWELL HUNT.

TUESDAY, October 14.—A PRODUCE SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs each, h. ft., for three yr. olds.—Two miles.—Ten subs.

Sir R. Bulkeley's b. f. by Peter Lely, out of Mrs. Suggs, 8st. 3lb.—Darling.. 1
 Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. by Battledore, out of General Mina's dam, 8st. 2lb. 2
 Lord Westminster's br. f. Regatta, 8st. 3

The MOSTYN STAKES of 10 sovs each; for three yr. olds, 7st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 5lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six, 9st.; and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mostyn mile.—Twenty-seven subs.

Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Intriguer, by Reveller, 3 yrs. old.—M. Jones 1
 Mr. Mostyn's b. f. Birdlime, 3 yrs. old 2
 Lord Westminster's b. c. Touchstone, 3 yrs. old. 3
 Mr. J. H. Peel's ch. c. Uncle Toby, 4 yrs old; and Mr. B. King's b. m. Lucy, 5 yrs. old; also started, but were not placed.

7 to 4 on Touchstone, 4 to 1 agst. Intriguer, and 5 to 1 agst. Birdlime.

THE CHAMPAGNE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 5lb.; and fillies; 8st. 3lb.: the winner to give two dozen of Champagne to the Club.—Last half mile.

Mr. Mostyn's br. f. Queen of Trumps, by Velocipede, out of Princess Royal.
—Lye..... 1
Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. by Velocipede, out of Rose..... 2
Sir R. Bulkeley's b. c. Borghese, by Brutandorf, out of Harpham Lass..... 3
Mr. F. R. Price's br. c. The Juggler..... 4

THE TAFFY STAKES of 25 sovs. each; for three yrs. old colts, 8st. 6lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—A mile and three quarters.—Three subs.

Lord Westminster's bl. c. Abbas Mirza, by Camel, walked over.

THE CHIEFTAIN STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three yr. olds.—The Mostyn mile.—Five subs.

Lord Westminster's b. c. Touchstone, by Camel, walked over.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three yr. olds.—A mile and half.—Three subs.

Mr. Mostyn's b. f. Queen Bess, by Chateau Margaux, walked over.

WEDNESDAY, 15.—A POST SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs., h. ft.; for four yrs. old colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 5lb.—Two miles.—Four subs.

Lord Westminster's br. c. The Controller, by Filho.—Lear..... 1
Mr. Mostyn's br. c. Jack Faucet..... 2
Mr. Price's br. c. Caliban..... 3

A piece of PLATE, value 100 sovs., the gift of the Hon. F. M. Ll. Mostyn, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, for horses, &c. bona fide the property of Members of the Holywell Hunt and their relations.—Two miles.—Five subs.

Mr. Mostyn's b. f. Birdlime, by Comus, 3 yrs. old.—Lye..... 1
Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. h. Pickpocket, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 3lb..... 2
Sir T. Stanley's ch. f. La Grace, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 7lb..... 3

THE PENGWERN STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft.; for three yrs. old, 7st. 9lb.; and four, 8st. 9lb.—One mile and three quarters.—Four subs.

Mr. Mostyn's b. f. Birdlime, 3 yrs. old.—Lye..... 1
Lord Westminster's The Controller, 4 yrs. old..... 2

A GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs., by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Club; three yrs. old, 7st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st. 3lb.; six, 9st. 5lb.; and aged, 9st. 9lb.—Three miles.—Five subs.

Lord Westminster's bl. c. Abbas Mirza, 3 yrs. old.—Lye..... 1
Sir R. W. Bulkeley's b. h. Pickpocket, 6 yrs. old..... 2

THURSDAY, 16.—The BARON HILL STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft.; for four yrs. old, 8st.; and five, 8st. 10lb.: m. and g. allowed 2lb.; the winner of the Mostyn Stakes to carry 5lb. extra.—One mile and a half.—Four subs.

Lord Westminster's The Controller, 4 yrs. old.—Lear..... 1
Mr. Mostyn's br. c. Jack Faucet, 4 yrs. old..... 2

A FREE HANDICAP of 20 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 20 sovs. given by the Club.—One mile and a half.

Mr. J. H. Peel's ch. c. Uncle Toby, by Cain, 4 yrs. old, 8st.—Templeman... 1
Sir R. Bulkeley's, b. f. by Peter Lely, out of Mrs. Suggs, 3 yrs. old, 7st.... 2
Sir T. Stanley's ch. f. La Grace, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 7lb..... 3

A HANDICAP STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., for two and three yr. olds.—Half a mile.

Mr. Mostyn's b. f. Queen Bess, 3 yrs. old, 9st. 3lb.—Lye..... 1
Sir T. Stanley's High Sheriff, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 5lb..... 2
Sir R. Bulkeley's ch. f. by Teniers, out of Mrs. Suggs, 2 yrs. old, 6st..... 3

THE HOKKE POKEE STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Club; for two yr. olds, a feather; three, 7st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st. 3lb.; six, 9st. 7lb.; and aged, 9st. 10lb.: the winner to be sold for 70l.; the last horse to pay 5 sovs. over and above his stake to the second.—T.Y.C.

Mr. F. R. Price's br. c. Caliban, by Camel, 4 yrs. old.—M. Jones.....	1
Sir T. Stanley's High Sheriff, 3 yrs. old.....	2
Sir R. Bulkeley's b. f. by Peter Lely, out of Mrs. Suggs, 3 yrs. old.....	3
Lord Westminster's br. f. Regatta, 3 yrs. old.....	4

NORTHALLERTON.

THURSDAY, October 16.—A SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each; for two yr. old colts, 6st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—New T.Y.C.—Six subs.

Mr. Watt's ch. f. Sister to Bubastes, by Blacklock.—Nicholson.....	1
Mr. Fox's ch. f. by Memnon, dam by St. Patrick, out of Comedy, by Comus	2
Mr. Jaques's ch. f. Burletta, by Actæon, out of Comedy, by Comus.....	3
Mr. T. O. Powlett's ch. f. Crotchet, by Roller, out of Peri, by Wanderer; and Mr Garforth's br. f. by Lottery, out of Laura, by Figaro, grandam, Juliana, by Gohanna; also started; but were not placed.	
6 to 4 on Sister to Bubastes.	

PLATE of 50l., for maiden horses.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Thompson's b. f. by Remnant, dam by Dr. Syntax, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 5lb.—Robinson.....	1	1
Mr. Fox's br. c. Goldbeater, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb.....	1	2
Mr. Wilson's b. g. by Canteen, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 12lb.....	—	3
Duke of Cleveland's c. Amurath, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb.....	2	—
Mr. Bowser's b. c. Logic, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb.....	3	—
Mr. Powlett's b. g. by Lottery, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 12lb.....	—	dr

FRIDAY, 17.—GOLD CUP, value 100gs., by subscription of 10gs. each.—Two miles.—Ten subs.

Mr. Powlett's br. f. The Mystery, by Lottery, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 12lb.—Holmes	1
Mr. Orde's b. h. Tomboy, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 9lb.....	0
5 to 2 and 3 to 1 on Tomboy, who, about half a mile from home, in making the turn, dislocated one of his fore fetlock joints, and was taken off the course on a sledge. His rider was not injured.	

PLATE of 50l.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Gascoigne's br. g. Zohrab, by Lottery, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 3lb.—Cartwright	1	1
Mr. Fox's b. c. Count, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 5lb.....	2	2
Mr. Metcalf's b. c. Monitor, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 3lb.....	3	3
Mr. Attwood's b. g. Stainton, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 11lb.....	4	4

SATURDAY, 18.—A SILVER CUP, value 50 sovs., a subscription of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added.—Two-mile heats.—Eight subs.

Mr. Dawson's ch. g. Pestilence, by Cleveland, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb.....	1	1
Duke of Leeds's b. c. Rialto, by Blacklock, 3 yrs. old, 7st.....	1	2
Mr. Johnson's b. f. Ellen, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 11lb.....	2	—
Mr. Armitage's b. c. Peter Simple, 3 yrs. old, 7st.....	—	3
Mr. Marson's br. f. Sheperdess, 4 yrs. old, 8st.....	—	—
Duke of Cleveland's b. c. Amurath, 3 yrs. old, 7st.....	3	dr

MANCHESTER.—OCTOBER MEETING.

FRIDAY, October 17.—A HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs each, with 20 added, for all ages (two yrs. old excepted). One mile and a distance.

Mr. Barrow's b. f. Catherina, by Whisker, 4 yrs. old, 10st. 12lb.—J. Maudsley.....	1
Mr. G. Cook's br. c. Red Rover, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 8lb.....	2

Mr. Townley's b. h. Westport, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb.; Mr. Leicester's gr. m. by Jock, 5 yrs. old, (half bred), 9st. 8lb.; Mr. Bake's b. f. Alice, by Whiaker, out of Loyalty, 4 yrs. old, 7st.; and Mr. Clegg's br. f. Eleanor, by Comus, 2 yrs. old, 7st.; also started, but were not placed.

2 to 1 agst. Catharina, 5 to 2 agst. Red Rover, and 5 to 1 agst. Alice.

The HURDLE STAKES of 5 sovs. each, with a piece of plate added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred; four yrs. old, 10st. 7lb.; five, 11st. 6lb.; six and aged, 12st.: a winner to carry 5lb. twice, 7lb. extra; to have three leaps in each round; the hurdles to be from four feet to four feet six inches in height.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Higge's b. m. Lancashire Witch, aged.—Mr. Storm.....	1	1
Mr. Batty's b. g. Tally-ho, aged.....	1	4 2
Mr. Clifton's ch. g. Asmodeus, 6 yrs. old.....	2	3 3
Mr. Winship's b. g. St. Peter, aged.....	3	2 4
Mr. Leicester's br. g. Cumberland, 5 yrs. old.....	—	dis
Mr. Macdonald's b. g. Ploughboy, 6 yrs. old.....	—	dis
Mr. Openshaw's br. g. Congou, 6 yrs. old.....	—	dis
Mr. J. Kay's b. m. Creeping Jane, 6 yrs. old.....	—	dis
Mr. Robinson's b. g. Bob, 6 yrs. old.....	dis	

A PURSE of 50 sovs. for all ages.—One-mile heats.

Mr. Barrow's b. f. Catharina, 4 yrs. old, 12st.—Maudsley	1	1
Mr. G. Cook's br. c. Red Rover, 3 yrs. old, 9st. 6lb.....	2	2
Mr. Clegg's br. f. Eleanor, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 7lb.	3	3
Mr. G. Ogden's br. c. Terror, 3 yrs. old, 7st.	—	—
Mr. Higge's br. c. Sir Isaac, by Camel, 3 yrs. old, 7st.....	—	—
Mr. Towneley's b. h. Westport, 5 yrs. old, 10st. 10lb.	—	dr
Mr. T. Richardson's Her Ladyship, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 10lb.	—	dr
7 to 4 agst. Catharina, 5 to 2 agst. Red Rover, 8 to 1 agst. Sir Isaac, 8 to 1 agst. Her Ladyship, and 10 to 1 agst. Terror.		

CALEDONIAN HUNT AND DUMFRIES.

TUESDAY, October 21. The CALEDONIAN ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, with 100 added by the Hunt, for three yrs. old colts, 8st. 2lb., and fillies, 8st.—One mile and a half.—Nine subs.

Sir J. Boswell's ch. c. General Chassé, by Actæon.....	1
Mr. Skipsey's bl. c. Inheritor	2
Mr. Carfrae's ch. g. by Actæon, out of Miss Gib	3

FIFTY POUNDS, given by his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, for three yr. olds, 7st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, 8st. 11lb.; six and aged, 9st.: m. and g. allowed 2lb.: winners of 100 sovs. or upwards in cup, plate, or stakes, once during this season, to carry 3lb.; twice, 5lb.; and thrice, 7lb. extra.—Two miles.

Duke of Cleveland's br. c. by Muley, out of Bequest, 3 yrs. old.—Lye.....	1
Lord Elcho's br. h. Philip, 6 yrs. old	2
Lord Eglintoun's b. h. Byzantium, 5 yrs. old.....	3
Mr. Hobson's b. h. David, 5 yrs. old	4

The CALEDONIAN CUP, value 195 sovs. for Scotch bred horses; three yr. olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 7lb.; six and aged, 8st. 10lb.: m. and g. allowed 2lb.—Three miles.

Gen. Sharpe's ch. f. Myrrha, by Malek, 3 yrs. old.—Gray	1
Sir J. Boswell's br. c. Masetto, 3 yrs. old	2
Mr. Alexander's b. f. Little-go, 4 yrs. old	3
Mr. T. Bruce's ch. f. Miss Emily, by Actæon, 3 yrs. old.....	4

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Caledonian Hunt; three yr. olds, 7st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st.; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Eglintoun's br. f. Zillah, by Jerry, 3 yrs. old.—Lye	2	1	1
Mr. D. Ross's br. h. Prince, 5 yrs. old	1	3	2
Mr. Watson's br. c. Despot, 4 yrs. old	4	2	dr
Mr. P. Cooper's b. c. Forester, 3 yrs. old	3		dr

A SWEEPSTAKES of 2 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred, with 50 added ;
13st. each.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Corrie's gr. m. Mary Gray.—Owner	1	1	
Mr. Patterson's ch. g. by Corinthian	2	3	
Mr. Halliday's ch. g. Tally-ho	3		dr
Mr. Cranstoun's br. g. The Cooper	4		dis
Mr. Commin's ch. f. Shepherdess (bolted)			dis

WEDNESDAY, 22.—A GOLD CUP, in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs. each ;
three yr. olds, 7st. 3lb. ; four, 8st. 5lb. ; five, 8st. 12lb. ; six and aged,
9st. 2lb. : m. and g. allowed 3lb. ; and those got by untried stallions, or out
of mares which never bred a winner, allowed 2lb.—Two miles.—Seventeen
subs.

Sir J. Boswell's ch. c. General Chassé, 3 yrs. old, walked over.

FIFTY SOVEREIGNS, given by J. J. Hope Johnstone, Esq., the Member for the
County ; for three yr. olds, 7st. 4lb. ; four, 8st. 8lb. ; five, 9st. 3lb. : six and
aged, 9st. 7lb. : m. and g. allowed 3lb. ; and a winner of 50l. and upwards
during this season and previous to entry, to carry 3lb. ; of two fifties, or a
hundred in cup, plate, or stake, 5lb. extra.—Three miles.

Mr. Skipsey's bl. c. Inheritor, by Lottery, 3 yrs. old.—Heseltine	1		
Sir J. Boswell's b. c. Masetto, 3 yrs. old	2		
Lord Kelburne's br. f. by Jerry, 3 yrs. old	3		
Mr. Ramsay's br. c. Spider, 4 yrs. old ; Mr. Smellie's br. g. Cistercian, aged ; and Mr. W. Crompton's b. f. Mayflower, 3 yrs. old ; also started, but were not placed.			

A PLATE of 50 sovs. given by the Caledonian Hunt, for maiden horses ; three yr.
olds, 7st. 5lb. ; four, 8st. 2lb. ; five, 8st. 7lb. ; six and aged, 8st. 10lb. : m.
and g. allowed 3lb.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Gen. Sharpe's gr. f. Matilde, by Malek, 3 yrs. old.—Gray	-	-	1 1
Mr. Thomson's ch. g. by Octavian, out of Lady of the Swale, 3 yrs. old	-	1	2 2
Mr. Ramsay's ch. c. Hampton, 3 yrs. old	1	-	dr
Sir W. Scott's b. f. by Champignon, out of Miria, 4 yrs. old	-	2	-
Mr. Alexander's ch. f. Firefly, 3 yrs. old	2	-	-
Mr. Carfrae's ch. g. by Actæon, out of Miss Gib, 3 yrs. old (bolted) dis.			

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Southern Meeting, for three yr. olds, 6st. 10lb. ;
four, 7st. 10lb. ; five, 8st. 4lb. ; six and aged, 8st. 8lb. : m. and g. allowed
3lb ; extra weights, same as Members' plate.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Elcho's br. h. Philip, by Filho da Puta, 6 yrs. old.—Templeman	1	1	
Mr. Dawson's b. g. Brown Stout, 6 yrs. old	3	2	
Mr. D. Ross's b. c. Morpeth, 3 yrs. old	2		dr

THE CALEDONIAN COPLOW of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for horses not thorough-bred ;
three yr. olds, 10st. 2lb. ; four, 11st. 4lb. ; five, 12st. ; six and aged,
12st. 7lb. : to be ridden by Members of a racing or fox-hunting club in
Scotland.—One mile and a half.

Mr. Ramsay's na. b. f. Water Witch, by Guerilla, 4 yrs. old.—Mr. Montgo- mery	1		
Mr. Walker's br. g. The Pilot, aged	2		
Lord Eglintoun's Paul Pry, aged	3		

THURSDAY, 23.—A WHIP, given by his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, added
to a Stake of 25 sovs. each, for horses the property of Members of racing and
fox-hunting clubs in Scotland ; four yr. olds, 7st. 11lb. ; five, 8st. 8lb. ; six,
8st. 13lb. ; and aged, 9st.—Four miles.

Lord Kelburne's br. f. Sister to Retainer, by Jerry, 4 yrs. old.—Cartwright .. 1
 Mr. Watson's br. c. Despot, 4 yrs. old 2
 Mr. Ramsay's br. g. XXX, 5 yrs. old..... 3

FIFTY SOVEREIGNS, given by the Caledonian Hunt, added to a Stakes of 10 sovs. each; three yr. olds, 7st. 10lb.; four, 8st. 8lb.; five, 9st.; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.—Two miles.—Four subs.

Sir J. Boswell's ch. c. General Chassé, 3 yrs. old.—Nicholson 1
 Duke of Cleveland's br. c. by Muley, out of Bequest, 3 yrs. old 2

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Racing-fund; three yr. olds, 7st.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 8lb.; six and aged, 8st. 12lb.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.; extra weights, same as Members' plate:—Heats, one mile and a half.

Sir J. Boswell's b. f. Miss Margaret, 3 yrs. old.—Lye 1 1
 Mr. Dawson's b. g. Brown Stout, 6 yrs. old - 2
 Mr. D. Ross's br. h. Prince, 5 yrs. old..... 3 3
 Mr. Hornby's b. c. System, 3 yrs. old - -
 Mr. Hobson's b. h. David, 5 yrs. old..... 2 dr
 Lord Kelburne's br. f. by Jerry, 3 yrs. old - dr
 Gen. Sharpe's ch. f. Myrrha, 3 yrs. old (fell lame)..... - dr

A PURSE of 50 sovs., given by the Inhabitants of Dumfries and Neighbourhood, for horses not thorough-bred, bona fide the property of persons residing within the county of Dumfries, or Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, and to have been in their possession at least three months before the day of naming. The owners not to be Members of any racing or fox-hunting club in Scotland; three yr. olds, 10st. 10lb.; four, 11st. 5lb.; five, 11st. 11lb.; six and aged, 12st.—Gentlemen riders.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Douglas's bl. m. Galloway Lass, 6 yrs. old.—Owner - 1 1
 Mr. Halliday's ch. g. Dunkeld 1 2 2
 Mr. Grieves's ch. f. Gazelle, aged 2 3 3
 Mr. Ewart's bl. m. Miss Quotem, 4 yrs. old dia.
 Mr. Commin's ch. f. Shepherdess, 4 yrs. old (bolted) dia.

FRIDAY, 24.—**FIFTY SOVS.** given by the Southern Meeting, added to a Stake of 5 sovs. each; three yr. olds, 8st. 2lb.; four, 9st. 2lb.; five, 9st. 8lb.; six and aged, 9st. 11lb.: m. and g. allowed 3lb.: the winner of a cup, plate, or stake, value 100 sovs. or upwards, during the present season, and previous to the day of starting (matches excepted), to carry 3lb., of two or more, 5lb. extra.—Two miles.—Nine subs.

Sir J. Boswell's ch. c. General Chassé, 3 yrs. old, walked over.

HIS MAJESTY'S PLATE of 105 sovs., granted to the Caledonian Hunt, for three yr. olds, 7st. 9lb.; four, 9st.; five, 9st. 9lb.; six and aged, 10st.—Four miles.

Mr. Shipsey's bl. c. Inheritor, 3 yrs. old.—Hesseltine 1
 Duke of Cleveland's br. c. Muley Meloch, 4 yrs. old 2
 Lord Elcho's br. h. Philip, 6 yrs. old 3
 Mr. Ramsay's br. c. Spider, 4 yrs. old 4
 Lord Eglintoun's b. f. Zillah, 3 yrs. old 5

FIFTY SOVS. given by the Caledonian Hunt; three yrs. old, 7st. 10lb.; four, 8st. 10st.; five, 9st. 2lb.; six and aged, 9st. 5lb.: m. and g. allowed 2lb.; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.—One-mile heats.

Mr. Hobson's b. h. David, by Catton, 5 yrs. old.—Holmes - 1 1
 Mr. Alexander's b. f. Little-go, 4 yrs. old 1 - 2
 Lord Eglintoun's b. h. Byzantium, 5 yrs. old - 1 - dr
 Sir W. Scott's b. f. by Champignon, 4 yrs. old 2 -
 Mr. D. Ross's b. c. Morpeth, 3 yrs. old - 3 2
 Sir J. Boswell's ch. h. The Barber, aged 3 2
 Mr. Smellie's br. g. Cistacean, aged - 3
 Mr. Rowell's b. f. Window Shut, 3 yrs. old - -
 Mr. Gibson's br. f. by Richard, 3 yrs. old - -
 Mr. T. Bruce's ch. f. Miss Emily, 3 yrs. old - dr

A SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred, the property of Members of racing or fox-hunting clubs in Scotland, that have been regularly hunted during the previous season, and have been in at the death of not less than three foxes, 12st. 7lb. each.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Nine subs.

Mr. Lyon's b. m. Matilda.—Capt. Williams 1 3 1
 Mr. Walker's br. g. The Pilot 2 2 3
 Lord Eglington's br. m. Lady Susan (fell lame) 3 1 dis

Sir J. Boswell's br. c. Masetto, by Corinthian, 8st. 6lb. (Johnson), beat Lord Kelburne's br. f. by Jerry, 9st. 8lb.—Two miles, 100 sovs.

Mr. Montgomery's bl. m. Galloway Lass (Templeman), beat Mr. Corrie's gr. m. Mary Gray, 12st.—Two miles, 100 sovs.

NEWMARKET.—HOUGHTON MEETING.

MONDAY, October 27.—**HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, for three yr. olds and upwards.—D.M.

Mr. Gardnor's b. h. Messenger, by Partisan, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 11lb.—Pavis 1
 Mr. Yates's b. c. Ince, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 11lb. 2
 Mr. Greville's ch. h. Gondolier, aged, 7st. 9lb. 3
 Lord Chesterfield's b. h. Colwick, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 7lb.; and Mr. Forth's b. f. Louisa, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 4lb., paid.
 11 to 8 on Messenger, and 7 to 4 agst. Ince.

Mr. Kent's ro. f. Baleine, by Whalebone, 8st., (Boyce), beat Mr. Yates's ch. m. Sensitive, 8st. 7lb.—D.M.—100, h. ft.—6 to 5 on Sensitive.

The CRITERION STAKES of 30 sovs. each; 20 ft.; for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 3lb.; and fillies, 8st. 11lb.—From the turn of the Land's in.—a winner of the July, Clearwell, or Pendergast Stakes, to carry 7lb., of any two of those Stakes, 9lb. extra; all other winners, previous to the day of running, to carry 2lb. extra.—The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake.—Thirty-nine subs.

Mr. Greville's ch. f. Preserve, by Emilius, 8st. 8lb.—Arnall 1
 Mr. Mills's br. f. Hester, by Camel, 8st. 8lb. 2
 Lord Lichfield's ch. f. Gipsy, 8st. 3lb.; Mr. Yates's br. c. Clarence, 8st. 3lb.; Mr. Rawlinson's br. f. Reliance, sister to Revenge, 8st. 3lb.; Mr. Greatrex's b. f. by Camel, out of Martha, 8st. 11lb.; Mr. Grant's b. f. Goldfinch, by Filho da Puta, out of Orpheline, 8st. 11lb.; Mr. W. Edward's br. f. Burden, by Camel, out of Maria, by Waterloo, 8st. 11lb.; and Lord Orford's ch. f. by Whisker, out of Elizabeth, by Rainbow, 8st. 11lb.; also started, but were not placed.
 13 to 8 on Preserve, 5 to 1 agst. Burden, 7 to 1 agst. Hester, and 10 to 1 agst. the Martha filly.

TUESDAY, 28.—**HANDICAP PLATE** of 100l.; for four, five, six yrs. old, and aged horses.—D.I.

Duke of Portland's br. c. by Lottery, out of Pledge, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 4lb.—Nat. 1
 Mr. Biggs's ch. h. Little Red Rover, aged, 8st. 6lb. 2
 Lord Berner's ch. f. Malvina, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 3
 Mr. I. Day's b. g. Burgomaster, 5 yrs. old, 7st. 12lb. 4
 Mr. W. Smith's Denbies, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 4lb. 5
 6 to 4 agst. Malvina, 7 to 4 agst. the winner, and 6 to 1 agst. Little Red Rover.

Lord Chesterfield's b. f. by Partisan, out of St. Julien's dam, 2 yrs. old, 7st., (Nat.), beat Lord Stradbroke's br. f. Begum, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb.—Last half of Ab. M.—50.—3 to 1 on Begum.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each; for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 4lb.; and fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T.Y.C.—The winner to be sold for 50 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Mill's b. c. Lurcher, by Greyleg.—Nat..... 1
 Mr. W. Edwards's b. f. Chatterbox, by Filho da Puta, out of Xarifa, by
 Moses..... 2
 Sir M. Wood's b. f. Lilka; Mr. Pigott's ch. a. by Partizan, out of Flounce; Mr.
 Nevill's b. f. by Bobadil, out of Zoé; Duke of Grafton's br. c. Emu; and Lord
 Egremont's b. f. Redleg; also started, but were not placed.

The winner was claimed.

2 to 1 agst. Lurcher, 3 to 1 agst. Redleg, and 7 to 1 agst. Emu.

FIFTY POUNDS; for two yrs. old carrying a feather; three, 7st. 5lb.; four,
 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st. 3lb.; six, 9st. 7lb.; and aged, 9st. 10lb.—Last three
 miles of B. C.—The winner, with his engagements, to be sold for 300ga., if
 demanded, &c.

Mr. Turner's b. f. Lady Albert, by Langar, 2 yrs. old.—A. Perren..... 1
 Mr. Ridsdale's b. f. Veronica, 2 yrs. old..... 2
 Mr. Hunter's ch. f. by Tramp, out of Ridotto, 2 yrs. old..... 3
 Mr. W. Smith's Denbies, 4 yrs. old..... 4
 Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. Bucephalia, 2 yrs. old..... 5
 Mr. Forth's ch. c. Robinson Crusoe, 3 yrs. old..... 6
 Mr. I. Day's Burgomaster, 5 yrs. old..... 7
 6 to 4 agst. Robinson Crusoe, 3 to 1 agst. Bucephalia, and 6 to 1 agst. Veronica.

WEDNESDAY, 29.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each; for two yrs. old, 7st. 2lb;
 and three, 9st.—T.Y.C.—The winner to be sold for 100l.

Lord Chesterfield's b. f. by Pantaloon, out of Vexation, 2 yrs. old.—Nat.... 1
 Mr. Thornhill's b. c. Harum Scarum, 3 yrs. old..... 2
 Mr. Yates's br. c. Clarence, 2 yrs. old..... 3
 Mr. Farrall's b. f. by Figaro, out of Canopy, 3 yrs. old..... 4

The winner was claimed.

11 to 8 agst. the winner, 2 to 1 agst. Clarence, and 3 to 1 agst. the Canopy filly.

Mr. Thornhill's b. f. Ophelia, by Bedlamite, (Robinson), beat Mr. Forth's br. c.
 Pagan, 8st. 7lb. each.—T.Y.C.—25.—7 to 4 on Pagan.

SUBSCRIPTION PLATE of 50l.; for two yr. olds, carrying 6st. 7lb.; and three,
 8st. 10lb.—T.Y.C.—The winner to be sold for 350ga., if demanded, &c.

Col. Peel's b. f. by Partisan, out of Henrica, 2 yrs. old.—Pike..... 1
 Mr. Hunter's b. f. Sister to Forester, 2 yrs. old..... 2
 Mr. Nevill's ch. f. Amadou, 3 yrs. old; Sir F. Johnstone's ch. f. Trinket, by
 Godolphin, out of Filagree, 3 yrs. old; Mr. Goddard's b. f. by Emilius, out of
 Sketchbook's dam, 2 yrs. old; Mr. I. Day's b. f. by Godolphin, dam by Moses,
 out of Calendule, 2 yrs. old; Mr. Grant's b. f. Goldfinch, by Filho da Puta, out
 of Orpheline, 2 yrs. old; Mr. Shard's gr. c. Vaultier, by Reveller, out of Vaultress,
 2 yrs. old; and Mr. Knight's br. c. by Camel, out of Friar Tuck's dam, 2 yrs.
 old; also started, but were not placed.

7 to 4 agst. Goldfinch, 5 to 2 agst. Amadou, 4 to 1 agst. Sister to Forester, and
 10 to 1 agst. the winner.

HANDICAP PLATE of 50l. for three yrs. old and upwards.—A.F.

Mr. W. Edwards's br. c. Prince Llewellyn, by Waxy Pope, 4 yrs. old, 8st.
 3lb.—Robinson..... 1
 Lord Verulam's b. c. Little Cassino, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 12lb..... 2
 Mr. Forth's b. f. Louisa, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 10lb..... 3
 Duke of Portland's ch. c. Cacus, by Tiresias, out of Agatha, 3 yrs. old,
 7st. 4lb..... 4
 Lord Exeter's br. c. Cactus, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb..... 5
 6 to 4 agst. Cactus, 7 to 4 agst. Cacus, 6 to 1 agst. Prince Llewellyn, and 6 to
 1 agst. Louisa,

Col. Peel's ch. c. Nonsense by Bedlamite, 8st. 3lb., (Pavis), beat Lord Chester-
 field's b. h. Colwick, 9st. 7lb.—D.M.—200, h. ft.—6 to 5 on Nonsense.

THURSDAY, 30.—SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 6lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Last half of Ab. M.—The winner to be sold for 25 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Greville's ch. c. Pat, by St. Patrick, dam by Master Henry, grandam by Precipitate.—Nat 1
 Mr. Newton's Heberlé 2
 Mr. Pigott's ro. c. by Partisan, out of Flounce 3
 Lord Egremont's b. f. by Greyleg, out of Whale's dam 4
 The winner was claimed.
 5 to 4 on Pat.

Mr. Greville's ch. f. Preserve, 9st. (Nat), beat Sir M. Wood's ch. f. by Bustard, out of Camelina, 8st. 2lb.—T.Y.C.—300, h. ft.—5 to 2 on Preserve.

SUBSCRIPTION HANDICAP PLATE of 50l., for three yr. olds and upwards.—D.I.

Mr. Gardnor's b. h. Messenger, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb.—Pavis 1
 Mr. Greville's ch. f. Chantilly, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 4lb. 2
 5 to 2 on Messenger.

FRIDAY, 31.—Mr. Greville's ch. c. Pat, 2 yrs. old, 8st. 8lb. (Nat), beat Mr. W. Edwards's b. f. by Bedlamite, dam by Woful, a yearling, 6st. 4lb.—First half of Ab. M.—25.—6 to 5 on Pat.

The NURSERY STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two yr. olds.—D.M.

Mr. Grant's ch. c. Knobstick, by Emilius, 8st. 6lb.—Conolly 1
 Gen. Grosvenor's br. f. Mousetrap, by Bizarre, out of Young Mouse, 6st. 10lb. 2
 Lord Egremont's b. f. Ethilda, 8st. 7lb.; Mr. Sowerby's ro. f. Constantia, 7st. 12lb.; Mr. S. Chifney's br. f. by Whisker, out of Dromedary's dam, 7st. 12lb. (carried 8st.); Duke of Rutland's bl. f. Flame, 7st. 4lb.; Mr. Forth's b. c. by Lottery, out of Pimlico, 7st. 4lb.; Col. Peel's b. c. Weathercock, 6st. 12lb.; and Lord Lichfield's b. c. Cajeput, 6st. 12lb.; also started, but were not placed.
 3 to 1 agst. Ethilda, 5 to 1 agst. Flame, 6 to 1 agst. Mousetrap, 6 to 1 agst. the Whisker filly, and 8 to 1 agst. Knobstick.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three yr. olds and upwards.—T.Y.C.

Mr. Kent's ro. f. Baleine, 4 yrs. old, 8st.—Boyce 1
 Col. Peel's b. f. Rosalie, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb. 2
 Sir S. Graham's b. f. Zulima, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 9lb. 3
 Lord Chesterfield's b. h. Colwick, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 2lb.; Lord Exeter's br. c. Cactus, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 2lb.; and Mr. Thornhill's b. f. Ophelia, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 3lb.; also started, but were not placed.
 6 to 4 agst. Rosalie, 4 to 1 agst. Baleine, and 5 to 1 agst. Colwick.

Sir M. Wood's ch. c. The Glama, by Camel, 2 yrs. old, 7st. 11lb. (Pavis), beat Lord Exeter's ch. f. Ayesha, by Sultan, out of Marinella, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb.—T.Y.C.—100, h. ft.—6 to 4 on The Glama.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for two yrs. old colts, 8st. 4lb.; and fillies, 8st. 2lb.—First half of Ab. M.—The winner to be sold for 50 sovs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Mills's br. f. Camlet, by Camel.—Nat 1
 Mr. Copeland's ch. c. by Blacklock, or Langar, dam by Abjer, out of The Duchess; and Mr. I. Day's b. f. by Fungus, out of Zelinda; Sir M. Wood's b. f. Lilka; and Lord Lowther's b. c. by Figaro, out of Coquette; also started, but were not placed.
 6 to 4 on the Coquette colt, 3 to 1 agst. Camlet.

WORCESTER.—AUTUMN MEETING.

THURSDAY, November 6.—A SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added, for all ages; the winner to be sold for 70 gs. if demanded, &c.; the owner of the second horse received back his stake.—Heats, one mile and a quarter

Mr. Mackintosh's b. c. Chance, by Figaro, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 6lb.	-	1	1
Mr. Moss's br. f. Eagle, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 6lb.	1	5	2
Mr. Reeve's Harlot, aged, 9st. 8lb.	2	3	3
Mr. Walmsley's b. g. by Strephon, out of Niagara, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 6lb. .	-	2	4
Mr. Collett's Theodolite, 4 yrs. old, 8st. 11lb.	3	dr	

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Ironside's ro. g. by Cyndus, 5 yrs. old, 10st. 12lb.—Lear ..	-	-	1	5	1
Mr. Thornes's Cannon-ball, 4 yrs. old, 10st. 2lb.	-	3	2	1	2
Mr. White's b. m. by Grimaldi, dam by Fyldener, 8st. 12lb.	0	2	-	-	4
Mr. Foster's b. m. Pessima, 5 yrs. old, 10st. 7lb.	0	4	-	-	3
Mr. F. L. Charlton na. ch. c. by Rossini, out of Cholstrey Lass's dam, 3 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb.	-	-	3	-	
Mr. Codrington's Conservative, 6 yrs. old, 11st. 6lb. (fell lame)	3	1	dr		

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, with 10 added, for horses of all descriptions.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.—Eleven subs.

Mr. Ongley's b. h. Donnington, by Champion, 6 yrs. old, 9st. 2lb.—Arthur, sen.	-	1	1
Mr. Moss's ch. f. Tiara, 4 yrs. old, 7st. 10lb.	1	-	2
Mr. Fuller's b. f. Nell Gwynne, 4 yrs. old, 9st. 5lb.	2	4	-
Sir G. Pigot's b. f. Heads-or-tails, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 2lb.	-	2	-
Mr. Powell's b. f. Termagant, 3 yrs. old, 7st. 2lb.	-	3	-
Mr. Foster's b. m. Pessima, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb.	-	-	-
Mr. Grant's b. g. Unicorn, 3 yrs. old, 6st. 9lb.	-	-	-
Mr. Meyrick na. b. g. Deceiver, 6 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb.	-	-	-
Mr. Ironside's ch. g. Coronation, 5 yrs. old, 9st. 3lb.	-	-	dr
Mr. Hook's Cyclops, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 5lb.	-	dr	

A HACK STAKES of 3 sovs. each, with 5 added, for horses of all denominations; the winner to be sold for 25 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Ody's b. g. Topsy, by Topsy-turvy, or Potsheen, out of a half-bred mare, 5 yrs. old, 11st. 5lb.—Reeves	3	1	1
Mr. Hook's Cyclops, 5 yrs. old, 11st. 12lb.	1	2	-
Mr. Codrington's b. g. Dodington, 5 yrs. old, 11st. 3lb.	2	-	-
Mr. Ward's br. f. Nothing-at-all, 4 yrs. old, 10st. 10lb.	4	-	-
Mr. Parker's b. g. Doubtful, aged, 11st. 6lb.	5	-	-

A CAVALRY PLATE of 50 sovs., given by the Hon. R. H. Clive, M.P., added to a subscription of 2 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Hill's ch. h. The Colonel, 13st.—Owner	1	1
Mr. Cottrill's Lucy, 12st. 7lb.	-	2
Mr. R. C. Herbert's b. m. Daisy, 12st. 7lb.	2	-
Mr. Fownes's b. h. Hanbury, 6 yrs. old, 12st. 7lb.	3	-

Three others started.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF WINNING HORSES, 1834.

The Horses were of the ages mentioned in this List on May-day, 1834.

Yrs. old.	GOT BY ABJER.	No. of Prizes.
11	Norman, Mr. Delmé Radcliffe's, 50 at Bedford, 50 and 40 at The Hoo ..	3
ACTÆON.		
2	Ariel, Duke of Leeds's, 75 at York	1
2	B. f., Duke of Leeds's, 125 at Stockton	1
2	Burletta, Mr. Jaques's, 212l. 10s. at Catterick	1
3	General Chassé, Sir J. Boswell's, the St. Leger stakes at Liverpool Spring and Aintree Meetings and at Manchester, 250 at Doncaster, 300, 160, 80, and 90 at Dumfries	8
2	Miss Frill, Mr. Metcalfe's, 150 at Newcastle	1
3	Miss Margaret, Sir J. Boswell's, 60, 40, and 90, at Liverpool, 60 at Man- chester, 45 at Newton, and 50 at Dumfries	6
3	Morpeth, Mr. Ross's, 50 at Morpeth	1
2	The Stag, Mr. G. Crompton's, 325 at Liverpool	1
ALONZO.		
	Agitator, Mr. Russell's, a cup, &c. at Warwick	1
AMADIS.		
3	Black Jack, Mr. Hewitt's, a stake at Southampton	1
	Jerry, Mr. Robinson's, a cup at Malton	1
AMBO.		
13	Liston, Mr. I. Day's, 80 at Bath	1
ANTELOPE.		
6	Tally-ho, Mr. Morgan's, a stake at Knighton	1
ANTICIPATION.		
7	Rhagflaeniad, Mr. Bradley's, 47 at Aberystwith	1
ASTROLOGER.		
3	Enville, Lord Grey's, 75 at Stourbridge	1
BAY MALTON.		
2	Wildon, Sir J. Gerard's, 50 at Burton-on-Trent	1
BANKER.		
3	Cashier, Mr. Allanson's, 70 at Newton	1
BARYTES.		
	Wallington, Capt. Delmé's, twice 50 at Bibury	2
BATTLEDORE.		
3	Ch. c., Sir T. Stanley's, 75 at Liverpool	1
4	La Grace, Sir T. Stanley's, 40 at Liverpool, a cup and 50 at Oswestry ..	3
3	The High Sheriff, Sir T. Stanley's, 60 at Liverpool	1
2	The Magnate, Mr. Mostyn's, 175 at Chester	1
BEDLAMITE.		
4	Frenzy, Mr. E. Peel's, the Borough cup at Newton	1
3	Harum Scarum, Col. Peel's, 50 at Newmarket	1

3	Ince, Mr. Yates's, 50 and half a stake at Newmarket	14
3	Mad Tom, Mr. Giffard's, 50 at Newcastle	1
4	Nonsense, Col. Peel's, 100 at Goodwood, 40 and 200 at Newmarket	3
3	Noodle, Mr. E. Peel's, 120 at Bridgnorth, 45 and 60 at Warwick, the gold cup, 20, and the King's plate, at Nottingham	6
3	Ophelia, Mr. Thornhill's, 25 at Newmarket	1

BELZONI.

3	Billinge, Sir J. Gerard's, 325 at Newton and 80 at Heaton-park	2
3	Tristram Shandy, Mr. Burton's, 50 at Worcester	1
3	Ch. f., Mr. Holland's, 25 ga. and 45 at Derby	2

BELLEROPHON.

	The Farrier, Mr. Thompson's, the gold cup at Holderness Hunt	1
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BENEDICT.

2	Kate Kearney, Mr. Pottit's, the July stakes and 105 at Newmarket	2
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BIZARRE.

4	Nikè, Mr. Forster's, 165 at Pytchley Hunt, a cup, &c. at Bath, and 40 at Cheltenham; Mr. Hobson's, 55 and the gold cup at Leicester	5
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BLACKLOCK.

3	Belluno, Mr. Watt's, 50 at Stockton	1
4	Belshazzar, Mr. Watt's, 150 at Newmarket	1
3	Haldon, Sir L. Glyn's, the Devonshire stakes, 100, and 55, at Exeter, 45 at Weymouth, and 50 at Blandford	5
2	Mamsel Otz, Mr. Watt's, 40 at Stockton and 100 at Northallerton	2
3	Mrs. Oakley, Mr. Fox's, 225 and 50 at York, and 40 at Stockton	3
3	Rialto, Duke of Leeds's, twice 50 at Richmond	2
4	Samarcan, Sir G. Heathcote's, the Swinley stakes at Ascot and 50 at Egham	2
3	Worlabay Baylock, Mr. Skipsey's, 575 and the Shorts stakes at York, and 1800 at Doncaster	3

BONASSUS.

3	Buffalo, Mr. Sirdefield's, a cup, &c. at Wenlock, a purse at Bishop's Castle, and 60 at Walsall	3
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BRUTANDORF.

4	Fusbos, Mr. E. Smith's, 40 at Holderness Hunt	1
5	Physician, Mr. Skipsey's, the Stand cup at Liverpool, the King's plate and twice 70 at York	4

BUZZARD.

3	Bentley, Mr. Yates's, the St. Leger stakes at Newmarket	1
3	Partridge, Mr. Houldsworth's, 50 at Bridgwater	1
5	Sparrowhawk, Capt. Potts's, 45 at Durham	1

CAIN.

4	Barney Bodkin, Mr. Scott's, the Clifton stakes and 80 at Clifton, 50 at Salisbury, and 48 at Weymouth	4
2	Castaway, Mr. Yates's, 50 at Newmarket	1
3	Conservator, Mr. Currie's, 35 at Haverfordwest	1
3	Donald, Mr. Bristow's, 110 at Warwick, 65 at Cheltenham, 80 at Worcester, and 40 at Wolverhampton	4
4	Languish, Lord Wilton's, 185 at Manchester	1
5	Lucy, Mr. B. King's, twice 45 at Newcastle, the Worcestershire stakes at Worcester, 60 at Warwick, 85 and 45 at Shrewsbury, and 50 at Wrexham	7
5	Sensitive, Mr. Yates's, 60 and the October Oatlands at Newmarket, and 50 at Huntingdon	3
3	Squirrel, Mr. Bristow's, 45 at Gloucester and 125 at Haverfordwest	2
4	Uncle Toby, Mr. J. H. Peel's, 130 at Abingdon and 60 at Holywell	2
2	Vagary, Mr. Yates's, 50 at Huntingdon	1

CAMEL.

3	Abbas Mirza, Lord Westminster's, 65 at Liverpool, 50 and the gold cup at Holywell	3
3	B. f., Lord Wilton's, 35 at Heaton-park	1
3	Br. c., Lord Wilton's, 250 at Manchester and 375 at Liverpool	2
4	Caliban, Mr. Price's, the Cheshire stakes at Chester and 50 at Holywell ..	2
2	Camlet, Mr. Mills's, 40 at Newmarket	1
2	Constantia, Mr. Sowerby's, half a stake at Newmarket	1
4	Crocodile, Mr. Edwards's, half a stake at Epsom and 50 at Hampton	1
2	The Glama, Sir M. Wood's, the Chesterfield stakes and 100 at Newmarket ..	2
2	Hester, Mr. Mills's, the Prendergast stakes at Newmarket	1
3	Regatta, Lord Westminster's, 100 at Shrewsbury	1
3	Sheik, Lord Westminster's, 150 at Liverpool	1
3	Sir William, Mr. Nanney's, 75 at Chester and 175 at Newton	2
3	Touchstone, Lord Westminster's, the Dee and the Palatine stakes at Chester, the St. Leger stakes at Doncaster, 50 at Wrexham, and 100 at Holywell	5
3	Zara, Mr. Gardner's, 40 at Oswestry	1

YOUNG CAMILLUS.

3	Anne, Sir R. Hill's, 115 at Shrewsbury	1
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CANDIDATE.

4	Jack Tar, Mr. Powell's, 45 at Bath and 55 at Knighton	2
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CATTON.

4	Br. c., Mr. Gardnor's, 50 at Chatham	1
8	Cistercian, Mr. Smellie's, 50 at Fife Hunt	1
6	Clarion, Col. Peel's, half a stake at Bibury	1
9	Coronet, Mr. Taunton's, 55 at Plymouth	1
5	David, Mr. Houldsworth's, the Forfeit class of the Oatlands at Newmarket, 75 and 50 at Doncaster, and 40 at Heaton-park; Mr. Hobson's, 50 at Nottingham and 50 at Dumfries	6
6	Diana, Mr. I. Day's, the Somersetshire stakes at Bath, the Gloucestershire stakes at Cheltenham, Gloucester stakes at Gloucester, 110 at Worcester, the Wolverhampton stakes at Wolverhampton, the King's plate and 150 at Northampton, and the King's plate at Warwick	6
5	Isabel, Mr. W. Day's, twice 50 at Southampton; Lord A. Conyngham's, the cup at Tonbridge Wells	3
4	Lady Charlotte, Capt. Skipwith's, 50 at Ipswich, 35 and 50 at Bedford, 50 at Tonbridge Wells, 70 at Canterbury, 50 at Dover, and 50 at Hastings	7
5	Minster, Lord Conyngham's, 50 at Epsom	1
5	Pilot, Mr. Milner's, 60 at Derby	1

CENTAUR.

4	Jason, Sir S. Graham's, 120 at Newmarket	1
4	Trepidation, Lord Warwick's, 60 at Wolverhampton	1

CHAMPION.

5	Coronation, Mr. Painter's, 50 at Chester, 40 at Stourbridge, and 68 at Rugeley	3
6	Donnington, Mr. Ongley's, 50 at Bridgnorth, 60 at Burton, 44 at Rugeley, and 60 at Worcester	4
5	Saccarina, Mr. Rogers's, 50 at Wenlock	1

CHATEAU MARGAUX.

4	Astracan, Sir G. Heathcote's, the King's plate at Ascot	1
5	Hussite, Mr. F. Watt's, 40 at Holderness Hunt	1
3	Louden, Mr. Johnson's, 50 at Malton; Mr. Broenenberg's, 100 at Doncaster	2
3	Queen Beas, Mr. Mostyn's, 135 and 120 at Liverpool, 50 and 40 at Holywell ..	4
3	Wyndham, Mr. Hetherington's, 50, 112l. 10s., and 50 at York	3

CLAUDE LORRAINE,

4	Cricket, Mr. West's, 60, 75, and 50, at Warwick, and 125 at Bath	4
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CLEVELAND.

4	Jemima, Mr. Jaques's, 50 at Kendal and 45 at Penrith	2
5	Pestilence, Mr. Dawson's, 60 at Knutsford, 50 at The Pottery, 75 at Richmond, a silver cup, &c. at Northallerton	4

COMUS.

2	B. f., Sir E. Dodsworth's, 20 at Lancaster	1
3	Birdlime, Mr. Mostyn's, 80 at Wolverhampton, 220 at Doncaster, a piece of plate and 50 at Holywell	4
5	Cecilia, Mr. Finch's, the Hampshire stakes and 50 at Winchester, the Taunton stakes and 50 at Taunton, the Saltram stakes and 100 at Plymouth, the gold cup at Exeter, the King's plate at Weymouth, the Dorchester stakes, 55, and the Dinner stakes, at Dorchester	11
4	Jenny Wren, Mr. Bishop's, 48 at Chelmsford, 45 at Barnet, and 45 at Enfield	3
5	Lady Stafford, Mr. Bower's, 50 at The Pottery	1
4	Theodore, Lord Chesterfield's, 100 at Newton	1

CONDUCTOR.

6	Caractacus, Sir T. Stanley's, 90 at Newton	1
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CONTEST.

5	Cornet, Mr. Potts's, 31 at Morpeth	1
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CORINTHIAN.

3	Masetto, Mr. Crompton's, 130 at Catterick; Sir J. Boswell's, the cup and 50 at Western Meeting, 75 at Carlisle, and 100 at Dumfries	5
8	Russell, Mr. Painter's, 110 at The Pottery, the gold cup and King's plate at Shrewsbury, and the gold cup at Wrexham	4

CORRECTOR.

5	Kendal, Col. Gilbert's, 45 at Upton-on-Severn	1
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CORRELLI.

	Kilmarnock, Col. Gilbert's, a cup, &c. at Cheltenham	1
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CRIPPLE.

6	Major, Mr. Currie's, a stake at Haverfordwest and 50 at Carmarthen	2
4	Maridunum, Mr. Davies's, 39 at Haverfordwest	1

CYNDUS.

5	Ro. g., Mr. Painter's, 60 at Worcester and 40 at Shrewsbury; Mr. Ironside's, 70 at Worcester	3
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DEFENCE.

3	Defensive, Mr. Sadler's, 400 at Stockbridge, 525 and 200 at Bath, 150 at Cheltenham, the Guy stakes at Warwick, 250 and 100 at Abingdon ..	7
3	Desperate, Mr. Sadler's, 75 at Oxford	1
3	Lady Jane, Mr. Hervey's, 50 at Salisbury	1

DINMONT.

	Liddesdale, Mr. Hall's, 60 at Holderness Hunt and 45 at Malton	2
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DOCTOR SYNTAX.

3	Lily of the Valley, Mr. Orde's, 80 and the gold cup at Morpeth	2
9	Prosody, Mr. Thompson's, 42 at Holderness Hunt	1
7	Pilot, Mr. Boag's, a stake at Kelso and 45 gs. at Newcastle	2

DON COSSACK.

5	Reform, Mr. Osbaldeston's, the Pillerton stakes at Warwick	1
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EDMUND.

2	Trim, Mr. Bristow's, 60 at Abingdon	1
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EMILIUS.

3	B. f., Mr. Forth's, 200 at Epsom, the cup and 50 at Egham	3
2	B. f., Mr. Thornhill's, 45 at Oxford	1

2	Bucephalia, Mr. Gardnor's, 40 at Newmarket	1
2	Chataigne, Lord Orford's, 150 at Egham and 40 at Newmarket	2
2	Coriolanus, Mr. Ridsdale's, the Champagne stakes at Doncaster	1
6	Ciudad Rodrigo, Capt. Berkeley's, 125 at Bath and 60 at Gloucester	2
2	Curtius, Mr. Walker's, 350 at York	1
3	Gracchus, Mr. E. Peel's, 75 at Lichfield	1
2	Knobstick, Mr. Grant's, 40 and 200 at Newmarket.....	2
4	Moorhen, Mr. Chifney's, 100 at Newmarket	1
4	Octave, Duke of Grafton's, 50 at Ipswich.....	1
3	Pickle, Mr. Greville's, 300, 20, and 150 at Newmarket, and the Albany stakes at Ascot	4
3	Plenipotentiary, Mr. Batson's, 300 and 450 at Newmarket, the Derby stakes at Epsom, and 800 at Ascot	4
2	Preserve, Mr. Greville's, the Clearwell and the Criterion stakes and 300 at Newmarket	3

EQUATOR.

Glory, Mr. Copeland's, 40 at The Pottery.....	1
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FELTON.

4	The Dancing Master, Mr. Orde's, 110 at Manchester	1
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FIGARO.

3	B. f., Sir M. Wood's, 50 at Newmarket	1
3	B. f., Sir G. Heathcote's, 50 at Epsom	1
	B. g., Mr. Hemaley's, 50 at Canterbury.....	1
3	Benevolence, Mr. Peirse's, the Craven stakes at Catterick.....	1
3	Chance, Mr. Griffin's, 40 at Knutsford; Mr. Mackintosh's, 45 at Worcester	2
3	The Count, Mr. Fox's, 50 at Malton, 60 gs. and 50 at Newcastle, and 85 at Stockton	4
7	Figurante, Mr. Coleman's, 50 at St. Alban's and twice 45 at Hampton; Mr. Firth's, 45 at Enfield	4
3	Forester, Mr. Houldsworth's, 80 at Liverpool	1
3	Her Ladyship, Lord Wilton's, 30 at Heaton-park; Mr. Robinson's, 60 gs. at Chesterfield	2
4	The Page, Mr. Ellis's, 70 at Burton-on-Trent	1
5	Prince, Mr. Crompton's, the King's plate and 50 at Edinburgh	2
4	Sevillian, Mr. Webb's, 50 and the Huntingdon stakes at Huntingdon, a purse, &c. and 50 at Northampton.....	4

FILHO DA PUTA.

4	Bridegroom, Lord Westminster's, 65 at Shrewsbury	1
6	Colwick, Lord Chesterfield's, the Craven stakes at Newmarket and at Epsom	2
4	The Controller, Lord Westminster's, 250 and 40 at Holywell	2
4	Denbies, Mr. Harrison's, 55 and 50 at Enfield, and 55 at Epsom	3
6	Giovanni, Mr. Wheelodon's, the Tradesmen's cup at Manchester, the cup at Buxton, 90 gs. and 50 gs. at Derby, and a gold cup at Heaton-park.	5
4	Harriet, Mr. Nauney's, the Peover stakes at Knutsford.....	1
2	Humphrey, Mr. E. Peel's, 175 at Lichfield	1
	The Knight, Mr. Ramsden's, 20 at Morpeth	1
8	Meretrix, Sir J. Boswell's, a match at Western Meeting.....	1
6	Philip, Lord Elcho's, 50 at Edinburgh, twice 50 at Western Meeting, twice 50 at Fife Hunt, and 50 at Dumfries	6
2	Purity, Mr. West's, 45 at Cheltenham and 175 at Warwick	2

FITZ-ORVILLE (out of Sheba's Queen).

7	Harlot, Mr. Reeve's, 30 at Bridgwater, 48 at Taunton, 65 at Abingdon, and the Dorsetshire stakes at Blandford	4
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FITZ-ORVILLE (Sir A. Don's).

8	Gondolier, Lord Elcho's, the gold cup at Edinburgh	1
	Paul Pry, Lord Eglintoun's, 40 at Western Meeting	1

FITZ-WALTON.

- 5 Swing, Col. Charritte's, the Billesdon Coplow and 55 at Croxton-park ;
Mr. Osbaldeston's, 50 at Bath, 75 at Bibury, 55 at Cheltenham, and
100 at Heaton-park 6

THE FLYER.

- Ch. g., Mr. Wright's, 50 gs. at Croxton-park 1

FROLIC.

- 8 Perseverance, Mr. Giffard's, the Cleveland cup at Wolverhampton 1

FUNGUS.

- 2 Reliance, Mr. Rawlinson's, 160 at Bibury 1

- 4 Revenge, Mr. Etwall's, 80 and 20 at Bibury, 60 at Stockbridge, 45, the
King's plate, and 60 at Winchester, the Wiltshire stakes, the King's
plate, and 90, at Salisbury, the cup at Warwick, and 30 at Abingdon . 11

GENERAL MINA.

- 5 Cognovit, Mr. Boote's, 50 at Wenlock 1

GOLUMPUS.

- 7 Pennywise, Mr. A. F. Berkeley's, 65 at East Sussex Hunt 1

GRENADIER.

- 6 Perseverance, Mr. Watmough's, 40 at Stamford and 45 at Lincoln 2

GREYLEG.

- 2 Lurcher, Mr. Mills's, 60 at Newmarket 1

- 2 Redleg, Lord Egremont's, 130 at Epsom 1

GREY MIDDLEHAM.

- Gr. h., Mr. Thompson's, the Hack stakes at Richmond 1

GUERILLA.

- 4 Water Witch, Mr. Taylor's, 40 at Dumfries 1

GUSTAVUS.

- 4 Chantilly, Mr. Greville's, 50 at Ascot 1

- 3 Morotto, Mr. Hunter's, 50 and 50 at Newmarket 2

HAMPDEN.

- 8 Guildford, Mr. Willes's, 48 at Canterbury 1

HELENUS.

- 2 Marmoset, Mr. Greville's, twice 25 at Goodwood 2

- 3 Robinson Crusoe, Mr. Forth's, 50 at Newmarket 1

THE HUMDANIEH ARABIAN.

- 3 Mac Arab, Mr. Pettit's, 25 at Newmarket 1

HUMPHREY CLINKER.

- 3 Bran, Lord Sligo's, 125 and 250 at York ; Sir Edward Baker's, 310 at
Doncaster 3

- 3 Famine, Mr. Grant's, the King's plate and 60 at Lewes 2

- 4 Rockingham, Mr. Theobald's, the King's plates at Hampton, Guildford,
and Canterbury, and the gold cup at Brighton 4

JACK SPIGOT.

- 4 Jack Faucet, Mr. Mostyn's, the Stand cup at Chester 1

- 2 Rosamond, Mr. Edmundson's, 40 at Middleham 1

JERRY.

- 4 Br. f., Lord Kelburne's, 20 at Newcastle and the Whip at Caledonian
Hunt 2

- 4 Clearwell, Lord Orford's, 50 at Epsom and the Wokingham stakes at Ascot 2

- 4 Fanny, Col. Cradock's, 230 at Newcastle, 70 at Lancaster, and 90 at
Carlisle 3

- 3 Mayflower, Mr. W. Crompton's, 100 at York, 30 at Liverpool, 80 at Lan-
caster, and 110 at Doncaster 4

	The Window Shut, Mr. Rothwell's, 45 at The Pottery	1
5	Tomboy, Mr. Orde's, the gold cup and 80 at Newcastle, the gold cup at Stockton, 40 and the gold cup at Doncaster, and the gold cup at Richmond	6
3	Zillah, Lord Eglintoun's, 100 at Catterick, the gold cup at Durham, 150 at Newcastle, and 50 at Dumfries	4

JOHNNY RAW.

4	Ch. g., Mr. Taylor's, 50 gs. at Lincoln	1
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KING OF DIAMONDS.

7	King of Trumps, Mr. Shelley's, twice 50 at Brighton and 60 at Lewes ..	3
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LAMBTONIAN.

2	Tauntonian, Mr. Houldsworth's, 140 at Bath ; Mr. Tobin's, 75 and 45 at Blandford	3
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LAMPLIGHTER.

3	B. c., Lord Berners's, 40 at Newmarket	1
3	Dick, Gen. Grosvenor's, 200 at Bibury, 50 at Stamford, and 65 at Northampton	3
2	Flame, Duke of Rutland's, 100 at Newmarket	1
3	May-day, Lord Berners's, the 1000 gs. stakes at Newmarket	1

LANGAR.

2	Lady Albert, Mr. Turner's, 50 at Newmarket	1
2	Nymphalin, Mr. Fox's, 60 at Stockton	1
2	Pilgrim, Mr. J. Scott's, 440 at York ; Mr. Walker's, 620 at Doncaster ..	2
4	Ratcatcher, Mr. Nanney's, 70 at Chester, 70 at Newton, 120 at Liverpool, and 50 at Wrexham	4
2	Venus, Mr. T. Johnson's, 170 at Manchester and 60 at Newcastle	2
2	Weldare, Mr. Dundas's, 62l. 10s. at Richmond	1

LAPDOG.

3	Blenheim, Mr. C. Finch's, 50 at Winchester, 55 at Weymouth, and 50 at Dorchester	3
5	Kate, Mr. Mills's, 50 at Newmarket ; Mr. Farrall's, 100 at Goodwood ..	2
3	Patapan, Mr. Mills's, a compromise of 200 and 250 at Newmarket ; Mr. Cosby's, 50 at Brighton	2½
3	Pincher, Mr. Cosby's, 50 at Brighton	1

LEVIATHAN.

3	Alexis, Lord Chesterfield's, 650 and 300 at Ascot	2
3	Mammoth, Lord Chesterfield's, 125 at Ascot	1

LITTLE JOHN.

6	Pleader, Mr. Hardwick's, a cup, &c., at East Sussex Hunt ..	1
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LONGWAIST.

3	B. c., Duke of Cleveland's, the King's plate at Newcastle	1
3	Br. f., Mr. Beardsworth's, 50 at Ludlow, 50 at Walsall, and 60 at Nottingham	3
3	Louisa, Mr. Forth's, the Windsor Forest stakes at Ascot	1

LOTTERY.

4	Br. c., Duke of Portland's, 100 at Newmarket	1
3	Br. c., Mr. Greatrex's, 200 at Newmarket	1
2	Butterfly, Lord Eglintoun's, 40 at Edinburgh, 175 at Western Meeting, and 80 at Carlisle	3
5	Chance, Mr. Jackson's, 60 at Holderness Hunt	1
6	Consol, Mr. Walker's, the gold cup and King's plate at Lancaster, and the King's plate at Doncaster	3
4	Eagle, Mr. Moss's, 50 at Stourbridge	1
3	Heads-or-Tails, Sir G. Pigot's, 45 at Ludlow, 35 at Bishop's Castle, and 60 at Rugeley	3
3	Inheritor, Mr. Skipsey's, 80 at Manchester, the Tradesmen's cup at Liverpool, 50 and the King's plate at Dumfries	4

3	Isabella, Mr. Salvin's, 85 at Newcastle.....	1
4	Little-go, Mr. Alexander's, 50 at Fife Hunt	1
4	Lot, Duke of Leeds's, the gold cup at Catterick	1
3	Lotteria, Mr. Vansittart's, 525 at Newmarket	1
4	Mezeleon, Mr. Painter's, the Bretby cup at Burton-on-Trent and the gold cup at Oswestry	2
3	Miss Golborne, Mr. R. Turner's, 80 at Newton	1
4	Miss Wilfred, Mr. Harrison's, twice 50 at Durham, 60 at Kendal, and the Pontefract stakes at Pontefract	4
4	The Mystery, Mr. Powlett's, 100 at Liverpool, the King's plate at York, the King's plate and gold cup at Lincoln, and the gold cup at Northallerton	5
3	Polander, Mr. Attwood's, 50 at Carlisle	1
5	Raffle, Mr. Thompson's, 40 at Beverley; Mr. Hustler's, a stake at Richmond	2
3	Red Rover, Mr. Cooke's, 70 at Manchester, 50 at Knutsford, 120 at Burnley, 50 at Oswestry, and 65 at Wrexham.....	5
3	Scamp, Mr. Giffard's, 60 at Manchester.....	1
5	Stainton, Mr. Attwood's, 50 at Carlisle	1
4	The Tutor, Mr. Osbaldeston's, 50 at Pytchley Hunt, 20 at Croxton-park, and half a stake at Bibury	2½
3	Zohrab, Mr. Gascoigne's, 750 at York, 70 gs. at Lincoln, and 50 at Northallerton.....	3

LUZBOROUGH.

4	Roulette, Mr. Reeves's, 50 at Wells, the Bridgwater stakes and 50 at Bridgwater	3
2	Welcome, Mr. Wreford's, 310 at Ascot	1

MALEK.

3	Matilde, Gen. Sharpe's, 50 at Dumfries.....	1
3	Myrrha, Gen. Sharpe's, 50 at Carlisle and the cup at Dumfries	2

MALLARD.

4	Mimic, Mr. B. Davies's, 50 at Aberystwith	1
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MAGISTRATE.

9	Coroner, Lord Pembroke's, a purse at Salisbury and 45 at Weymouth....	2
9	Terror, Mr. J. Finch's, half a stake at Winchester, 85, 60, and 42 at Taunton; Mr. Hayward's, 45 at Plymouth	4½

MAMELUKE.

2	B. c., Mr. Martyn's, 50 at Ascot	1
3	B. f., Mr. Champion's, 150 at Epsom	1
2	Bracelet, Mr. Ricardo's, 45 at Epsom.....	1
3	Hernani, Mr. Greville's, 80 at Newmarket	1
3	Splitpost, Mr. Pettit's, 40 at Newmarket	1
3	Zethus, Mr. Greville's, 100 at Newmarket	1

MASTER HENRY.

5	Lady Harrington, Mr. Fuller's, a stake at Tenbury, 40 and 50 at Ludlow, and the cup at Hereford	4
5	The Miser, Mr. Green's, 30 at Knighton	1
4	Nell Gwynne, Mr. Fuller's, 50 at Bishop's Castle, 50 at Leominster, the Carmarthen stakes and 70 at Carmarthen, the Brecon stakes and 50 at Brecon	6
6	Radnor Lass, Mr. W. Price's, 60 at Knighton	1

MERLIN.

3	B. f., Sir F. Johnstone's, 400 at Goodwood	1
3	Mouser, Mr. Thornhill's, 100 at Newmarket.....	1
5	Pounce, Mr. Wreford's, 120 at Plymouth	1
3	The Rustic, Mr. Etwall's, 120 at Salisbury	1

MIDDLETON.

3	Cyclops, Mr. Hobson's, 28 at Upton-on-Severn	1
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- 5 Gratis, Mr. Forth's, half a stake at Epsom, 50 at Goodwood, and a compromise of 20 at Brighton 2
 4 Partiality, Mr. Ley's, a stake at Exeter..... 1
 2 Pelops, Lord Warwick's, 250 at Woverhampton 1

MILESIUS.

- Milly, Mr. Delmé Radcliffe's, 60 at Bedford and 50 at The Hoe 2

MINOS.

- 6 Chancellor, Lord Wilton's, a gold cup at Heaton-park 1

MONREITH.

- 6 Little Tom, Mr. Bagrie's, 50 at Edinburgh 1
 3 Miss Annie, Lord Eglintoun's, 210 at Western Meeting..... 1

MOSES.

- 4 Ketchup, Duke of Richmond's, 25 at Goodwood 1

MULEY.

- 8 Atlas, Mr. Munro's, 30 at Yarmouth and 23 at Beccles 2
 2 Br. c., Duke of Cleveland's, 100 at York and 50 at Dumfries 2
 3 Flatterer, Sir M. Wood's, the Grand Duke Michael stakes at Newmarket 1
 3 Lansdowne, Mr. Ley's, the Lansdowne stakes at Bath, the King's cup at Plymouth, and 50 at Exeter 3
 4 Malibran, Mr. Etwall's, the Bibury stakes at Bibury, 80 at Stockbridge, 50 at Salisbury, and 50 at Oxford..... 4
 3 Maid of Underley, Mr. Etwall's, 175 at Stockbridge, 85 at Abingdon, and twice 50 at Blandford 4
 4 Muley Moloch, Duke of Cleveland's, the Port stakes and 50 at Newmarket, 100 and 65 at Doncaster, the gold cup and King's plate at Carlisle 6
 4 Vespa, Sir M. Wood's, the Oatland's, a King's plate, and 50 at Newmarket, and the King's plate at Chelmsford 4

NIGEL.

- 5 Andallah, Mr. Coleman's, 40 at Pytchley Hunt 1
 3 Coeur de Lion, Mr. Lantour's, 40 and the gold cup at The Hoe 2

OISEAU.

- 7 Revolution, Mr. Shepherd's, 70 and 80 at Liverpool, the King's plate at Manchester, 70 at Newton and twice 50 at Pontefract 6

ORION.

- Quicksilver, Mr. Standwell's, 50 at Stamford 1

ORVILLE.

- 9 Omen, Mr. Gardnor's, the King's plate for hunters at Ascot, 65 at Hampton, 55 at Southampton, the gold cup at Chatham, and 50 at Canterbury 5

OSCAR.

- 4 Malvina, Lord Berners's, 90 at Bedford, 90 at Huntingdon, 50 at Yarmouth, 50 and a King's plate at Newmarket 5

OTHO.

- 5 Lelevo, Mr. Loy's, 50 at Stockton 1

OUTLAW.

- 3 Tanworth, Mr. B. King's, 60 at Lichfield, 150 at Manchester, 55 and 90 (disputed) at Newcastle, 90 at Wenlock, and 55 at Stonbridge..... 6

YOUNG PAVILION.

- 7 Dandina, Mr. Gough's, 50 at Aberystwith and 60 at Brecon 2
 6 Primrose, Mr. Fuller's, a stake at Tenbury; Mr. Stubbs's, 50 at Hereford 2

PANTALOO.

- 2 B. f., Mr. Mott's, 50 at Lichfield; Lord Chesterfield's, 30 at Newmarket. 2
 4 Miss Charlotte, Mr. Giffard's, 45 and 30 at Stourbridge, the Staffordshire stakes at Lichfield, and twice 60 at Shrewsbury..... 5

WINNING HORSES.

PARLINGTON.

Craven, Mr. Blunt's, a stake at Pontefract 1

PARTISAN.

- 3 B. f., Mr. Goodwin's, 40 at Newmarket 1
 2 B. f., Lord Jersey's, 70 at Newmarket; Col. Peel's, 50 at Newmarket .. 2
 2 B. f., Lord Chesterfield's, 50 at Newmarket 1
 3 Begum, Lord Stradbroke's, 100 at Epsom 1
 4 Contriver, Mr. Martyn's, the Bath stakes at Bath and 45 at Epsom 2
 3 Cream, Lord Tavistock's, 200 at Newmarket and 100 at Ascot 2
 4 Dirce, Mr. G. Edwards's, the King's plate at Ipswich, 80, 50 (disputed),
 and 50 at Chelmsford, the King's plate at Bedford, 50 at Huntingdon,
 the cup stakes and 50 at Newport Pagnell, 60 and 45 at Yarmouth,
 and 50 at Beccles 11
 3 Florence, Mr. Messer's, 49 at Tonbridge Wells 1
 4 Glancus, Lord Chesterfield's, the Claret stakes and the Whip at New-
 market, the gold cup and the Eclipse Foot at Ascot, and the King's
 plate at Goodwood 5
 5 Messenger, Mr. Gardnor's, 40 at Bath, the Mendip stakes at Wells, 100 at
 Chatham, 55 at Egham, 40 and 50 at Newmarket 6
 4 Titian, Mr. Wood's, twice 50 at St. Alban's; Mr. Phillimore's, 50 at
 Hampton 3

PATRON.

- 2 Chance, Mr. Marson's, 100 at Newmarket 1

PAULOWITZ.

- 9 Little Boy-blue, Mr. I. Day's, 65 at Newport Pagnell, 50 and 35 at
 Northampton, 80 and 74 at Abingdon 5

PETER LELY.

- 3 B. f., Sir R. W. Bulkeley's, 275 at Holywell 1
 3 Intruder, Sir J. Gerard's, 75 at Newton 1
 8 Lely, Mr. Peel's, 85 and 64 at Haverfordwest 2
 3 The Lily of Smedley, Mr. Johnson's, 175 at Newton, 75 and the St. Leger
 at Heaton-park 3
 3 Tritonia, Mr. Massey's, 55 at Stourbridge 1

PHANTOM.

- 3 Bon Ton, Lord Chesterfield's, the gold cup at Stamford 1

YOUNG PHANTOM (son of Emmeline).

- 3 Lady de Gros, Mr. Richardson's, the gold cup and 45 at Beverley 2
 3 Lambkin, Mr. Powlett's, 70 at Liverpool 1
 4 Shepherdess, Mr. Marson's, 50 at Lincoln and 50 at Beverley 2

YOUNG PHANTOM (son of Blue-stockings).

- 6 Conservative, Mr. Codrington's, 25 at Cottisford, 50 and 20 at Bath, 50 at
 Oxford, 35 at Hereford, and 50 at Blandford 6

PICTON.

- 4 Raven, Mr. Saour's, 50 at Chatham, 50 at Ashford, and 55 at Epsom 3

PISCATOR.

Tally-ho, Mr. Batty's, 93 at Burnley and 50 at Heaton-park 2

POLLIO.

- 3 B. c., Mr. Boycott's, 44 at Shiffnal 1
 3 Griselda, Mr. Cosby's, 70 at Egham 1
 3 Pussy, Mr. Cosby's, the Oaks stakes at Epsom and 300 at Ascot 2
 3 Termagant, Mr. Powell's, 50 at Leominster 1

POLYGAR.

- 5 Pessima, Mr. Forster's, 60 at Cottisford 1

POPE (son of Waxy).

- 3 Old Bill, Mr. Mills's, 50 at Newmarket 1

7	The Cardinal, Mr. Miles's, the Tradesmen's plate at Chester and 90 at Bridgnorth.....	2
3	Juliana, Gen. Yates's, 50 at Tenbury and 50 at Warwick	2
4	Prince Llewellyn, Mr. Ford's, 100 at Newmarket; Mr. Edwards's, 50 at Newmarket	2

PREDICTOR.

4	Fitzdictor, Mr. Thompson's, a gold cup at Newton	1
3	Miss Kershaw, Lord Chesterfield's, 30 at Burton.....	1

PRIME MINISTER.

2	B. f., Mr. Allison's, 50 at Lincoln	1
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PROSELYTE.

4	Pagan, Mr. Forth's, 50 at Lewes.....	1
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REGENT.

4	P., Mr. James's, the Farmers' stakes at Bishop's Castle.....	1
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REMNANT.

3	B. f., Mr. Thompson's, 50 at Northallerton	1
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REVELLER.

2	Ascot, Lord Orford's, 210 at Ascot.....	1
5	B. g., Sir J. Tyrell's, 100 at Chelmsford	1
3	Charivari, Sir M. Wood's, 811. 15s. at Newmarket and the Drawing-room stakes at Goodwood; Count Hunyady's, 250 at Newmarket	3
3	Darius, Mr. Houldsworth's, 525 at Newmarket and twice 100 at Nottingham	3
5	Datura, Lord Jersey's, 50 at Newmarket and a compromise of 30 at Brighton	1½
6	Delight, Mr. Sadler's, the Oxfordshire stakes at Oxford	1
3	Enchantress, Mr. Mott's, 60 at The Pottery and 70 at Wolverhampton ..	2
3	Festival, Mr. Bradley's, 60 at Nottingham	1
3	Intriguer, Mr. W. Edwards's, 125 at Epsom; Sir T. Stanley's, 45 and the Magna Charta stakes at Egham, and the Mostyn stakes at Holywell..	4
4	Land's-end, Mr. Trelawny's, 49 at Epsom.....	1
3	Olympic, Duke of Grafton's, a compromise of 100 and 200 at Newmarket, and 500 at Ascot	2½
3	Puzzle, Mr. Phillimore's, 100 at Bedford and 100 at Ascot	2
3	Rambler, Mr. Griffiths's, 50 at Gloucester.....	1
4	Repentance, Mr. G. Harrison's, a cup at Hastings	1
5	Revealer, Mr. Hook's, 50 and a purse, &c., at Enfield	2
4	Revelry, Mr. Batson's, 90 at Doncaster	1
4	Spondee, Mr. Moore's, 50 at Tavistock	1
7	Wassailer, Mr. Molony's, 50 at Bibury and half a stake at Winchester ..	1½
3	Zitella, Mr. Shard's, 125 at Bibury, 475 and 50 at Winchester, and the cup at Oxford	4

ROBIN HOOD.

	Br. g., Mr. Tilt's, 50 at Canterbury	1
6	Friar Tuck, Mr. Smith's, 50 at Egham	1
	Hazard, Mr. Hardwick's, the Farmers' stakes at East Sussex Hunt	1
3	Robinetta, Mr. Wickham's, 50 at Chatham	1

ROLLER.

3	Spume, Lord Sligo's, the Yorkshire stakes at York	1
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ROSSINI.

2	Duvernay, Mr. Harris's, 50 at Clifton	1
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ROYAL OAK.

2	Oak-apple, Lord Tavistock's, 300 at Newmarket	1
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RUBENS.

6	Vandyke, Mr. Bennett's, 40 at Abingdon	1
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SAVERNAKE.

- 3 Snake, Mr. Allies's, 45 at Bridgwater 1

SARACEN.

- 4 Radical, Mr. Newman's, 60 and 40 at Bedford, 65 and 50 at Pytchley Hunt, 50 at Huntingdon, 50 at Newport Pagnell, and 35 at Leicester 7
5 Saccarina, Mr. Westley's, the Yeomanry cup at Northampton 1

ST. PATRICK.

- 3 Airy, Lord Orford's, 100 at Newmarket; Mr. Barrett's, twice 50 at Ipswich; Mr. King's, 50 and 70 at Bedford, 40 at Northampton, 50 at Hastings, and 45 at Epsom 8
3 Armadillo, Duke of Rutland's, thrice 50 at Newmarket, and the King's plate at Leicester 4
3 B. c., Mr. Prince's, 50 at Stamford 1
5 Birdcatcher, Sir R. Bulkeley's, the Stand cup at Liverpool 1
2 Pat, Mr. Greville's, 15 and 25 at Newmarket 2
3 Shelah, Mr. Evans's, 40 at Ludlow and 50 at Bridgnorth 2

SIR GRAY.

- 4 B. c., Mr. Tomes's, 100 and 60 gs. at Chester, and the Tradesmen's cup at Liverpool 3
4 B. f., Mr. Hiron's, 50 at Warwick 1

SIR HULDIBRAND.

- 3 The Baronet, Mr. Taunton's, 60 at Plymouth 1
3 Warrener, Mr. Finch's, 50 at Southampton; Mr. Jones's, the City bowl at Salisbury, and 37l. 10s. at Dorchester 3

SKIFF.

- 4 Catalonian, Mr. Sowerby's, 50 at Newmarket 1
2 Nautilus, Gen. Grosvenor's, 100 at Newmarket 1
3 Skimmer, Mr. M. Stanley's, 55 at Epsom and 50 at Ascot; Mr. Payne's, 45 at Huntingdon and 50 at Newmarket 4

SKIM.

- 2 Ethilda, Lord Egremont's, 200 at Newmarket, 75 at Goodwood, and 50 at Brighton 3

SLIGO.

- 3 Altamont, Lord Lichfield's, 500 at Newmarket 1
4 Caroline, Mr. Hodges's, 80 at Canterbury 1
3 Syren, Gen. Yates's, 50 at Wolverhampton 1

SOBER ROBIN.

- 4 Robin Rough-head, Mr. Champion's, the Goodwood stakes at Goodwood, the Brighton stakes at Brighton, the Surrey and Middlesex stakes at Egham, and 150 at Abingdon 4

SPECTRE.

- The Brownie, Mr. Gough's, a cup at Carmarthen 1

STUMPS.

- 2 Fidelity, Mr. Smith's, 150 at Worcester 1
3 Viator, Mr. Gully's, the Riddlesworth stakes and 400 at Newmarket 2

STRAITWAIST.

- 5 Warrior, Mr. Dutton's, 25 at Bibury, a cup at Wells, and 75 at Oxford .. 3

SULTAN.

- 3 Amadou, Mr. Neville's, 225 at Warwick and 350 at Doncaster 2
5 Byzantium, Lord Eglintoun's, 40 at Edinburgh and 50 at the Western Meeting 2
6 Circassian, Mr. Houldsworth's, 50 and 40 at Newmarket 2
4 Despot, Mr. Houldsworth's, the King's plate at Liverpool and 60 at Doncaster 2

2	Eva, Lord Chesterfield's, 200 and the Hopeful stakes at Newmarket, and the Lavant stakes at Goodwood.....	3
7	Firman, Mr. Taunton's, 50 at Plymouth and 90 at Exeter.....	2
2	Florin, Duke of Grafton's, 240 at Newmarket.....	1
3	Fortunatus, Lord Chesterfield's, 200, 400, and 440 at Newmarket, and 150 at Ascot.....	4
6	Frederica, Mr. Taunton's, 55 at Bridgwater and 50 at Plymouth.....	2
2	Free Will, Mr. Wreford's, 275 at Stockbridge and 700 at Newmarket....	2
3	Glencoe, Lord Jersey's, the Tuesday's Riddlesworth, 500, the 2000 gs., and the Garden stakes, at Newmarket, 400 at Ascot, the gold cup and 450 at Goodwood.....	7
2	Hectic, Mr. Houldsworth's, 80 at Nottingham.....	1
7	Ipsala, Mr. Back's, 60 at St. Alban's, 60 and 55 at Tonbridge Wells....	3
4	Little Cassino, Lord Verulam's, 45 at St. Albans.....	1
3	Lumber, Lord Exeter's, 40 at Newmarket.....	1
3	Mimesa, Lord Exeter's, 525 at Newmarket; Mr. Matthews's, 45 at Chelmsford.....	2
4	Moggy, Sir G. Pigot's, 35 at Bridgnorth.....	1
3	Nell Gwynne, Lord Jersey's, 300 at Ascot.....	1
2	Turban, Mr. Houldsworth's, 40 gs. at Derby.....	1
2	Waresti, Mr. Wreford's, the Molecomb stakes at Goodwood.....	1
3	Zulima, Sir S. Graham's, 250 and 40 at Newmarket.....	2

SWAP.

6	Gab, Lord Lichfield's, 40 and 50 at Newmarket.....	2
6	Lochinvar, Col. Peel's, 50 and 40 at Newmarket.....	2

TARRAGON.

3	Young Tarragon, Sir T. Stanley's, 100 and 50 at Oswestry.....	2
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TINKER.

2	Gipsy, Lord Lichfield's, 50 at Newmarket.....	1
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TOPSY TURVY.

5	Topsy, Mr. Ody's, a stake at Worcester.....	1
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TRAMP.

3	B. f., Mr. Giffard's, 50 at Bridgnorth, 50 at Burton, 80 and 35 at Lichfield	4
7	Camilla, Mr. Bryer's, a stake at Cheltenham.....	1
2	Democracy, Mr. Gully's, 140 at Pontefract.....	1
6	Doctor Sewell, Mr. Coleman's, 40 and 45 at Barnet and 50 at Lewes....	3
4	Lady Moore Carew, Mr. Allanson's, the Shrigley cup at Newton and 45 at Burnley.....	2
7	Little Red Rover, Mr. Biggs's, 50, a King's plate, and the Whip, at Newmarket.....	3
2	Luck's-all, Mr. Ridsdale's, 350 at York.....	1
4	Tarantella, Mr. Cookes's, 60 at Worcester and 60 at Stourbridge.....	2
6	Traveller, Mr. Giffard's, 90 at Manchester, the cup at Knutsford, 290 at Wolverhampton, 90 at Burton, the cup stakes and King's plate at Lichfield, and 120 at Oswestry.....	7

TRISSY.

	Lady Susan, Lord Eglintoun's, 50 and twice 45 at Western Meeting....	3
	Lucifer, Lord Eglintoun's, 30 at Western Meeting.....	1

TROY.

5	Pumpkin, Mr. Brown's, 48 at Hastings.....	1
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TRUFFLE.

4	Titus, Mr. Houldsworth's, the H. P. stakes at Heaton-park.....	1
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TRUANT.

3	B. c, Mr. Beardsworth's, 50 at Walsall.....	1
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VAMPYRE.

4	Gr. c., Mr. Dickens's, 50 at Pytchley Hunt.....	1
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- 5 Lady Emily (late Vespa), Mr. Westley's, 40 at St. Albans; Mr. Delmé Radcliffe's, 25 at Bibury, 50 and 40 at Stockbridge, 95 at Winchester, and 55 at Salisbury 6
 Very Likely, Mr. Whincup's, 48 at Stamford 1

VELOCIPEDA.

- 2 Ainderby, Mr. Taylor's, 60 at Malton and 40 at Beverley 2
 2 B. c., Duke of Cleveland's, 50 at Durham and 600 at Doncaster 2
 3 Ch. g., Mr. Wormald's, 50 at Kendal 1
 2 Flight, Mr. G. Crompton's, 55 at Liverpool 1
 2 Her Majesty, Mr. Armitage's, 250 at Catterick 1
 3 Peter Simple, Mr. Armitage's, 50 at Lancaster 1
 2 Queen of Trumps, Mr. Mostyn's, 150 at Holywell 1
 2 Valentissimo, Sir G. Heathcote's, 30 and 90 at Egham 2
 3 Valparaiso, Duke of Leeds's, 900 at York 1
 2 Verbena, Lord Derby's, 275 and 280 at Newton and 505 at Liverpool 3
 3 Vulpes, Mr. Houldsworth's, 125 at Nottingham 1

WAMBA.

- 4 Jeroboam, Mr. Patrick's, 45 at Clifton 1
 3 The Tulip, Mr. Price's, 425 at Chester 1

WANDERER.

- 6 Fawn, Mr. Brown's, 50 at Guildford 1

WANTON.

- 3 Monitor, Mr. Metcalfe's, 50 at Carlisle 1

WATERLOO.

- 4 Fanny Grey, Lord Chesterfield's, the Scurry stakes and 50 at Croxton-park 2
 4 Shyllock, Mr. Holmes's, 50 at Stockbridge, the Southampton stakes, and 65 at Southampton 3

WAVERLEY.

- 6 The Saddler, Mr. Osbaldeston's, 200 at Newmarket 1
 3 System, Mr. Hornby's, 65 at Burnley 1

WELBECK.

- 3 Bamboozle, Mr. Nevill's, 30 at Northampton 1

WHALEBONE.

- 4 Baleine, Mr. Kent's, 1500, 100, 100, and 50, at Newmarket, and a cup at Goodwood 5
 3 Bodice, Lord Exeter's, 100 at Newmarket, 40, the Burghley stakes, and 50 at Stamford 4
 3 Fiddle Faddle, Mr. Grant's, 550 at Newmarket 1
 3 Gulistan, Duke of Richmond's, 75 at Bibury 1
 3 Miss Ellen, Mr. Carter's, 40 at Ashford 1
 4 Myrrha, Mr. Gardner's, 100 at Epsom and 50 at Wells 2
 3 Rosalie, Col. Peel's, 100 and 40 at Newmarket 2
 3 Summer-hill, Lord Langford's, 100 at Liverpool 1
 4 Trickery, Mr. Dockeray's, 100 at Brighton, 50 at Lewes, and a cup at Hastings 3
 6 Vestris, Mr. Ricardo's, 50 at Ashford 1
 6 Water Witch, Mr. Bloss's, 70 at Newmarket 1
 6 The Witch, Mr. Smith's, twice 100 and 70 at Canterbury 3
 4 Whale, Mr. Greville's, 250, 100, 200, and 70 at Newmarket, and 65 at Goodwood 5

WHISKER.

- 3 Amurath, Duke of Cleveland's, 60 at Pontefract 1
 4 Catherina, Mr. Barrow's, 45 at the Pottery, 70 and 120 at Burnley, 190 and 100 at Heaton-park, 60, 50, and 60 at Chesterfield, 45 and 50 at Manchester 10
 4 Fidelity, Mr. Houldsworth's, 150 at York and 150 at Doncaster 2
 3 Maid of Lune, Mr. Bowes's, 50 at Newcastle 1

- 4 Malibran, Col. Peel's, the Oatlands stakes, at Ascot 1
 6 Manchester, Mr. Wyatt's, the King's plate and 60 gs. at Chester, and 50
 at Worcester 3
 3 Miss Chester, Sir G. Pigot's, 200 at Wolverhampton 1

WHITWORTH.

- Conrad, Col. Gilbert's, 30 and a cup at Cheltenham, and 45 at Gloucester 3

WOFUL.

- 2 Regret, Mr. Meynell's, 50 at Stourbridge 1
 4 Taper, Mr. Williams's, the Bosworth stakes at Lichfield 1

WORTHY.

- Parachute, Mr. Howard's, 50 at Dover 1

WRANGLER.

- 5 Cantab, Col. Gilbert's, 45 and 30 at Clifton 2
 4 Ch. c., Col. Peel's, the Ale stakes at Newmarket 1

WINNING HORSES

NOT INCLUDED IN THE PRECEDING LIST.

- 6 Agnes, Mr. Flavell's, 50 at Lichfield 1
 Alice Grey, Mr. Russell's, a purse, &c. at Warwick 1
 Anticipation, Mr. Harding's, 50 at Weymouth and 40 at Dorchester 2
 Arab, Sir W. Geary's, 100 and 26 at Canterbury 2
 Aston Lass, Mr. Portway's, 50 at Lichfield 1
 4 Audley, Mr. Codrington's, 20 at Bath 1
 Balloon, Capt. Stracey's, 50 and 44 at Dover 2
 4 B. f., Mr. Wilson's, the Farmers' cup, &c. at Cottisford 1
 B. h., Mr. Turner's, a cup at Bridgwater 1
 8 Bilberry (by Hedley, or Manfred), Mr. Osbaldeston's, 40 at Pytchley;
 Mr. Farmer's, 40 at Ludlow and 65 at Bromyard 3
 Brutus, Mr. Lywood's, the Farmer's cup at Winchester 1
 6 Brown Stout (by Young Phantom, or Jack Spigot), Mr. Dawson's, 45 at
 Penrith 1
 4 Caldicoth (by Dr. Eady, or Virgilius), Mr. Pryse's, the Weymouth stakes
 at Weymouth 1
 Camel, Capt. Stracey's, a stake at Dover 1
 5 Cannon Ball, Mr. Thorne's, 35 and 45 at Knighton, 40 at Bromyard, 40 at
 Wolverhampton, and 50 at Leominster 5
 Chance, Mr. Elliott's, the Yeomanry cup at Tunbridge Wells 1
 4 Charity, Mr. Hope's, 50 at Worcester 1
 Chaucouse, Mr. Price's, 45 at Upton-on-Severn 1
 3 Climber, Mr. Smith's, a silver cup, &c. at Carmarthen 1
 The Colonel, Mr. J. Hill's, the Yeomanry stakes at Upton-on-Severn and
 50 at Worcester 2
 Conservative, Mr. Ebey's, 50 at Nottingham 1
 Coquette, Mr. Holloway's, the Yeomanry Cavalry plate at Warwick and
 35 at Walsall 2
 Corporal, Mr. Archer's, 50 at St. Albans 1
 4 Crazy Jack, Mr. Powell's, a cup, &c. at Brecon 1
 The Dwarf, Mr. Caldecott's, 40 at Beccles 1
 Edgar, Mr. Nattle's, 25 at Tavistock and 40 at Plymouth 2
 2 Emu (by Buzzard, or Cannon-ball), Duke of Grafton's, 50 at Newmarket 1
 4 Fairy, Mr. John Mills's, the Yeomanry cup at Salisbury 1
 Fandango, Mr. Edmundson's, 70 at Middleham 1
 4 Fanny Trim, Mr. Wood's, the Yeomanry Cavalry cup at Knutsford 1
 Fatima, Mr. St. George's, 50 at Brecon 1

	The Fop, Mr. Fairlie's, 25 at Western Meeting	1
	Forest Lass, Mr. Bryant's, a cup at Bridgwater	1
	Frolic, Mr. Peyton's, 100 at Brecon	1
6	Galloway Lass, Mr. Douglas's, 50 and 100 at Dumfries	2
5	Gambler, Mr. Mason's, 50 at Barnet	1
	Glow-worm, Mr. Hook's, a cup at Egham	1
3	Goldfringe (by Phantom, or Waterloo), Capt. Berkeley's, 50 at Goodwood, 50 at Oxford, 50 at Egham, and 80 at Abingdon; Mr. Etwall's, the gold cup at Blandford	5
	Isabel, Mr. Lyne's, 25 at Tavistock	1
	Jerry, Mr. Robinson's, the Farmer's cup at Holderness	1
8	Independence (by Filho, or Sherwood), Mr. Beardsworth's, the Leamington stakes at Warwick, 40 at Walsall, 100 at Wrexham, and 80 at Shiffnal	4
	Lancashire Witch, Mr. Higgs's, Hurdle stakes at Manchester	1
6	Lady Louisa, Mr. Smith's, a purse at Barnet	1
6	Little Will, Mr. Pettifer's, 45 at Newport Pagnell	1
	Leather Lugs, Mr. Lamb's, 32 at Shiffnal	1
	Mary Gray, Mr. Corrie's, 58 at Dumfries	1
6	Master Bud, Mr. Webb's, 50 at Lichfield	1
	Matilda, Mr. Lyon's, 40 at Dumfries	1
	Madge Wildfire, Capt. Potts's, a cup, &c. at Newcastle	1
	Merlin, Mr. Coleburn's, 48 gs. at Leominster	1
6	The Miller, Mr. Gibson's, 50 at Warwick	1
5	Minna, Mr. Nattle's, 65 at Tavistock	1
	Miss Oakley, Mr. Dodson's, 20 gs. at Derby	1
6	Negotiator, Mr. Perkins's, 50 at Leicester	1
4	Newcastle (by Manfred, or Master Henry), Capt. Bunney's, 50 at Chester	1
	Paddy, Mr. Graham's, a stake at Clifton	1
	Pebble, Mr. Brand's, 100 at The Hoo	1
	Ploughboy, Mr. Wheeldon's, the Cavalry stakes at Derby	1
	Polly Hopkins, Mr. Morris's, a stake at Bishop's Castle	1
	Polly, Mr. Hay's, 25 at Western Meeting	1
	Poverty, Mr. Pearson's, 50 at Dover	1
	Queen Bess, Mr. Robertson's, a silver cup at Fife Hunt	1
	Raffle, Mr. Vibart's, the Hunters' stakes at Taunton	1
	Rambler, Mr. Chamberlayne's, 25 at Bibury, 37l. 10s. at Winchester, and 45 at Southampton	3
6	Rockingham, Mr. Peach's, 55 at Stamford	1
4	Romer, Mr. Hill's, the Yeomanry stakes at Dorchester	1
	Rosebud, Mr. Walker's, 48 at Bromyard	1
3	Stradbally (by Reveller, or Waterloo), Mr. Cosby's, 250 at Ascot	1
	Sir Peter, Mr. Winship's, a stake at Morpeth	1
	Sir Andrew, Mr. Bennett's, 58 at Abingdon	1
	Touchtoe, Mr. Marks's, 30 at The Hoo	1
	Trebartha, Mr. Brendon's, an urn at Tavistock	1
	Tristram, Mr. Peirson's, 25 at Ipswich and a stake at Beccles	2
5	Victoria, Mr. Stratham's, 50 at Burton-on-Trent	1
3	Victoria (by Whalebone, or Little John), Mr. W. Smith's, 58 at Tanbridge Wells and 50 at Dover	2
	Zanga, Mr. Smith's, 35 at Ipswich	1

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1834.

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Coursing Calendar,

1834.

ARDROSSAN.

October, 16, 17.

For the Cup (for dogs of 1833).

Mr. A. Graham's bk. b. Madge, beat Lord Eglintoun's w. and bk. d. Jack Tar
Mr. Robertson's w. b. Helen, beat Lord Eglintoun's w. and bk. d. Colonel
Lord Eglintoun's w. and bk. d. Dainty Davy, beat Dr. Brown's br. d. Rover
Capt. Patrick's y. d. Smoker, beat Lord Eglintoun's w. and bk. b. Jenny Nettles
Mr. A. Graham's br. d. Jingling Johnny, beat Lord Eglintoun's w. and bk. d.
Fingal
Dr. Brown's brin. d. Thorn, beat Lord Eglintoun's brin. d. Viscount, after an
undecided course
Mr. A. Graham's bk. b. Piano, beat Mr. Robertson's r. b. Susan
Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. Willie ran a bye.

First Ties.

Helen beat Madge Dainty Davy beat Jingling Johnny
Smoker beat Piano Willie beat Thorn.

Second Ties.

Dainty Davy agst. Helen (dr.) Smoker beat Willie.

Deciding Course.

Smoker beat Dainty Davy and won the Cup.

The ALL-AGE STAKES.

Mr. A. Graham's brin. d. Gilbertfield, beat Lord Eglintoun's brin. d. Major
Dr. Brown's brin. b. Fanny, beat Mr. A. Graham's r. b. Pomni, after an unde-
cided course
Mr. Marshall's d. d. Chance, beat Lord Eglintoun's br. b. Meg Merrilies
Lord Eglintoun's br. d. Souter Johnny, beat Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. Sir Simon,
after an undecided course
Mr. A. Graham's r. d. Punch, beat Lord Eglintoun's bk. and w. b. Caroline
Lord Eglintoun's bk. b. Moina, beat Mr. A. Graham's bk. b. Black-eyed Susan
Mr. A. Graham's y. d. Dripps*, beat Mr. Marshall's w. and br. b. Nettle
Mr. A. Graham's y. b. Pigeon ran a bye.

First Ties.

Gilbertfield beat Fanny Punch beat Chance
Souter Johnny agst. Dripps (dr.) Moina beat Pigeon.

Second Ties.

Gilbertfield beat Souter Johnny Moina beat Punch:

Deciding Course.

Gilbertfield beat Moina and won the Stakes.

* Near the end of this run, which was uncommonly severe, Dripps broke his leg, but coursed on, taking two turns afterwards, and was in at the death. This dog won the two Ardrossan cups of last season, and was never beaten on the Ardrossan ground.

WINCHBURGH.

October 28, 29, 30.

For the PUPPY CUP.

Mr. J. H. Dundas na. br. b. Dwarf, beat Mr. Carnegie na. w. d. Lottery
 Mr. Ramsay's bl. b. Bell, beat Mr. G. Craig na. bk. w. b. Jane
 Mr. G. Stirling's bk. d. Spring, agst. Mr. W. Ramsay's y. w. b. The Brat (dr.)
 Mr. L. Aitkin's b. d. Dash, beat Mr. W. Raimes's br. w. d. Laurel
 Mr. Ross's gr. d. Racer, agst. Capt. Forbes na. br. b. Regina (dr.)
 Mr. Raimes's br. w. d. Lucy, beat Mr. Kerr's bl. d. Claret
 Sir W. Baillie's f. d. Blucher, beat Lord Roseberry na. br. w. d. Drift
 Mr. Baillie's r. b. Beauty, beat Capt. Hope na. bl. d. Driver
 Mr. Campbell na. d. b. May, beat Mr. Inglis's br. b. Leda
 Mr. Meiklem's r. b. Flame, beat Mr. Ainalie na. gr. d. Rattlesnake
 Mr. H. Dundas's d. d. Daring, beat Mr. Wilkie's b. d. Blue Boy
 Lord Douglas na. b. and w. d. Tickler, beat Sir J. Dalryell na. bk. b. Darling
 Mr. Raeburn na. w. b. Lady Cowden, beat Mr. Cunningham na. bk. b. Fly
 Major Sharp na. bk. b. Bess ran a bye.

First Ties.

Bess beat Dwarf	Spring beat Bell	Dash beat Racer.
Blucher beat Lucy	Beauty beat May	Daring beat Flame
Tickler beat Lady Cowden.		

Second Ties.

Spring beat Bess	Blucher beat Dash
Daring beat Beauty	Tickler, a bye.

Third Ties.

Spring beat Blucher	Daring beat Tickler.
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Deciding Course.

Daring beat Spring and won the Cup.

ALL AGE STAKES.

Mr. Ross's b. d. Rattler, beat Mr. Inglis's w. d. Regent
 Mr. G. Sterling's br. d. Wonder, beat Mr. Kerr's b. d. King
 Lord Dalmeny na. b. d. Cairnie, beat Mr. W. Raimes's bl. b. Rival
 Mr. Ramsay's b. d. Borack, beat Mr. Cairnie's y. d. Carron
 Mr. Raimes's bl. w. d. Rainbow, beat Mr. Henderson's w. b. d. The Duke
 Major Sharp na. b. d. Brilliant, a bye.

First Ties.

Brilliant beat Rattler	Wonder beat Cairnie	Rainbow beat Borack.
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Second Ties.

Wonder beat Brilliant	Rainbow, a bye.
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Deciding Course.

Rainbow beat Wonder and won the Stakes.

ALL AGE SWEEPSTAKES.

Mr. Cassell na. w. b. Speed, agst. Mr. G. Stirling's y. b. Needle (dr.)
 Mr. Henderson's w. b. d. The Duke, beat Mr. Piper na. r. d. Ruby
 Mr. T. Bonar's b. b. Lassie, beat Mr. Johnston na. b. d. Roger
 Mr. Dudgeon na. b. b. Blossom, beat Mr. Raimes's b. w. b. Rattle
 Mr. H. Dundas's ch. b. Dumpy, beat Mr. Aitkin's br. d. Brusher
 Mr. Kerr's b. d. Killer, beat Mr. Forbes na. b. w. b. Lady Maria
 Mr. Brodie na. b. w. d. Touchstone, beat Mr. Cairnie's br. b. Charlotte
 Mr. J. Raimes's b. w. d. Rattler, a bye.

First Ties.

Rattler beat Speed	The Duke beat Lassie
Dumpy beat Blossom	Touchstone beat Killer,

Second Ties.

Rattler beat The Duke Dumpy beat Touchstone.

Deciding Course.

Rattler beat Dumpy and won the Stakes.

LYME.

October 29.

The LEON STAKES, for Puppies.

Mr. W. Acton's Topper, beat Mr. R. Acton's Fanny
Mr. Bates's Mischief, beat Mr. Cardwell's Raven
Mr. Badcock's Fatima, beat Mr. Norbury's Diana
Mr. Richardson's Matilde, beat Mr. Richardson's Squire.

Ties.

Mischief beat Topper Fatima beat Matilde.

Deciding Course.

Mischief beat Fatima and won the Stakes.

The LYME STAKES, for all aged Dogs.

Mr. Thomas's Snap, beat Mr. Whitehead's Vanish
Mr. Clare's Skip, beat Mr. M. Bowker's Judy
Mr. R. Acton's Filho, beat Mr. King's Norfolk
Mr. Lilly's Paganini, beat Mr. Richardson's Milo.

Ties.

Skip beat Snap Filho beat Paganini.

Deciding Course.

Skip beat Filho and won the Stakes.

ALTCAR.

November 4; 5.

For the Cup and Sovereigns.

Mr. E. G. Hornby's bk. w. b. Handkerchief, beat Mr. Nicholson's bk. w. b. Nimble
Mr. H. Hornby's bk. d. Hobby, beat Hon. H. Stanley's bk. d. Soothsayer
Mr. Lloyd's bk. d. Lyderic, beat Mr. Alison's f. b. Autumn
Lord Molyneux's f. d. Magistrate, beat Mr. E. Alison's f. d. At-all-in-the-Ring
Mr. Hesketh Fleetwood's bl. b. Fay, beat Mr. S. Horrocks's brin. b. Harriet
Mr. Thompson's y. and w. b. Tiny, beat Lord Molyneux's r. b. Mahd
Mr. N. Blundell's r. d. Bravo, beat Mr. T. Alison's bk. and w. b. Augusta
Mr. Tollemache's bk. d. Tinker, beat Mr. E. Pedder's bk. d. Phantom

First Ties.

Handkerchief beat Hobby Lyderic beat Magistrate
Fay beat Tiny Tinker beat Bravo.

Second Ties.

Lyderic beat Handkerchief Fay beat Tinker.

Deciding Course.

Lyderic beat Fay and won the Cup, and Fay the Sovereigns.

SEFTON STAKES.

Mr. T. Alison's brin. d. Adjutant, beat Mr. Nicholson's brin. d. Nestor
Mr. Thompson's bk. d. Tory, beat Mr. H. Hornby's brin. d. Hermon

THE COURSING CALENDAR, 1834.

Mr. E. G. Hornby's bk. d. Hugo, beat Mr. Tollemache's y. and w. d. Trimmer
Mr. Lloyd's bk. d. Liege, beat Lord Molyneux's brin. d. Minister

Ties.

Adjutant beat Tory

Hugo beat Liege.

Deciding Course.

Hugo beat Adjutant and won the Stakes.

CROXTETH STAKES.

Mr. Unsworth's f. b. U, beat Mr. E. G. Hornby's bk. and w. b. Handmaid
Mr. E. Pedder's bk. and w. b. Pastime, beat Lord Molyneux's bk. b. Majesty
Mr. Tollemache's bl. and w. b. Truth, beat Mr. Nicholson's bk. and w. b. Nitro
Mr. Thompson's bk. and w. b. Toy, beat Mr. Lloyd's bk. b. Lizard.

Ties.

U. beat Pastime

Truth beat Toy.

Deciding Course.

U. beat Truth and won the Stakes.

WEST DERBY STAKES.

Mr. Heaketh Fleetwood's bk. d. Falcon, beat Mr. Nicholson's r. and w. d. Noel
Mr. E. G. Hornby's brin. and w. d. Hæmus, beat Hon. H. Stanley's bk. d. Sinbad
Mr. Unsworth's bk. b. Urgent, beat Mr. S. Horrocks's brin. d. Hymettus
Lord Molyneux's r. d. Moses, beat Mr. T. Alison's bl. d. Agamemnon.

Ties.

Hæmus beat Falcon

Urgent beat Moses.

Deciding Course.

Hæmus beat Urgent and won the Stakes.

CONSOLATION STAKES.

Mr. Thompson's bk. and w. b. Thetis, beat Mr. Lloyd's r. d. Lemuel
Mr. Tollemache's r. and w. d. Topper, beat Mr. H. Hornby's bk. d. Hawk.

Deciding Course.

Topper beat Thetis and won the Stakes.

ALTCAR HALL STAKES.

Mr. Ashton's brin. d. Ajax, beat Hon. H. Stanley's bk. d. Sultan
Mr. Tollemache's bk. d. Twister, beat Mr. S. Horrocks's f. d. Hohenlohe
Mr. Lloyd's r. d. Luff, beat Mr. T. Alison's f. d. Adam
Mr. H. Hornby's bk. d. Hamlet, beat Mr. Unsworth's bk. and w. d. Unicorn.

Ties.

Ajax beat Twister

Hamlet beat Luff.

Deciding Course.

Ajax beat Hamlet and won the Stakes.

DITCH-IN STAKES.

Hon. H. Stanley's bk. d. Sinbad, beat Mr. Unsworth's bk. and w. d. Unicorn
Mr. Tollemache's y. and w. d. Trimmer, beat Lord Molyneux's r. b. Maud
Mr. H. Hornby's brin. d. Hermon, beat Mr. Nicholson's bk. and w. d. Nimble
Mr. Lloyd's bk. b. Lizard, beat Mr. T. Alison's bk. d. Agamemnon.

Ties.

Trimmer beat Sinbad

Lizard beat Hermon.

Deciding Course.

Trimmer beat Lizard and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. H. Hornby's bk. b. Hap, beat Mr. Lloyd's bk. d. Luddite
 Mr. E. G. Hornby's bk. and w. b. Hyssop, beat Mr. H. Hornby's bk. d. Hunchback
 Mr. Lloyd's bk. d. Llewellyn, beat Hon. H. Stanley's bk. b. Salute
 Hon. H. Stanley's bk. d. Sultan, beat Mr. Nicholson's r. and w. d. Noel
 Mr. Lloyd's bk. d. Luddite, beat Mr. T. Alison's bk. and w. b. Augusta.

EVERLEY.

November 4, 5, 6.

For the CUP and SOVEREIGNS.

Mr. Wyndham's bk. d. Wanderer, beat Mr. Etwall's w. b. Eyeshot
 Mr. Harries's bk. d. Hottentot, beat Mr. M. Heathcote's w. b. Helen
 Mr. Agg's y. b. Alecto, beat Mr. Morant's r. d. Musket
 Mr. Delme's r. d. Merlin, beat Mr. Biggs's bk. w. d. Boniface
 Mr. Wells's bk. d. Pioneer, beat Mr. Moreton's r. w. b. Mitre
 Mr. Harries's r. b. Hurricane, beat Mr. Heathcote's bk. b. Hyssop.

First Ties.

Alecto beat Pioneer Merlin beat Hottentot Wanderer beat Hurricane.

Second Ties.

Alecto beat Wanderer Merlin, a bye.

Deciding Course.

Alecto beat Wanderer and won the Cup, Merlin the Sovereigns.

EVERLEY POPPY STAKES.

Mr. Wells's r. d. Plenipo, ran a bye
 Mr. Moreton's d. d. Marshall, beat Mr. Harries's r. b. Harmony
 Mr. Heathcote's bk. w. d. Honest John, beat Mr. Morant's r. w. b. Marchioness
 Mr. Biggs's f. d. Buff, beat Mr. Etwall's br. d. Estafette
 Mr. Wyndham's bk. b. Waltz, ran a bye.

First Ties.

Honest John beat Marshall Buff beat Waltz Plenipo. ran a bye.

Second Ties.

Plenipo. beat Buff Honest John, a bye.

Deciding Course.

Plenipo. won the Stakes, Honest John being drawn lame.

EVERLEY ALL-AGED STAKES.

Mr. Delme's br. b. Dormouse, beat Mr. Heathcote's bk. b. Hanna
 Mr. Wells's f. d. Pilot, beat Mr. Biggs's bk. d. Brutus
 Mr. Harries's br. b. History, beat Mr. Etwall's bk. w. b. Everley
 Mr. Heathcote's r. d. Hearty, beat Mr. Moreton's f. d. Marauder.

Ties.

Pilot, a bye Dormouse drawn lame History beat Hearty.

Deciding Course.

Pilot beat History and won the Stakes.

WILTSHIRE PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Wells's bk. b. Jewell, beat Mr. Delme's f. w. b. Delicate
 Mr. Morant's br. b. Magazine, beat Mr. Heathcote's bk. b. Harpy.

Deciding Course.

Magazine beat Jewell and won the Stakes.

SIDBURY-HILL STAKES.

Mr. Etwall's br. d. Equinox, beat Mr. Agg's r. d. Apollo
 Mr. Harries's r. b. Handmaid, beat Mr. Biggs's r. b. Belinda
 Mr. Wells's bl. w. b. Jeannette, beat Mr. Heathcote's ro. d. Hec
 Mr. Wyndham's bl. b. Worralla, beat Mr. Delme's bk. b. Darling.

Ties.

Equinox beat Worralla Jeannette beat Handmaid.

Deciding Course.

Jeannette beat Equinox and won the Stakes.

DYKE STAKES.

Mr. Agg's r. d. Apollo, beat Mr. Wells's r. d. Prude
 Mr. Etwall's bl. w. d. Embargo, beat Mr. Moreton's f. d. Marauder.

Deciding Course.

Apollo beat Embargo and won the Stakes.

SORUS STAKES.

Mr. Morant's r. d. Musket, beat Mr. Etwall's w. b. Eyeshot
 Mr. Moreton's r. w. b. Mitre, beat Mr. Heathcote's w. b. Helen.

Deciding Course.

Musket beat Mitre and won the Stakes.

TIDWORTH STAKES.

Mr. Wells's bk. b. Ju, beat Mr. Delme's f. w. b. Delicate
 Mr. Heathcote's bk. b. Hyssop, beat Mr. Morant's r. d. Mockbird

Deciding Course.

Ju beat Hyssop and won the Stakes.

MATCH.

Mr. Wells's bk. b. Jessica, beat Mr. Chamberlayne's br. d. Cassius.

SWAFFHAM,

November 4, 5, 6, 7.

The GOLD CUP.

Mr. Tyssen's bk. b. Zinc, beat Mr. Burroughes's bk. d. Idris
 Mr. Buckworth's bk. d. p. Blackleg, beat Mr. Caldwell's w. d. p. Rhetoric
 Mr. Bagge's bk. d. Kosciuszko, beat Mr. Beridge's bl. w. d. Tangent
 Mr. Chute's bk. d. Hugo, beat Mr. Grout's bk. d. Duenna
 Mr. Redhead's b. d. Lemon, beat Sir C. Clarke's bk. d. Oddfellow
 Mr. Gurney's bk. b. Annette, beat Lord Stradbroke's bk. d. Mariner.

First Ties.

Annette beat Hugo Blackleg beat Kosciuszko
 Zinc beat Lemon.

Second Ties.

Zinc beat Annette, and Blackleg ran a bye.

Deciding Course.

Zinc beat Blackleg and won the Cup.

The LADIES' PLATE.

Mrs. Caldwell's bk. b. p. Rose Roche, beat Mrs. Western's w. b. p. Honour
 Mrs. P. Gurdon's bk. d. Sancho, beat Mrs. Beridge's bk. b. Transfer
 Mrs. Lubbock's bk. d. Acle, beat Mrs. Loftus's bk. d. Beppo
 Mrs. Buckworth's brn. d. Brutus, beat Mrs. Caldwell's (sen.) w. d. p. Rigmarole

Mr. Buckworth's w. b. Barrister, beat Mr. Chute's bk. d. Halcyon
Mr. Caldwell's bk. w. d. p. Robin Adair, beat Mr. Gurney's r. d. p. Alenzo the
Second

Mr. Redhead's bk. w. b. Lapwing, beat Lord Stradbroke's r. b. Miniature
Mrs. Beridge's bk. w. b. Tawdry, beat Mr. Burroughes's bk. d. Idler.

First Ties,

Rose Roche beat Sancho Brutus beat Aele
Tawdry beat Robin Adair Lapwing beat Barrister.

Second Ties.

Brutus beat Rose Roche Tawdry beat Lapwing.

Deciding Course.

Brutus beat Lapwing, and won the Plate.

WESTACRE BITCH PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Gurney's bk. b. p. Alice, beat Mr. Chute's bk. b. p. Haapy
Mr. Berridge's r. b. p. Tell-tale, beat Mr. Burroughes's bk. b. p. Iris.

Deciding Course.

Alice beat Tell-tale, and won the Stakes.

NARBOROUGH DOG PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Bagge's bk. d. p. Kinsman, beat Mr. Beridge's r. d. p. Tandem
Mr. Gurney's bk. d. p. Admiral, beat Mr. Grout's bk. d. p. Dart.

Kinsman received the Stakes, Admiral being drawn.

HARUM SCARUM STAKES FOR AGED DOGS.

Mr. Grout's r. d. Douglas, beat Mr. Bagge's y. b. Kate Kearney
Mr. Burroughes's bk. d. Idler, beat Mr. Gurney's bk. d. Acla.

Deciding Course.

Idler beat Douglas, and won.

First Class MATCHES.

Mr. Grout's bl. b. Daffodil, received ft. from Mr. Bagge's bk. w. b. Kinnatare
Mr. Grout's brin. d. Dan, beat Mr. Redhead's r. w. d. Lounger.
Sir C. Clarke's brin. w. b. Oxygen, agst. Mr. Burroughes's bl. d. Ivanhoe
(undecided)

Mr. Burroughes's bl. d. Ivanhoe, beat Mr. Redhead's br. d. Loyal
Mr. Burroughes's br. b. Imogene, beat Mr. Grout's y. b. Duchess.
Mr. Gurney's r. d. p. Archibald, agst. Mr. Chute's bk. d. p. Headsman (no
course)

Mr. Buckworth's bk. d. p. Bruce, beat Mr. Chute's r. d. p. Herald
Sir C. Clarke's bk. and w. b. Oxygen, beat Mr. Burroughes's bl. d. Iago
Mr. Beridge's bl. and w. d. Tangent, beat Mr. Caldwell's bl. d. Remnant
Mr. Redhead's bl. b. Laura, beat Mr. Chute's bk. d. Hugo.

Second Class MATCHES.

Mr. Grout's r. d. Douglas, beat Mr. Beridge's bk. w. d. Tapster
Mr. Burroughes's r. b. p. Icy, beat Mr. Beridge's r. b. p. Test
Mr. Buckworth's brin. b. p. Brunette, beat Mr. Chute's r. b. p. Hecla
Mr. Buckworth's brin. w. d. p. Barometer, agst. Mr. Chute's bk. b. p. Haidee
(undecided)

Mr. Bagge's bk. b. p. Kitchenmaid, agst. Mr. Gurney's bk. b. p. Amelia (unde-
cided)

Mr. Gurney's r. d. p. Ajax, beat Mr. Beridge's b. d. p. Timekeeper
Mr. Grout's bl. d. p. Daffodil, beat Mr. Buckworth's br. d. p. Baby (two hares)
Mr. Buckworth's bk. d. p. Bran, beat Mr. Chute's bk. b. p. Helen
Mr. Burroughes's bk. d. Ink, beat Mr. Bagge's bk. d. Khotgur

Mr. Gurney's r. b. p. Anna, agst. Mr. Chute's bk. w. b. p. Hebe (undecided)
 Mr. Gurney's bk. d. Auctioneer, beat Mr. Burroughes's bl. d. Iago
 Mr. Bagge's r. b. p. Koralee, beat Mr. Grout's bl. d. p. Damon
 Mr. Burroughes's y. d. Iota, agst. Mr. Beridge's bl. w. b. Tagliosi (undecided)
 Mr. Caldwell's (Mr. Gordon's) bk. d. Sancho, beat Mr. Beridge's f. d. Time-keeper
 Mr. Gurney's red b. p. Acca, beat Mr. Bagge's red b. p. Koralee
 Mr. Burroughes's bk. d. p. Indigo, agst. Mr. Chute's bk. b. p. Harpy (undecided)

MATCHES.

Mr. Burroughes's bk. d. p. Indigo, beat Mr. Grout's bk. d. p. Donald
 Mr. Burroughes's bk. b. Iris, beat Mr. Grout's bl. b. Daffodil
 Mr. Burroughes's r. b. p. Icy, beat Mr. Gurney's (Mr. Ogilby's) bk. d. Oscar
 Mr. Burroughes's br. b. Imogene, beat Mr. Bagge's r. b. Kindness
 Mr. Grout's bk. b. Duenna, agst. Lord Stradbroke's r. b. Miniature (undecided)
 Mr. Grout's br. d. Dan, agst. Mr. Caldwell's r. d. Robinhood, undecided
 Mr. Grout's r. d. Douglas, beat Mr. Caldwell's w. d. p. Rhetoric
 Mr. Grout's y. b. Duchess, beat Mr. Gurney's (Mr. Ogilby's) f. b. Beauty
 Mr. Caldwell's r. d. Rifleman, beat Lord Stradbroke's bk. d. Messmate
 Mr. Caldwell's w. d. Rigmarole, beat Mr. Burroughes's bk. d. Idler
 Mr. Buckworth's br. b. p. Brunette, beat Mr. Bagge's r. d. p. Kaher
 Mr. Buckworth's r. b. p. Belle, agst. Mr. Bagge's br. d. p. Kekio (no course)
 Mr. Redhead's bl. d. Lupies, beat Mr. Burroughes's bk. d. Idris
 Mr. Redhead's r. w. d. Loanger, beat Mr. Caldwell's bl. w. d. Robin Adair
 Mr. Gurney's bk. b. p. Amelia, beat Mr. Beridge's (Mr. Gordon's) bk. w. b. p. Sylph
 Mr. Bagge's bk. d. Kamaskatka, beat Mr. Burroughes's y. d. Iota
 Mr. Grout's y. d. Duchess, beat Mr. Redhead's w. b. Lively
 Mr. Gurney's r. d. p. Archibald, agst. Mr. Bagge's y. and w. d. p. Knickenbocker (undecided)
 Mr. Redhead's bld. d. Lawyer, beat Mr. Burroughes's bk. d. Ink
 Mr. Bagge's bk. b. p. Kitchenmaid, beat Mr. Gurney's r. b. p. Anna
 Mr. Beridge's r. b. p. Tell-tale, beat Mr. Chute's bk. b. p. Haidee
 Mr. Buckworth's red b. Blush, beat Mr. Chute's bk. b. Halcyon
 Mr. Gurney's bk. b. p. Amelia, beat Mr. Grout's bl. d. p. Dart
 Mr. Gurney's red d. p. Ajax, beat Mr. Bagge's brd. d. p. Kekio.

CHESTERFORD.—NEAR NEWMARKET.

November 5, 6.

ALL-AGED STAKES.

Mr. I. Taylor's bk. w. b. Pucelle, beat Mr. Kelman's r. d. Windham
 Mr. Emson's bl. d. Eryx, beat Mr. Dunn's bk. d. Duncan
 Mr. Spicer's bl. b. Catch, beat Mr. Jones's f. d. Idol
 Mr. S. Webb's br. d. Whirlwind, beat Mr. Edwards's bk. w. d. Auctioneer
 Mr. Gillett's f. d. George, beat Mr. Finch's bk. w. b. Gulnare
 Mr. J. Webb's bk. b. p. Varnish, beat Mr. Taylor's br. b. Trundle
 Mr. Searle's r. d. Snake, beat Mr. Frost's bk. w. d. Fearnought

First Ties.

Whirlwind beat Snake	Varnish ran a bye
Catch beat Eryx	Pucelle beat George.

Second Ties.

Whirlwind beat Varnish	Catch beat Pucelle.
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Deciding Course.

Whirlwind beat Catch and won the Stakes.

ABBINGTON BITCH PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. W. Taylor's f. and w. Tiney, beat Mr. Emson's bl. Eve
 Mr. J. Webb's bl. Velox, beat Mr. Dunn's br. Darling

Mr. Gillett's w. and g. Glee, beat Mr. Finch's f. Giantess
Mr. S. Webb's br. Wing, beat Mr. Edwards's br. Antiope
Mr. Frost's br. Fanny ran a bye.

First Ties.

Wing beat Velox Fanny beat Tiney Glee ran a bye.

Second Ties.

Glee beat Wing Fanny ran a bye.

Deciding Course.

Glee beat Fanny and won the Stakes.

AUDLEY END DOG PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. S. Webb's r. Welcome, beat Mr. Gillett's dun Giant
Mr. Emson's bk. d. Ebony ran a bye
Mr. J. Webb's r. Vulcan, beat Mr. Dunn's br. Dreadnought
Mr. J. Taylor's y. Pledge, beat Mr. Finch's f. Grimaldi.

Ties.

Pledge beat Welcome Vulcan beat Ebony.

Deciding Course.

Vulcan beat Pledge and won the Stakes.

WENSLEYDALE.

November 4.

The Cup.

Mr. Fisher's r. d. Marmion, beat Mr. White's w. d. Chorister
Mr. W. Fisher's bk. d. Bar, beat Mr. J. Thompson's r. d. Tickler
Mr. Hutton's w. b. Venus, beat Mr. Maynard's bk. b. Fly
Mr. Booth's r. d. Nipps, beat Mr. C. Hammond's br. d. Justice
Mr. Heslop's bk. w. b. Margrave, beat Mr. Purchas's bl. b. Mouse
Mr. Maclellan's r. d. Dart, beat Mr. Chapman's bk. d. Brandy
Mr. Fox's bl. d. Lottery, beat Mr. J. L. Hammond's br. b. Trinket
Mr. Masterton's r. w. b. Rose, beat Hon. J. C. Dundas's f. b. Dinah.

First Ties.

Marmion beat Bar Nipps beat Venus
Dart beat Margrave Lottery beat Rose.

Second Ties.

Nipps beat Marmion Dart beat Lottery.

Deciding Course.

Nipps beat Dart and won the Cup.

BOLTON STAKES.

Mr. J. T. Wray's bl. b. Violet, beat Mr. T. Other's y. w. d. Rex
Mr. Dickens's bl. b. Fly, beat Mr. C. Croft's r. d. Regent
Capt. Hogg's bk. w. b. Lisle, beat Mr. Maynard's bk. d. Sandy
Mr. Allen's r. d. Ity, beat Mr. Lee's bk. d. Brandy.

Ties.

Fly beat Violet Lisle beat Ity.

Deciding Course.

Lisle beat Fly and won the Stakes.

MATCH.

Mr. C. Other's Rose, beat Mr. J. Hammond's Trinket.

MALTON.*November 5, 6, 7.***The CUP.**

Mr. Best's r. b. p. Urganda, beat Mr. Heywood's r. d. Wellington
 Mr. Lowther's bl. d. Violet, beat Sir J. Johnstone's bl. d. Truant
 Mr. Swann's bl. b. p. Symmetry, beat Mr. Heywood's w. and r. d. Mercury
 Mr. Swann's bl. d. Spartan, beat Sir J. Johnstone's bl. and w. b. p. Vespa
 Mr. S. L. Fox's cr. b. Dainty, beat Mr. Swann's w. and brin. b. Euterpe
 Mr. Best's r. and w. b. Treasure, beat Mr. S. L. Fox's w. and r. d. Gambler
 Mr. S. L. Fox's r. and w. b. Ticket, beat Major Bower's w. and f. d. Beachem
 Mr. Lowther's dun b. p. Venom, beat Major Bower's f. b. p. Bouverie.

First Ties.

Treasure beat Venom

Ticket beat Symmetry

Dainty beat Spartan

Urganda beat Violet.

Second Ties.

Treasure beat Ticket

Urganda beat Dainty.

Treasure and Urganda, the remaining winners, belonging to Mr. Best, that gentleman won both the Cup and the Sovereigns.

The GOLD CUP.

Mr. Best's f. b. p. Mirth, beat Mr. Heywood's bl. b. Brilla
 Mr. S. L. Fox's brin. b. Tulip, beat Major Bower's f. b. Brilliant
 Sir J. Johnstone's w. d. Teniers, beat Major Bower's r. b. Bride
 Mr. Swann's w. b. p. Jumble, beat Mr. Lowther's bl. d. Valentine.

Ties.

Teniers beat Tulip

Mirth beat Jumble.

Deciding Course.

Teniers beat Mirth and won the Cup.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, for all ages.

Sir J. Johnstone's f. d. Jerry, beat Mr. Heywood's w. and r. d. Margrave
 Mr. Lowther's bl. b. Vesta, beat Mr. Best's bl. b. Butterfly.

Deciding Course.

Vesta beat Jerry and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, for bitch puppies.

Mr. Swann's bl. b. Baby, beat Mr. Lowther's bl. b. p. Velvet
 Sir J. Johnstone's bl. b. Vestal, beat Mr. Best's bl. b. Guinare.

Deciding Course.

Baby beat Vestal and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, for dog puppies.

Mr. Best's bl. and w. d. Tomboy, beat Mr. Swann's w. d. Juniper
 Mr. Lowther's bl. d. Vandyke, beat Mr. S. L. Fox's r. d. Tartar.

Deciding Course.

Tomboy beat Vandyke and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, for puppies.

Sir J. Johnstone's bl. and w. d. Veluti, beat Mr. Lowther's bl. d. Viper
 Mr. Swann's r. d. Saracen, beat Mr. Best's r. b. Heartsease.

Deciding Course.

Veluti beat Saracen and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, for aged.

Mr. Best's bl. d. Bachelor, beat Mr. S. L. Fox's w. and r. d. Gambler
Mr. Lowther's f. d. Valiant, beat Sir J. Johnstone's r. b. Imogene.

Deciding Course.

Valiant beat Bachelor and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, for all ages.

Sir J. Johnstone's brin. d. p. Iago, beat Mr. Lowther's bl. and w. d. Whiskey
Mr. Best's bl. b. p. Medora, beat Mr. Swann's bl. and w. d. p. Javelin.

Deciding Course.

Medora beat Iago and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, for dog puppies.

Mr. S. L. Fox's bl. d. Tramp, beat Sir J. Johnstone's w. d. Trident
Mr. Swann's bl. and w. d. Junior, beat Mr. Lowther's bl. d. Viper.

Deciding Course.

Tramp beat Junior and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, for puppies.

Mr. Best's bl. b. Bragela, beat Mr. Lowther's dun. b. p. Venom
Sir J. Johnstone's bl. and w. b. Vespa, beat Mr. Swann's r. d. Scott.

Deciding Course.

Vespa beat Bragela and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, for aged dogs.

Mr. Lowther's bl. b. Venus, beat Mr. Heywood's r. d. Wellington
Mr. Swann's w. and brin. b. Euterpe, beat Mr. Best's r. d. Trajan.

Deciding Course.

Euterpe beat Venus and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, for bitch puppies.

Mr. Swann's w. b. Jumble, beat Mr. Lowther's bk. b. Velvet
Sir J. Johnstone's bl. b. Vestal, beat Mr. Best's bk. b. Blackmaid.

Deciding Course.

Jumble beat Vestal and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, for aged dogs.

Sir J. Johnstone's r. b. Imogene, agst. Mr. Swann's bl. b. p. Symmetry (afterwards drawn lame)

Mr. Best's bl. b. p. Gulnare, beat Mr. S. L. Fox's br. b p. Tulip.

Stakes divided.

MATCHES.

Sir J. Johnstone's bl. d. Vagrant, beat Mr. Heywood's bl. b. p. Brisk
Mr. Heywood's f. b. Maria, beat Mr. Swann's bl. and w. d. p. Juniper
Mr. Heywood's bl. b. Brilla, beat Mr. S. L. Fox's r. d. p. Tartar
Mr. Best's bl. b. p. Rarity, beat Mr. Heywood's w. and r. d. Margrave
Mr. Swann's bl. d. p. Muley, beat Mr. Best's bl. b. p. Titmouse
Mr. Heywood's f. b. Maria, beat Mr. S. L. Fox's red dog
Mr. Lowther's bl. b. Venus, beat Sir J. Johnstone's Lot
Mr. Swann's w. b. p. Jubilee, beat Mr. Best's r. b. p. Heartsease
Sir J. Johnstone's bk. w. d. Vagrant, beat Major Bower's bk. d. Blackamoor
Major Bower's w. f. d. p. Beauchamp, agst. Mr. S. L. Fox's r. d. p. Tartar
(undecided)

Mr. Heywood's bk. b. Brilla, beat Mr. S. L. Fox's w. r. d. Gambler

Mr. Swann's bl. d. Spartan, beat Sir J. Johnstone's bl. d. Truant

Sir J. Johnstone's w. d. p. Trident, beat Major Bower's f. b. p. Bouverie

Sir J. Johnstone's bk. w. d. p. Lot, beat Mr. Heywood's f. b. Maria.

ROCKLEY.

November 7, 8.

For the Cup.

Mr. Spearing's bk. b. Swallow, beat Mr. Large's bk. d. Match
 Mr. Popham's bl. b. Princess, beat Mr. D. Canning's bk. d. Dart
 Mr. Brown's (Upham) y. d. Bang-up, beat Mr. C. Canning's y. b. Cat
 Mr. Wentworth's bk. w. d. Worthy, beat Mr. Witt's y. d. Beda
 Mr. Waldron's y. d. Brandy, beat Mr. Brown's (Chiseldon) y. d. Briton
 Mr. Gould's f. d. Granby, beat Mr. T. Canning's br. b. Clift
 Mr. Church's bk. w. d. Copper-Bottom, beat Mr. F. Neate's bk. b. Notable
 Mr. Chowle's bk. d. Crib, beat Mr. Hiscock's w. d. Hector
 Mr. Brown's (Ufcot) f. d. Dun, beat Mr. Church's y. b. Can't-go
 Mr. Brown's (Avelrery) bk. d. Brittle, beat Mr. Brind's y. d. Bounce
 Mr. R. Church's bk. d. Cartridge, beat Mr. W. Brown's br. d. Briak
 Mr. Russell's br. w. b. Rattle, beat Mr. Valsey's b. d. Volunteer
 Mr. Butler's bk. b. Blossom, beat Mr. Neate's bk. b. Niobe
 Mr. Osmond's br. b. Olive, beat Mr. Day's r. b. Dart
 Mr. W. Canning's f. b. Careless, beat Mr. Kerman's br. b. Fly
 Mr. Williams's d. Warren, beat Mr. Hayward's d. Hannibal.

First Ties.

Swallow beat Princess	Bang-up beat Worthy
Cartridge beat Rattle	Granby beat Brandy
Copperbottom beat Crib	Brittle beat Dun
Blossom beat Olive	Careless beat Warrior.

Second Ties.

Bang-up beat Swallow	Granby beat Copperbottom
Cartridge beat Brittle	Careless beat Blossom.

Third Ties.

Granby beat Bang-up	Cartridge beat Careless.
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Deciding Course.

Granby beat Cartridge and won the Cup.

MORFE.

November 11, 12.

PUPPY CUP AND GOBLET.

Mr. Lyster's r. d. London, beat Mr. H. Hill's bk. d. Hubert
 Mr. Campbell's bk. b. Heron, beat Mr. Harries's bk. b. Handbill
 Mr. Vickers's bk. w. d. Valiant, beat Mr. Clarke's f. d. Crab
 Mr. Hincksman's bk. w. d. Gamester, beat Mr. Clowes's bk. d. Carbineer
 Hon. R. Hill's bk. d. Herbert, beat Mr. Bache's y. w. d. Byron
 Mr. Lyster's bk. d. Limner, beat Hon. R. Hill's r. d. Hazard
 Mr. Clowes's bk. b. Chaffinch, beat Mr. Bache's y. w. b. Belinda.

First Ties.

Chaffinch beat Heron	Limner beat Gamester
Valiant beat Herbert	London a bye.

Second Ties.

London beat Chaffinch	Valiant beat Limner.
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Deciding Course.

London beat Valiant and won the Cup, Valiant the Goblet.

PATSHULL STAKES of 2 sovs. each.

Mr. Clowes's r. b. Curricie, beat Mr. Campbell's bk. b. Huma
 Mr. Bates's f. b. Bronze, beat Hon. R. Hill's bk. w. b. Helen

Mr. Bache's f. d. Baron, beat Mr. Hinckman's bk. d. Spectre
Mr. Vickers's bk. d. Velocipede, beat Mr. Lyster's bk. d. Lucifer.

Ties.

Bronze beat Curricule Velocipede beat Baron.

Bronze won the Stakes, Velocipede drawn lame.

PUPPY STAKES of 2 sovs. each.

Mr. Lyster's r. d. Lelapse, beat Mr. H. Hill's bk. b. Harriet
Mr. Clowes's bk. d. Coxcomb, beat Mr. Clarke's bk. b. Bracelet
Hon. R. Hill's y. b. Hasty, beat Mr. Bache's br. d. Brunswick.

Ties.

Lelapse beat Coxcomb Hasty a bye.

The Stakes divided.

MORFE AGED STAKES of 2 sovs. each.

Mr. Campbell's br. b. Hornet, beat Mr. Harries's bk. d. Hobson
Mr. Hinckman's bk. w. b. Venus, beat Mr. Vickers's bk. d. Vaultier
Mr. Bates's r. d. Brass, beat Mr. Clarke's f. b. Countess
Hon. R. Hills's bk. b. Hoyden, beat Mr. Clowes's bk. w. d. Contrast.

Ties.

Hornet beat Venus (who was rode over) Hoyden beat Brass.

Deciding Course.

Hoyden beat Hornet and won the Stakes:

NORTH MEOLS.

November 11, 12.

The CUP and SOVEREIGNS.

Lord Molyneux's f. d. Magistrate, beat Hon. H. Stanley's bk. d. Soothsayer
Mr. Nicholson's bl. and w. b. Now-or-never, beat Mr. E. Pedder's bk. d. Phantom
Mr. Thompson's bk. and w. b. Thetis, beat Mr. E. G. Hornby's bl. and w. b. Handkerchief

Mr. S. Horrock's brin. b. Harriet, beat Lord Molyneux's r. b. Maud
Mr. H. Hornby's bk. d. Hobby, beat Mr. E. G. Hornby's bk. and w. b. Henbane
Mr. T. Alison's f. d. Adam, beat Mr. S. Horrock's f. d. Hohenlohe.

First Ties.

Now-or-never beat Magistrate Thetis beat Harriet Hobby beat Adam.

Second Ties.

Thetis beat Now-or-never Hobby ran a bye.

Deciding Course.

Hobby beat Thetis and won the Cup, Thetis the Sovereigns.

The BOLD STAKES.

Lord Molyneux's brin d. Minister, beat Mr. T. Alison's bk. d. Agamemnon
Hon. H. Stanley's bk. d. Sinbad, beat Mr. Thompson's bk. d. Tory
Mr. E. G. Hornby's brin and w. d. Hæmus, beat Mr. H. Hornby's brin d. Hermon

Ties.

Minister beat Sinbad Hæmus, a bye.

Deciding Course.

Hæmus beat Minister and won the Stakes.

The FLEETWOOD STAKES.

Hon. H. Stanley's bk. b. Syncope, beat Mr. Nicholson's bk. and w. b. Nimble
Mr. Unsworth's f. b. U, beat Mr. Thompson's bl. and w. b. Toy

Mr. E. Pedder's bk. and w. b. Pastime, beat Mr. Horrocks's bl. and w. b. Needless
Mr. E. G. Hornby's bk. and w. b. Handmaid, beat Lord Molyneux's bk. b. Majesty
Ties.

Syncope beat U

Pastime beat Handmaid.

Deciding Course.

Pastime beat Syncope and won the Stakes.

The SOUTHPORT STAKES.

Mr. E. G. Hornby's bl. d. Hugo, beat Mr. S. Horrocks's bl. and w. d. Harry
the Third

Mr. T. Alison's bk. and w. b. Augusta, beat Mr. H. Hornby's bk. d. Hamlet.

Deciding Course.

Hugo beat Augusta and won the Stakes.

The CLARET STAKES.

Hon. H. Stanley's bk. d. Sultan, beat Mr. Unsworth's bk. b. Urgent

Mr. T. Alison's brin. d. Adjutant, beat Mr. Nicholson's r. and w. d. Noel.

Deciding Course.

Adjutant beat Sultan and won the Stakes.

The NORTH MEOLS STAKES.

Lord Molyneux's f. d. Magistrate, beat Mr. Nicholson's r. and w. d. Noel

Mr. E. G. Hornby's bk. and w. b. Handkerchief, beat Mr. T. Alison's bk. and
w. b. Augusta.

Deciding Course.

Magistrate beat Handkerchief and won the Stakes.

The DITCH-IN STAKES.

Mr. T. Alison's bk. d. Agamemnon, beat Hon. H. Stanley's bk. d. Sinbad

Mr. Unsworth's f. b. U, beat Mr. Hornby's brin. d. Hermon

Deciding Course.

U beat Agamemnon and won the Stakes.

The CHURCH TOWN STAKES.

Mr. T. Alison's brin. d. Adjutant, beat Mr. E. G. Hornby's bl. d. Hugo

Mr. Unsworth's bk. b. Urgent, beat Hon. E. Stanley's bk. d. Sultan.

Deciding Course.

Adjutant beat Urgent and won the Stakes.

The CROSSENS STAKES.

Hon. H. Stanley's bk. b. Salute, beat Mr. Nicholson's bk. and w. b. Nimble

Mr. Unsworth's bk. and w. d. Unicorn, beat Mr. E. G. Hornby's bk. and w. b.
Handmaid.

Deciding Course.

Unicorn beat Salute and won the Stakes.

The BANKS STAKES.

Mr. E. G. Hornby's bl. and w. b. Henbane, beat Mr. H. Hornby's bl. d. Hawk

Mr. T. Alison's f. d. Adam, beat Hon. H. Stanley's w. b. Sharp.

Decided Course.

Adam beat Henbane and won the Stakes.

MATCH.

Hon. H. Stanley's w. b. Sharp, beat Lord Molyneux's r. b. Melanie.

EAST ILSLEY.

November 12 and 13.

For The CUP and GOBLET.

Mr. Elmore's r. b. Elfin, beat Mr. Patient's bk. b. Penelope
 Mr. Leigh's y. w. b. Lilla, beat Mr. Southby's bk. b. Shoveller
 Mr. Seymour's r. b. Gipsy, beat Mr. Anderson's r. b. Atalanta
 Mr. Williams's (Ilsley) bk. w. b. Wanton, beat Mr. Webb's r. d. Water Rat
 Mr. Arundel's bk. d. Pelter, beat Mr. Rice's r. d. Racer
 Mr. Webber's bk. b. Wild Duck, beat Mr. Bennett's br. d. Barefoot
 Mr. Williams's (Deuchworth) f. b. Bess, beat Mr. Pearman's bk. d. Patch
 Mr. Tarrant's f. b. Trefolia, beat Mr. Linton's f. b. Lady of the Lake.

First Ties.

Elfin beat Lilla	Gipsy beat Wanton
Wild Duck beat Pelter	Bess beat Trefolia.

Second Ties.

Elfin beat Wild Duck	Gipsy beat Bess.
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Deciding Course.

Gipsy beat Elfin and won the Cup, Elfin the Goblet.

FIRST CLASS PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Seymour's w. b. Seedling, beat Mr. Linton's y. b. Lustre
 Mr. Elmore's br. b. Ellen, beat Mr. Leigh's br. d. Lara

The Stakes divided in consequence of Seedling being unsighted.

SECOND CLASS PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Anderson's br. d. Acid, beat Mr. Leigh's w. d. Lily
 Mr. Webb's bk. b. Witch, beat Mr. Rice's r. d. Rufus.

Deciding Course.

Witch beat Acid, and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES.

Mr. Elmore's bk. d. Peeper, beat Mr. Hewett's y. d. Weeper
 Mr. Linton's y. b. Leaper, beat Mr. Tarrant's y. b. Creeper.

Deciding Course.

Peeper beat Leaper, and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. Anderson's bk. d. Acorn, beat Mr. Williams's (Ilsley) y. b. Whisk
 Mr. Williams's (Ilsley) br. d. Will Watch, beat Mr. Rice's f. d. Barefoot
 Mr. Foster's bk. b. Skip, beat Mr. Leigh's r. w. d. Sandal
 Mr. Anderson's r. d. Apollo, beat Mr. Williams's (Ilsley) f. d. Waxlight
 Mr. Rice's bk. w. d. Risk, beat Mr. Southby's y. b. Shindy
 Mr. Seymour's r. b. Countess, beat Mr. Leigh's w. d. Lily
 Mr. Williams's (Ilsley) br. d. Winifred, beat Mr. Rice's bk. b. Ringlet
 Mr. Rice's d. b. Rum-un, beat Mr. Williams's bk. b. Wireworm.

CHATSWORTH.

November 12 and 13.

The MANCHESTER CUP (value £68) AND GOBLET.

Mr. Chew's bk. w. b. Music, beat Mr. Bailey's bk. w. d. Champion
 Mr. Norris's — Hamlet, beat Mr. Owen's — Preston Joe
 Mr. Kaye's bk. b. Miss Robinson, beat Mr. Chew's bk. d. Warrior
 Mr. Kaye's bl. d. Doctor, beat Mr. King's bl. b. Camarine
 Mr. King's bk. d. Norfolk, beat Mr. M'Intyre's f. d. Jupiter

Mr. Moss's r. w. d. Hector, beat Mr. Foulkes's bk. d. Beppo
 Mr. Bailey's bk. d. Dangerous, beat Mr. Moss's bk. w. d. Duke
 Mr. Battie's bl. d. Venture, beat Mr. Foulkes's r. d. Rowton.

First Ties.

Hamlet beat Music Miss Robinson beat Venture
 Hector beat Dangerous Norfolk beat Doctor.

Second Ties.

Miss Robinson's beat Hamlet Norfolk beat Hector.

Deciding Course.

Miss Robinson beat Norfolk and won the Cup, and Norfolk the Goblet and Sovereigns.

The DEVONSHIRE CUP.

Mr. Hartley's bk. d. Snap, beat Mr. Ogden's r. d. Doctor
 Mr. Chew's b. Young Music, beat Mr. Kaye's r. b. Fly
 Mr. King's r. w. d. Diamond, beat Mr. Watkins's bk. w. d. Young Topper
 Mr. Foulkes's f. b. Fairy, beat Mr. Beattie's bk. b. Vesta.

Ties.

Young Music beat Snap Diamond beat Fairy.

Deciding Course.

Young Music beat Diamond and won the Cup.

CHATSWORTH STAKES of 2 sovs. each.

Mr. Bailey's bk. w. d. Champion, beat Mr. Foulkes's r. d. Rowton
 Mr. Moss's bk. w. d. Duke, beat Mr. Foulkes's f. b. Fairy
 Mr. Owen's Preston Joe, beat Mr. Kaye's r. b. Fly
 Mr. King's bk. d. Norfolk, beat Mr. Beattie's bk. b. Vesta.

Ties.

Champion beat Duke Preston Joe beat Norfolk.

Deciding Course.

Champion beat Preston Joe (who received 4 sovs.) and won the Stakes.

The BURLINGTON STAKES of 2 sovs. each.

Mr. Chew's bk. w. b. Music, beat Mr. Kaye's r. b. Fly
 Mr. Norris's Hamlet, beat Mr. M'Intyre's f. d. Jupiter
 Mr. Chew's bk. d. Warrior, beat Mr. King's bl. b. Camarine
 Mr. —'s Spring, beat Mr. —'s Coronade.

Ties.

Music beat Hamlet Spring beat Warrior.

Deciding Course.

Music beat Spring and won the Stakes.

The DERBYSHIRE STAKES of 2 sovs. each, for PUPPIES.

Mr. King's r. w. d. Diamond, beat Mr. —'s Philo
 Mr. Hartley's bk. d. Snap, beat Mr. —'s Leader
 Mr. Foulkes's f. b. Fairy, beat Mr. —'s Topper
 Mr. Ogden's r. d. Doctor, beat Mr. —'s Stamford.

Ties.

Diamond beat Snap Doctor beat Fairy.

Deciding Course.

Diamond beat Doctor and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. M'Intyre's f. d. Jupiter, beat Mr. Foulkes's bk. d. Beppo
 Mr. Chew's bk. d. Warrior, beat Mr. Norris's Hamlet.

NEWMARKET.

November 12, 13, 14.

ALLINGTON-HILL STAKES, for Bitch Puppies.

Mr. Edwards's w. Alabaster, beat Mr. Gillett's cr. Giantess
Mr. Dobede's r. and w. Dance, beat Mr. Dunn's br. Belle
Mr. Fyson's bk. and w. Fairy, beat Mr. Vipan's w. Verity
Mr. King's b. Rosalie, beat Mr. Inskip's f. Idol
Mr. Gillett's w. and f. Glee, beat Mr. Moody's br. Mute
Mr. Finch's bk. Grace, beat Mr. Phillips's bk. and w. Sal.

First Ties.

Rosalie beat Dance Alabaster beat Fairy Glee beat Grace.

Second Ties.

Rosalie beat Alabaster Glee ran a bye.

Deciding Course.

Rosalie beat Glee and won the Stakes.

For the CUP.

Mr. Dobede's bk. d. Druid, beat Mr. Dunn's bl. b. Beauty
Mr. Finch's bk. b. Gipsy, beat Mr. Carter's br. d. Colonel
Mr. Fyson's bk. and w. d. p. Flambeau, beat Mr. Phillips's br. d. Sam
Mr. Hall's br. b. Heroine (late Flirt), beat Mr. Bryant's d. d. Elliot
Mr. Gillett's bk. and w. b. Gulnare, beat Mr. Moody's r. d. Mameluke (late Rokeby)

Mr. Inskip's r. b. Isabel, beat Mr. Weatherby's bk. d. Warwick
Mr. Vipan's bk. d. Victory, beat Mr. Fyson's br. b. Fanny
Mr. King's r. d. Richmond, beat Mr. Edwards's bk. and w. d. Auctioneer.

First Ties.

Victory beat Richmond Isabel beat Heroine
Druid beat Gulnare Gipsy beat Flambeau.

Second Ties.

Gipsy beat Isabel Victory beat Druid.

Deciding Course.

Victory beat Gipsy and won the Stakes.

CHIPPENHAM STAKES, for Dog Puppies.

Mr. Vipan's f. Vanquish, beat Mr. Carter's r. Clipper
Mr. Inskip's r. Iron, beat Mr. Fyson's bk. Flare-up
Mr. Dunn's bk. Banker, beat Mr. Carter's bk. and w. Cantab
Mr. Finch's bk. and w. Granta, beat Mr. Fyson's r. and w. Fearnought
Mr. Dobede's bk. Dart, beat Mr. Gillett's f. Grimaldi
Mr. Edwards's r. Ambassador, beat Mr. Weatherby's bk. Weippert.

First Ties.

Granta beat Banker Iron beat Vanquish Dart beat Ambassador.

Second Ties.

Iron beat Granta Dart ran a bye.

Deciding Course.

Iron beat Dart and won the Stakes.

PORT STAKES.

Mr. King's bk. d. Racer, beat Mr. Gillett's f. d. George
Mr. Inskip's r. b. Infant, beat Mr. Edwards's br. b. p. Antiope
Mr. Weatherby's bk. b. Wee-daisy, beat Mr. Carter's r. b. Caroline
Mr. Vipan's br. d. Victor, beat Mr. Finch's br. b. Glory

Mr. Hall's br. d. Hasty Dragon, beat Mr. Dunn's bk. d. Blackbird
 Mr. Vipan's bl. b. Violet, beat Mr. Phillips's br. d. Sailor
 Mr. Dobede's bk. b. p. Daisy, beat Mr. Bryant's bk. b. Edith
 Mr. Dobede's bk. b. Dahlia, beat Mr. Fyson's bk. b. p. Fly.

First Ties.

Daisy beat Racer Wee-daisy beat Hasty Dragon
 Infant beat Victor Violet beat Dahlia.

Second Ties.

Violet beat Infant Daisy beat Wee-daisy.

Deciding Course.

Violet beat Daisy and won the Stakes.

CLARET STAKES.

Mr. Gillett's bk. and w. b. Galatea, beat Mr. Finch's br. b. Georgiana
 Mr. Dobede's d. b. Dauntless, beat Mr. Fyson's bk. b. Fly
 Mr. Carter's br. d. Colonel, beat Mr. Bryant's bk. d. Clarence
 Mr. Phillips's br. d. Sailor, beat Mr. Fyson's br. b. Fanny.

Ties.

Dauntless beat Galatea Colonel beat Sailor.

Deciding Course.

Colonel beat Dauntless and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. Gillett's br. d. Gunshot (late Alcohol), agst. Mr. Fyson's d. d. Folly
 (undecided)
 Mr. Vipan's w. b. p. Verity, beat Mr. Phillips's bk. and w. b. p. Sal
 Mr. Carter's r. d. p. Clipper, beat Mr. Dobede's w. b. p. Diana
 Mr. Carter's r. b. Caroline, beat Mr. Dobede's bk. d. Diamond
 Mr. Edwards's br. b. p. Antiope, beat Mr. Dunn's br. b. Belle
 Mr. Weatherby's bk. d. Warwick, beat Mr. Dunn's bl. b. Beauty
 Mr. Moody's br. b. p. Mute, beat Mr. Weatherby's bk. d. p. Weippert
 Mr. Fyson's bk. b. Fancy (late Daffodil), agst. Mr. Bryant's r. d. Election
 (undecided)
 Mr. Fyson's br. b. Fanny, beat Mr. Carter's r. b. Caroline
 Mr. Bryant's r. d. Emperor, beat Mr. Dunn's bk. d. Blackbird
 Mr. Moody's r. d. Mameluke, beat Mr. Bryant's bk. b. Edith
 Mr. Carter's r. d. p. Clipper, beat Mr. Dobede's r. w. b. p. Dance
 Mr. Carter's bk. d. Clarence, beat Mr. Bryant's d. d. Elliott
 Mr. Gillett's br. d. Gunshot, beat Mr. Bryant's br. d. Emerald.

COCKNEY.

November 18, 19.

The PUPPY CUP.

Mr. Anderson's bk. d. Ajax, beat Mr. Rice's pied d. Racer
 Mr. Seymour's pied b. Risk, beat Mr. Anderson's f. d. Ago
 Mr. Patient's bk. b. Posy, beat Mr. Bailey's r. b. Bantam
 Mr. Chitty's bl. b. Camarine, beat Mr. Elmore's bl. b. Eel
 Mr. Nicholl's w. d. Noble, beat Mr. Chitty's f. b. Countess
 Mr. Rice's r. d. Rufus, beat Mr. Bailey's bk. b. Barnacle
 Mr. Elmore's pied b. Esther, beat Mr. Seymour's f. b. Glory
 Mr. Nicholl's r. d. (Mr. Chitty's) Nestor, beat Mr. Patient's f. d. Pilot.

First Ties.

Ajax beat Risk Camarine beat Posy
 Rufus beat Noble Nestor beat Esther.

Second Ties.

Ajax beat Camarine Nestor beat Rufus.

Deciding Course.

Nestor beat Ajax and won the Cup, Ajax the Goblet.

The NETHERHAVEN STAKES.

Mr. Patient's pied d. Plenipo., beat Mr. Rice's w. b. Rose
Mr. Bailey's r. b. Bittern, beat Mr. Elmore's pied b. Eliza.

Deciding Course.

Bittern beat Plenipo. and won the Stakes.

The JENNER STAKES.

Mr. Bailey's bk. d. Blackbird, beat Mr. Patient's pied b. Prime
Mr. Elmore's bk. d. Eagle, beat Mr. Chitty's f. d. Captain
Mr. Anderson's br. d. Acid, beat Mr. Rice's w. b. Rarity
Mr. Elmore's br. b. Ellen, beat Mr. Nicholl's bl. b. Needle.

Ties.

Eagle beat Blackbird Ellen beat Acid.

Deciding Course.

Ellen beat Eagle and won the Stakes.

The DOWN STAKES.

Mr. Elmore's bl. b. Eaglet, beat Mr. Chitty's r. b. Cobweb
Mr. Rice's pied d. Racer, beat Mr. Bailey's b. b. Barnacle.

Deciding Course.

Racer beat Eaglet and won the Stakes.

The BENNETT STAKES.

Mr. Bailey's r. b. Bittern, beat Mr. Nicholl's bl. b. Needle
Mr. Chitty's r. b. Countess, beat Mr. Patient's f. d. Pilot.

Deciding Course.

Bittern beat Countess and won the Stakes.

The ENFORD STAKES.

Mr. Nicholl's bk. b. Nimble, beat Mr. Elmore's br. d. York
Mr. Anderson's br. d. Abel, beat Mr. Rice's w. b. Rose
Mr. Patient's pied b. Prime, beat Mr. Bailey's r. b. Bantem
Mr. Bailey's bk. b. Barnacle, beat Mr. Chitty's r. d. Captain.

Ties.

Nimble beat Abel Barnacle beat Prime.

Deciding Course.

Nimble beat Barnacle and won the Stakes.

The PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Patient's bk. Posy, beat Mr. Chitty's r. d. Captain
Mr. Elmore's br. d. York, beat Mr. Rice's pied b. Risk,

Deciding Course.

York beat Posy and won the Stakes.

The ALL-AGED STAKES.

Mr. Elmore's pied b. Echo, beat Mr. Rice's f. b. Glory
Mr. Chitty's r. b. Countess, beat Mr. Patient's w. d. Pastime.

Deciding Course.

Echo beat Countess and won the Stakes.

The ANCIENT STAKES.

Mr. Elmore's bl. b. Doncaster, beat Mr. Anderson's br. d. Acorn
Mr. Patient's f. d. Pilot, beat Mr. Bland's d. b. Smut.

Deciding Course.

Doncaster beat Pilot and won the Stakes.

MATCH.

Mr. Bailey's bk. d. Blackbird, beat Mr. Patient's pied b. Prime.

ASHDOWN PARK.

November 18.

For the CUP.

Mr. Wells's fawn d. Pilot, beat Mr. E. Cripps's bl. d. Exeter
Mr. Pettatt's bk. d. Pounce, beat Mr. Cripps's wh. b. Crystal
Mr. Heaketh Fleetwood's bk. d. Falcon, beat Mr. Browne's rd. b. Blemish
Mr. Etwall's wh. and brin. d. Equinox, beat Mr. Morant's bl. d. Minstrel
Mr. Goodlake's bl. d. Glenlyon, beat Mr. Goddard's fawn d. Gnostic
The Hon. Mr. Moreton's fawn d. Marauder, beat Col. Newport Charlett's red b.
No No, two hares, won by a toss
Mr. Shard's brin. and wh. b. Shoestrings, beat Mr. Harries's yel. and wh. b.
Handmaid
Mr. Wells's bl. and wh. b. Jannette, beat Mr. E. Cripps's bl. b. Eyedrop.

First Ties.

Shoestrings beat Marauder	Pounce beat Falcon
Pilot beat Equinox	Glenlyon beat Jannette.

Second Ties.

Pounce beat Pilot	Shoestring's beat Glenlyon.
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Deciding Course.

Pounce beat Shoestrings and won the Cup.

The DERBY STAKES, Three Sovereigns each, for Dog Puppies.

Mr. Goodlake's bk. and wh. d. The Glama, beat Mr. Morant's red and wh. d. Musket
Mr. Heaketh Fleetwood's bk. d. Fearless, beat Mr. E. Cripps's bk. d. Æneas
Mr. Shard's bk. d. Spring, beat Mr. Cripps's bk. and wh. d. Conqueror
The Hon. Mr. Moreton's brin. d. Marshal, beat Mr. Goddard's yel. and wh. d. Gil Blas
Mr. Etwall's bk. and wh. d. Eros, beat Mr. Harries's bk. d. Hottentot
Mr. E. Cripps's yel. d. Edward, beat Mr. Wells's red d. Premier
Mr. Heaketh Fleetwood's yel. and wh. d. Flapdragon, beat Col. Newport's fawn d. Now
Mr. Cripps's bk. and wh. d. Consol, beat The Hon. Mr. Moreton's fawn d. Mr. Merriman.

First Ties.

Glama beat Eros	Consol beat Edward
Marshal beat Fearless (dr. lame)	Flapdragon beat Spring.

Second Ties.

Consol beat Flapdragon	The Glama beat Marshal.
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Deciding Course.

Consol beat The Glama and won the Derby.

The OAKS STAKES, Three Sovereigns each, for Bitch Puppies.

Col. Newport Charlett's wh. b. Nosegay, beat Mr. Harries's red b. Hurricane
Mr. Etwall's wh. b. Erinna, beat Mr. E. Cripps's bk. b. Exquisite

Mr. Wells's red and wh. b. Jane, beat Mr. Heskeith Fleetwood's bk. b. Fay
Mr. Moreton's red b. Molly, beat Mr. Cripps's brin. b. Curlew.

Ties.

Nosegay beat Jane

Molly beat Erinna.

The Stakes divided by Molly and Nosegay.

The WEYLAND PUPPY STAKES, Two Sovereigns each.

Mr. Moreton's brin. and wh. b. Mitre, beat Mr. Goodlake's yel. b. Gillion
Mr. Harries's fawn b. Harmony, beat Mr. Shard's wh. and bk. d. Shylock
Mr. Morant's brin. b. Magazine, beat Mr. E. Cripps's bk. d. Egyptus.

Ties.

Magazine beat Mitre

Harmony ran a bye.

Magazine won the Stakes, Harmony being drawn lame.

WEYLAND ALL-AGED STAKES.

Mr. Cripps's bk. b. Comet, beat Mr. Goodlake's bk. d. Governor
Mr. Wells's wh. d. Pride, beat Mr. Pettat's bk. b. Pliant.

Deciding Course.

Comet beat Pride and won the Stakes.

CRAVEN ALL-AGED STAKES, Two Sovereigns each.

Mr. Etwall's bk. b. Eavesdropper, beat Mr. Morant's bl. d. Minstrel
Mr. E. Cripps's bl. b. Eyedrop, beat Col. Newport Charlett's bk. d. No. 1
Mr. Goodlake's red and wh. d. Gurth, beat Mr. Pettat's bk. and wh. d. Panic
Mr. Cripps's bk. b. Clara, beat Col. Newport Charlett's wh. d. Naldi.

Ties.

Gurth beat Eavesdropper

Clara beat Eyedrop.

Deciding Course.

Gurth beat Clara and won the Stakes.

Second Class of CRAVEN STAKES, for Puppies.

Col. Newport Charlett's f. d. Now, beat Mr. Shard's y. and w. b. Sprightly
The Hon. Mr. Moreton's f. d. Mr. Merriman, beat Mr. Pettat's bk. b. Pessima
Mr. Goodlake's y. b. Gillion, beat Mr. E. Cripps's bk. d. Egyptus
Mr. Morant's r. and w. b. Marchioness, beat Mr. Wells's bk. b. Jewel.

Ties.

Marchioness beat Gillion

Mr. Merriman beat Now.

The winners divided the Stakes.

First Class of the LAMBORN PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Harries's r. b. Hurricane, beat Mr. Wells's bk. b. Goslin
Mr. Heskeith Fleetwood's Fay, beat Mr. Brown's y. b. Blemish.

Deciding Course.

Fay beat Hurricane and won the Stakes.

First Class of LAMBORN ALL-AGED STAKES.

Mr. Heskeith Fleetwood's bk. Flambeau, beat Mr. Goodlake's Governor
Mr. Morant's bl. Minstrel, beat Mr. Shard's y. and w. Sailor.

Deciding Course.

Flambeau beat Minstrel and won the Stakes.

Some of the finest Coursing in the world was witnessed during the Meeting.

HAREWOOD.

Nov. 19, 20.

For the CUP.

Sir J. Johnstone's wh. d. Teniers, beat Mr. Hargrave's bl. b. Nettle
 Mr. Lee's bl. d. Ruler, beat Mr. Benn's f. d. Sherwood
 Mr. Fould's bl. b. Venus, beat Mr. Teal's r. and wh. d. Flyer
 Mr. Anderton's bl. d. Archer, beat Mr. Fox's cr. b. Trife
 Hon. H. Lascelles's f. d. Tam o'Shanter, beat Mr. S. Fox's bl. b. Topsy
 Mr. Bingley's f. d. Lincoln, beat Mr. Vansittart's bl. b. Vesta
 Mr. Harrison's bl. d. Romulus, beat Mr. Swann's wh. b. Jumble
 Col. Elmhirst's r. d. Brandy, beat Mr. Gibb's bl. d. Gloss.

First Ties.

Ruler beat Venus	Tam o'Shanter beat Romulus
Lincoln beat Archer	Brandy beat Teniers.

Second Ties.

Lincoln beat Tam o'Shanter	Ruler beat Brandy.
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Deciding Course.

Lincoln beat Ruler and won the Cup.

ALL-AGED STAKES of 2 sovs. each.

Mr. Berry's bl. d. Gas, beat Mr. Teal's r. b. Countess
 Sir J. Johnstone's br. d. Iago, beat Mr. Bingley's r. d. Clinker
 Mr. Hargreave's r. b. Brunette, beat Mr. Fox's r. and wh. d. Gambler
 Mr. Holroyd's r. t. b. Favourite, beat Mr. Fould's br. d. Smoker.

Ties.

Gas beat Favourite	Iago beat Brunette.
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Deciding Course.

Gas beat Iago and won the Stakes.

DOG PUPPY STAKES of 2 sovs. each.

Mr. Gibb's cr. d. Ginger, beat Col. Elmhirst's bl. d. Tramp
 Mr. Benn's r. d. Miller, beat Sir J. Johnstone's b. and w. d. Veluti
 Mr. Swann's r. d. Saracen, beat Mr. Teal's br. d. Glider
 Mr. Harrison's bl. d. Remus, beat Mr. Holroyd's r. d. Lancer.

Ties.

Ginger beat Miller	Saracen beat Remus.
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Deciding Course.

Saracen beat Ginger and won the Stakes.

BITCH PUPPY STAKES of 2 sovs. each.

Hon. H. Lascelles's bl. b. Venus, beat Mr. Gibb's br. b. Gipsy
 Mr. Benn's r. and wh. b. Treasure, beat Mr. Holroyd's r. b. Woodbine
 Mr. Swann's bl. b. Baby, beat Mr. Teal's bl. and wh. b. Fly
 Col. Elmhirst's r. b. Fashion, beat Mr. Harrison's bl. and w. b. Lucy.

Ties.

Baby beat Treasure	Fashion beat Venus.
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Deciding Course.

Baby beat Fashion and won the Stakes.

CIGAR CASE.

Mr. Harrison's bl. d. Tomboy, beat Mr. Holroyd's bl. and w. d. Monarch
 Col. Elmhirst's bl. b. Barbara, beat Mr. Teal's bl. and w. b. Bella.

Deciding Course.

Barbara beat Tomboy and won the Cigar Case.

DOG SWEEPSTAKES of 3 sovs. each.

Mr. Swann's Marcus, beat Mr. Benn's Spanker
Mr. Harrison's Priam, beat Mr. Gibb's Lofty.

Deciding Course.

Marcus beat Priam and won the Stakes.

BITCH SWEEPSTAKES of 3 sovs. each.

Col. Elmhirst's Lilla, beat Mr. Holroyd's Vesta
Mr. Lee's Fly, beat Mr. Gibb's Twist.

Deciding Course.

Lilla beat Fly and won the Stakes.

MATCHES for 2 sovs. each.

Mr. Benn's Wonder, beat Mr. Gibb's Grimaldi
Sir J. Johnstone's Vagrant, beat Mr. Benn's Sherwood
Mr. Fould's Smoker, beat Mr. Harrison's Lucy
Mr. Teal's Glider, beat Mr. Harrison's Romulus
Mr. Harrison's Remus, beat Mr. Gibb's Lofty
Mr. Fould's Venus, beat Mr. Teal's Belle
Mr. Gibb's Twist, beat Col. Elmhirst's Midnight
Sir J. Johnstone's Vagrant, beat Mr. Teal's Flyer
Col. Elmhirst's Belvidera, beat Sir J. Johnstone's Vespa
Mr. Swann's Muley, beat Sir J. Johnstone's Veluti
Sir J. Johnstone's Vestal, beat Mr. Benn's Miller
Hon. H. Lascelles's bl. b., beat Sir J. Johnstone's Trident.

BRAMPTON.

Nov. 20, 21.

For the Cup.

Mr. Graham's Burke, beat Mr. Gill's Gambler
Mr. T. Ramshay's Rachel, to Mr. Richardson's President
Mr. Foster's Sark, beat Mr. Elliott's Dan o'Connell
Mr. Tweddle's Fly, beat Mr. Thompson's Teysho
Mr. Birrell's Speaker, beat Mr. Ewart's Swing
Mr. Tindiswood's Caroline, ran a bye
Mr. Bowman's Sweep, ran a bye
Mr. Carrick's Rollo, beat Mr. J. Ramshay's Countess.

First Ties.

Rachel beat Burke	Fly beat Sark
Sweep beat Spanker	Rollo beat Caroline.

Second Ties.

Rachel beat Fly	Sweep beat Rollo.
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Deciding Course.

Sweep beat Rachel and won the Cup.

WORKINGTON.

Nov. 25, 26.

For the Cup.

Mr. Brown's f. d. Dart, beat Mr. Kimbley's br. d. Dart
Mr. Harris's bk. d. Bravo, beat Mr. H. Salkeld's br. d. Hector
Mr. Heywood's r. d. Valiant, beat Mr. J. Dickinson's f. b. Duchess
Mr. Thompson's r. d. Plenipo., beat Mr. W. Dickinson's f. d. Cumberland
Mr. W. Rodgers's br. b. Fly, beat Mr. T. Falcon's br. w. d. Derwent

Mr. C. Curwen's f. d. Fawn, beat Mr. H. Borrodalle's w. lem. d. Turk
 Mr. H. Jefferson's w. d. Snowball, beat Mr. Jefferson's r. d. Glory
 Mr. Christian's bk. w. d. Touchstone, beat Mr. Longmire's r. d. Priam

First Ties.

Bravo beat Dart Valiant beat Plenipo.
 Fawn beat Fly Snowball beat Touchstone.

Second Ties.

Bravo beat Valiant Fawn beat Snowball.

Deciding Course.

Bravo beat Fawn and won the Stakes.

ADLINGTON.

Nov. 27.

For the Cup.

Mr. Vaux's r. d. Longwaist, beat Mr. Taylor's br. d. Squirrel
 Mr. King's r. w. d. Diamond, beat Mr. Ainsworth's f. b. Violet (unsighted)
 Mr. Williamson's r. d. Topper, beat Mr. Howard's r. w. d. Spanker
 Mr. Bancroft's r. d. Slender Man, beat Mr. Rushton's bk. w. b. Trick.

Ties.

Diamond beat Longwaist Slender Man beat Topper.

Deciding Course.

Slender Man beat Diamond and won the Cup.

MATCHES.

Mr. Leigh's Gameboy, beat Mr. Shuttleworth's Bubastes
 Mr. F. Ainsworth's Violet, beat Mr. Higginson's Spanker.

LOUTH.

Nov. 25, 26, 27, 29.

The Cup, with 10 sovs. each.

Mr. G. Alington's bk. w. b. Pride, beat Mr. Bartholomew's bk. t. d. Bugle
 Mr. E. Heneage's r. d. Limehouse, beat Mr. Caldwell's bk. d. Ringlet
 Mr. Hoskins's r. d. Horatio, beat Mr. Best's bk. d. Bachelor
 Mr. E. Heneage's bk. d. Lichfield, beat Mr. G. Alington's bk. t. d. Bouncer
 Mr. Hassall's bk. b. Harmonicon, beat Mr. Beridge's bk. w. b. Tawdry
 Mr. R. Dawson's bk. w. b. Victory, beat Col. Elmhirst's r. d. Brandy
 Mr. Bartholomew's bk. w. d. Baron, beat Mr. Loft's r. b. p. Venus
 Mr. E. Smith's r. b. Minna, beat Mr. G. Heneage's r. d. p. Lion.

First Ties.

Harmonicon beat Pride Baron beat Minna
 Horatio beat Lichfield Limehouse beat Victory.

Second Ties.

Baron beat Horatio Harmonicon beat Limehouse.

Deciding Course.

Baron beat Harmonicon and won the Cup, Harmonicon the Sovereigns.

The St. LEGER of 80 sovs. (15 sovs. to the second dog.)

Mr. Beridge's br. b. Twirlegig, beat Mr. G. Alington's w. d. p. Climax
 Mr. Best's r. w. b. Treasure, beat Mr. Golden's f. d. Bravery
 Mr. Caldwell's r. b. p. Rosebud, beat Mr. Loft's f. d. p. Marquess
 Mr. R. Dawson's bk. w. b. Gazelle, beat Mr. Chaplin's r. d. p. Rocket.

Mr. Hassall's f. w. b. Harriet Wilson, beat Mr. E. Heneage's bk. b. Lucy
Col. Elmhirst's bk. b. Midnight, beat Mr. Bartholomew's w. b. Bella
Mr. E. Smith's br. b. Miss, beat Mr. Hoskins's bl. d. Hayraddin
Mr. G. Heneage's r. d. p. Landlord, received from Sir J. Johnstone.

First Ties.

Twirligig beat Miss
Gazelle beat Rosebud

Treasure beat Harriet Wilson
Midnight beat Landlord.

The Stakes divided between Messrs. Best, R. Dawson, Beridge, and Col. Elmhirst.

The OAKS STAKES of 24 sovs., for Bitch Puppies.

Mr. Caldwell's bk. b. Rose Roche, beat Mr. Hoskins's bk. b. Heather Bell
Mr. Best's f. b. Mirth, beat Mr. G. Alington's f. w. b. Clip
Mr. Hassall's bk. t. b. Holiday, beat Mr. Bartholomew's f. b. Bonnie Lass
Mr. Beridge's r. b. Tell Tale, beat Mr. E. Heneage's bk. b. Lunatic.

Ties.

Tell Tale beat Holiday

Rose Roche beat Mirth.

Mr. Caldwell and Mr. Beridge divided the Stakes.

DERBY STAKES of 36 sovs., for Dog Puppies.

Mr. Hoskins's f. d. Herbert Lacy, beat Mr. Hassall's bk. t. d. Haunch
Mr. Beridge's f. d. Timekeeper, beat Mr. G. Heneage's r. d. Lightfoot
Mr. E. Smith's r. d. Cupid, beat Mr. Loft's bl. d. Bluecap
Mr. Loft's r. d. Victor, beat Mr. R. Dawson's f. w. d. Camillus
Mr. Caldwell's bk. t. d. Rockley, beat Mr. Bartholomew's r. d. Bullet
Mr. Best's f. d. Guido, beat Mr. Chaplin's r. d. Ruler.

Ties.

Herbert Lacy beat Rockley

Guido beat Victor

Cupid beat Timekeeper.

The Stakes divided by Messrs. Hoskins, E. Smith, and Best.

TATHWELL ALL-AGE STAKES of 16 sovs.

Mr. Caldwell's f. b. Rosemary, beat Mr. Loft's br. b. Luna
Mr. Hassall's f. w. d. Hour-glass, beat Mr. Bartholomew's r. b. Bashful
Mr. Beridge's bl. and w. d. Tangent, beat Mr. Best's f. d. Galliard
Mr. Hoskins's bk. d. Hamlet, beat Col. Elmhirst's bk. t. b. Barbara.

Ties.

Hour-glass beat Hamlet

Tangent beat Rosemary.

The Stakes divided by Messrs. Beridge and Hassall.

TATHWELL GRANGE PUPPY STAKES of 8 sovs.

Mr. Beridge's r. d. Tandem, beat Mr. Best's bl. b. Guinare
Mr. Caldwell's bk. b. Rosalie, beat Mr. Hassall's bk. t. b. High-water-mark.

Deciding Course.

Rosalie beat Tandem and won the Stakes.

LOUTH PUPPY STAKES of 8 sovs.

Mr. Hassall's bk. t. b. High-wind, beat Mr. Beridge's bl. b. Tidy
Mr. Best's r. b. Urganda, beat Mr. Bartholomew's bk. b. Black-fly.

Deciding Course.

High-wind beat Urganda and won the Stakes.

GREAT CALDWELL ALL-AGE STAKES of 8 sovs.

Mr. Loft's br. w. b. Madge, beat Mr. Bartholomew's bl. b. Blush
Mr. Chaplin's r. b. Harriet, beat Mr. E. Smith's bk. t. d. Rothsay.

Deciding Course.

Madge beat Harriet and won the Stakes.

LITTLE CALDWELL ALL-AGE STAKES of 8 sovs.

Mr. Best's r. b. Marion, beat Mr. Beridge's bk. w. d. Tapster
Col. Elmhirst's bk. t. b. Belvidera, beat Mr. Hassall's br. d. Homicide.

Deciding Course.

Belvidera beat Marion and won the Stakes.

CONSERVATIVE STAKES of 8 sovs.

Mr. Bartholomew's bl. w. d. Briton, beat Mr. E. Smith's bk. d. Wellington
Mr. Hassall's r. b. Honora, beat Mr. Hoskins's r. b. Harebell.

Deciding Course.

Briton beat Honora and won the Stakes.

WITHALL ALL-AGE STAKES of 16 sovs.

Mr. Beridge's bk. w. b. Tawdry, beat Mr. Best's bk. d. Bachelor
Mr. Hassall's r. w. b. Hecubena, beat Col. Elmhirst's r. d. Brandy
Mr. Caldwell's bk. b. Ringlet, beat Mr. Bartholomew's w. b. Bella
Mr. G. Alington's bk. t. d. Bormar, beat Mr. E. Smith's bl. d. Langar.
The Stakes divided by Messrs. Beridge, Hassall, Caldwell, and Alington.

WITHALL OLD WARREN STAKES of 8 sovs.

Col. Elmhirst's bk. b. Lilla, beat Mr. Hassall's br. d. Homicide
Mr. Bartholomew's r. d. Bullet, beat Mr. Beridge's bl. w. b. Tagliosi.
The Stakes divided.

BYE STAKES of 8 sovs.

Mr. Loft's f. d. p. Marquess, beat Mr. Hoskins's bk. b. p. Heather Bell
Mr. Best's bl. b. Guinare, beat Mr. Bartholomew's bk. t. d. Bugle.
The Stakes divided.

MATCH.

Mr. Bartholomew's br. d. Birmingham, beat Mr. Hassall's bk. t. b. Hermione.

. The numerous divisions of stakes were occasioned by a misunderstanding as to the ground.

LANARKSHIRE AND RENFREWSHIRE.

Nov. 27, 29.

SWEEPSTAKES for all ages.

Mr. W. Geddes's b. d. George, beat Mr. J. H. Robertson's brin. d. Pirate
Mr. J. Raimes's bl. and w. d. Rattler, agst. Mr. A. Graham's bl. d. Black-eyed Susan (drawn)
Mr. A. Graham's r. d. Punch, beat Lord Eglintoun's bl. d. Souter Johnny
Mr. W. Geddes's bl. and w. d. Bob, beat Lord Eglintoun's bl. and w. b. Meg Merrilies
Dr. Young's w. and brin. d. Tempest, beat Mr. J. G. M'Kirdy's bk. d. Professor
Lord Eglintoun's bl. b. Moina, beat Mr. W. Geddes's bl. d. Sailor
Mr. A. Graham's y. b. Pigeon, beat Dr. Young's w. d. Jehu
Dr. Young's gr. d. The Tartar, beat Mr. A. Graham's r. d. Pomni
Mr. W. G. Barrow's bl. b. Gipsy, beat Mr. A. Graham's r. b. Puzzle
Mr. A. Pollock's brin. d. Sharp, beat Mr. R. Jenner's r. d. Ivanhoe
Mr. J. Raimes's bl. and w. d. Rainbow, beat Mr. A. Graham's bl. d. Sir Simon
Lord Eglintoun's bl. d. The Brewer, beat Mr. C. Carnie's r. d. Chance
Lord Eglintoun's brin. d. Major, beat Mr. C. Carnie's y. d. Carron
Mr. W. Geddes's y. and w. b. Thread, beat Lord Eglintoun's bl. and. w. b. Caroline.

First Ties.

Rainbow beat George	Major beat Rattler
Pigeon beat Gipsy	Sharp beat Tempest
Bob beat The Tartar	Moina beat Thread
Punch beat The Brewer.	

Second Ties.

Punch beat Moina
Major beat Sharp

Pigeon beat Rainbow
Bob a bye.

Third Ties.

Punch beat Bob

Major beat Pigeon.

Deciding Course.

Major beat Punch and won the Stakes.

A Cup of 50 gs., for Dogs not exceeding 20 months.

Mr. A. J. Bonnar's bl. and w. d. Star, beat Lord Eglintoun's r. and w. b. Mary Grey

Mr. A. Graham's r. and w. d. Marquess, beat Mr. J. Raimes's w. b. Lady Cowden

Mr. J. H. Robertson's bl. b. Helen, beat Mr. T. Atkinson's bl. d. Mellich

Mr. W. G. Barron's brin. f. d. Altcar, beat Mr. J. Pollock's y. d. Kerse

Mr. W. Geddes's bl. and w. d. Bolter, beat Lord Eglintoun's bl. and w. d. Colonel

Mr. J. G. M'Kirdy's y. and w. d. Warlock, beat Dr. Young's brin. d. Jinker

Mr. J. Raimes's brin. and w. b. Lucy, beat Mr. A. Graham's brin. d. Willie

Mr. J. G. M'Kirdy's brin. and w. d. Rocket, beat Mr. J. Pollock's r. d. Thorn

Mr. C. Carnie's bl. d. Czar, beat Mr. A. Graham's brin. d. Jingling Jonny.

First Ties.

Helen beat Czar
Warlock beat Star

Bolter beat Lucy
Rocket a bye.

Altcar beat Marquess

Second Ties.

Bolter beat Rocket

Helen agst. Altcar (dr.) Warlock a bye.

Third Ties.

Bolter beat Warlock

Helen a bye.

Deciding Course.

Bolter beat Helen and won the Cup.

SWEEPSTAKES for Dogs not exceeding 20 months.

Mr. A. Graham's bl. b. Piano, beat Mr. T. Atkinson's bl. and w. b. Fanny

Mr. W. Geddes's bl. and w. d. Bolter, beat Mr. J. Meiklem's f. and w. d. Fag

Mr. A. Graham's bl. b. Madge, beat Mr. Geddes's bl. b. Fly

Mr. J. Meiklem's bl. and w. b. Meretrix, beat Mr. A. Bonnar's bl. and w. d. Star

Lord Eglintoun's bl. and w. d. Laird O'Cockpen, beat Dr. Young's bl. d. Oscar

Mr. J. Meiklem's dun b. May, beat Mr. W. Geddes's bl. and w. b. Bluemantle

Mr. R. Jenner's bl. and w. b. Rebecca, beat Dr. Young's bl. and w. d. Tickler

Mr. W. G. Barron's brin. and f. d. Altcar, beat Mr. John Pollock's y. d. Corsair

Lord Eglintoun's bl. and w. d. Jack O'Tar, agst. Lord Eglintoun's bl. and w. b.

Jenny Nettles (drawn).

First Ties.

Jack o'Tar beat Bolter Altcar beat Laird o'Cockpen Madge beat May

Piano beat Meretrix

Rebecca, a bye, (dr).

Second Ties.

Altcar beat Rebecca

Piano beat Jack o'Tar

Madge, a bye.

Third Ties.

Altcar beat Madge

Piano, a bye.

Deciding Course.

Altcar beat Piano, and won the Plate.

BOWERS.

November 27, 28.

For the CUP, GORLET, and GRAVY SPOONS.

Mr. Ensworth's bk. d. Ernest, beat Dr. Mitford's bk. b. Maria

Mr. Patient's bk. d. Pelter, beat Mr. Braine's w. d. Blarney
 Mr. Bennet's (Farringdon) y. and w. b. Blossom, beat Mr. Blackall's bld. b. Brenda
 Mr. Clarke's r. d. Cestus, beat Mr. T. Bennet's y. and w. d. Beiram
 Mr. Beechy's f. and w. b. Bertha, beat Mr. Shenwood's f. and w. b. Spider
 Mr. Tarrant's f. and w. b. Trefolia, beat Mr. Trinder's bk. and w. d. Tam O'Shanter
 Mr. Williams's (Denchworth) y. d. Whisker, beat Capt. D. Dundas's bk. d. Deptford
 Mr. Elmore's r. b. Elfin, beat Mr. Warman's bk. d. Welshman
 Mr. Bowles's y. and w. b. Evadne, beat Mr. Williams's (Ilsey) bk. and. w. b. Wild Duck
 Mr. Morland's y. b. Mirth, beat Mr. Blyth Harris's r. b. Handmaid
 Mr. Goodlake's w. b. Gift, beat Mr. Rice's bld. d. Rum'un
 Mr. Ormond's bld. d. Conservative, beat Mr. King's bk. and w. b. Tiney.

First Ties.

Ernest beat Pelter	Cestus beat Blossom
Bertha beat Trefolia	Elfin beat Whisker
Mirth beat Evadne	Gift beat Conservative.

Second Ties.

Ernest beat Cestus	Elfin beat Bertha	Gift beat Mirth.
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Deciding Course.

Elfin won the Cup, Gift the Goblet, and Ernest the Spoons.

LETCOMBE STAKES.

Mr. Elmore's br. b. Ellen, beat Mr. Bowle's bk. b. Bessy
 Mr. Williams's (Ilsey) bl. and w. b. Wanton, beat Capt. Dundas's bk. d. Dori
 Mr. Warman's bk. b. Weed, beat Mr. Trinder's r. d. Troilus
 Dr. Mitford's y. d. Myrtle, beat Mr. Elmore's y. and w. b. Esther

Ties.

Ellen beat Weed	Wanton beat Myrtle.
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Deciding Course.

Ellen beat Wanton, and won the Stakes.

WANTAGE STAKES.

Mr. Tarrant's y. and w. b. Palmira, beat Mr. Clarke's y. and w. b. Cowslip
 Mr. Bennett's r. b. Bridesmaid, beat Mr. Williams's (Ilsey) br. d. Will Watch.

Deciding Course.

Bridesmaid beat Palmira, and won the Stakes.

RED HOUSE STAKES.

Mr. Williams's (Denchworth) y. d. Whisker, beat Mr. Ensworth's f. b. Ethra
 Dr. Mitford's bk. b. Maria, beat Mr. Goodlake's w. d. Glaucus.

Deciding Course.

Maria beat Whisker, and won the Stakes.

ANDOVERSFORD.

Dec. 2, 3.

For the Cup.

Mr. Dancock's b. b. Diana, beat Mr. Humphries's d. Harlequin
 Mr. Long's f. d. Galloway, beat Mr. Fletcher's bl. b. Vestris
 Mr. Giles's f. b. Gipsy, beat Mr. Wilkins's w. d. Scamp
 Mr. Freeman's bl. b. Fancy, beat Mr. Prior's b. w. d. Spring
 Mr. Jones's br. w. b. Pet, beat Mr. Beckett's y. d. Quick
 Mr. New's w. b. Nymph, beat Mr. Turk's r. b. Red Rose
 Mr. Cook's r. b. Racket, beat Mr. Guy's y. b. Fly
 Mr. Herbert's y. b. Speed, beat Mr. Enock's br. d. Hector.

First Ties.

Galloway beat Diana Gipsy beat Fancy
Pet beat Nymph Racket beat Speed.

Second Ties.

Gipsy beat Galloway Racket beat Pet.

Deciding Course.

Racket beat Gipsy, and won the Cup.

The SANDYWELL STAKES.

Mr. Beckett's w. d. Spring, beat Mr. Jones's Active

Mr. Dancock's b. d. Druid, beat Mr. Long's Spring.

Deciding Course.

Druid beat Spring, and won the Stakes.

SEVENHAMPTON STAKES.

Mr. Guy's b. w. b. Beauty beat Mr. Herbert's Boxer

Mr. Beckett's Lady, beat Mr. Cook's Chance.

Deciding Course.

Lady beat Beauty and won the Stakes.

SALPERTON PLATE AND SOVS.

Mr. Long's y. w. b. Lady, beat Mr. Turk's b. b. Amulet

Mr. Freeman's b. b. Fancy, beat Mr. Wilkins's b. d. Hector

Mr. Dancock's b. d. Druid, beat Mr. Beckett's y. b. Fly

Mr. Jones's w. d. Swindon, beat Mr. Giles's w. b. b. Brilliant (lame).

Ties.

Lady beat Fancy Druid beat Swindon.

Deciding Course.

Druid beat Lady and won the Plate, Lady the Sovereigns.

SALTERTON STAKES.

Mr. Herbert's y. b. Speed, beat Mr. Cook's br. w. b. Fly

Mr. New's b. b. Negus, beat Mr. Guy's b. w. b. Beauty.

Deciding Course.

Speed beat Negus and won the Stakes.

HAMPDEN STAKES.

Mr. Dancock's bl. b. Diana, beat Mr. New's bl. b. Native

Mr. Beckett's y. d. Quick, beat Mr. C. Cooke's b. d. Spring.

Deciding Course.

Diana beat Quick and won the Stakes.

ANDOVERSFORD STAKES.

Mr. Turk's b. d. Trumps, beat Mr. New's y. b. Nanny

Mr. Herbert's y. w. b. Fanny, beat Mr. Beckett's w. d. Spring.

Deciding Course.

Fanny beat Trumps and won the Stakes.

DEPTFORD INN.

Dec. 2, 3, 4.

For the CUP and SOVS.

Mr. Locke's bk. b. Lynx-eye, beat Mr. Morant's bl. d. Minshull

Mr. Chamberlayne's br. b. Cinderella, beat Mr. Biggs's w. d. Brutus

Mr. Wells's f. d. Pilot, beat Capt. Wyndham's bk. b. Wench

Mr. Brouncker's bk. b. Blacksocks, beat Mr. Heathcote's r. d. Hearty

Mr. Goodlake's bl. d. Glenlyon, beat Capt. Delm's bk. b. Darling

Mr. Goodlake's bk. d. Gunner, beat Capt. Wyndham's bl. d. Whipcord
 Mr. Chamberlayne's r. d. Cranbury, beat Mr. Heathcote's bk. w. d. Hilaris
 Mr. Biggs's f. d. Busiris, beat Mr. Brouncker's bl. d. Bagman.

First Ties.

Glenlyon beat Gunner
 Lynx-eye beat Pilot
 Cinderella beat Busiris
 Cranbury beat Blacksocks.

Second Ties.

Lynx-eye beat Cranbury
 Glenlyon beat Cinderella

Deciding Course.

Glenlyon beat Lynx-eye and won the Cup, Lynx-eye the Sovereigns.

The OAKS STAKES for Bitch puppies.

Mr. Chamberlayne's bl. b. Cowslip, beat Mr. Heathcote's bl. b. Hyassop
 Mr. Locke's w. b. Jubilee, beat Mr. Brouncker's b. Betsy
 Mr. Wells's r. w. b. Jane, beat Mr. Goodlake's br. b. Glis
 Mr. Wyndham's bk. b. Waltz, beat Capt. Delmé's r. b. Dicebox.

Ties.

Cowslip beat Jubilee
 Waltz beat Jane.

Deciding Course.

Waltz beat Courtship and won the Stakes.

DERBY STAKES for Dog Puppies,

Mr. Dinton's bk. d. Dinton, beat Mr. Locke's r. d. Plenipo.
 Mr. Goodlake's bk. w. d. The Glama, ran a bye
 Mr. Chamberlayne's br. d. Cassius, beat Mr. Heathcote's bk. w. d. Honest John
 Mr. Brouncker's bk. d. Bump, beat Mr. Biggs's f. d. Buff.

Ties.

The Glama beat Cassius
 Dinton beat Bump.

Deciding Course.

The Glama beat Dinton, and won the Stakes.

FISHERTON PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Chamberlayne's bl. b. Clara, beat Capt. Delmé's r. d. Dangerous
 Mr. Biggs's bk. d. Brongus, beat Mr. Morant's br. b. Magazine
 Mr. Heathcote's w. b. Helen, beat Mr. Brouncker's Bobina
 Capt. Wyndham's bk. d. Warwhoop, beat Mr. Heathcote's bk. d. Hermes.

Ties.

Clara beat Brongus
 Helen beat Warwhoop.

Deciding Course.

Helen beat Clara and won the Stakes.

FISHERTON ALL-AGE STAKES.

Mr. Biggs's r. b. Bridesmaid, beat Mr. Wells's bl. w. b. Jannette
 Mr. Biggs's r. w. b. Bauble, beat Mr. Goodlake's bl. b. Gadfly.
 The Stakes won by Mr. Biggs.

BERWICK PUPPY STAKES of 2 sovs. each.

Mr. Biggs's bl. d. Bustard, beat Mr. Locke's bl. b. Symmetry
 Mr. Goodlake's bd. d. Glis, beat Mr. Brouncker's bl. b. Betsy
 Capt. Delmé's r. d. Dreadnought, beat Mr. Morant's r. b. Madcap
 Mr. Morant's r. d. Merlin, beat Mr. Brouncker's bk. b. Bobina.

Ties.

Glis beat Bustard
 Merlin beat Dreadnought

Deciding Course.

Glis beat Merlin and won the Stakes.

BERWICK ALL-AGE STAKES.

Mr. Biggs's r. b. Bridesmaid, beat Mr. Goodlake's r. w. d. Gurth
 Capt. Delmé's bk. b. Darling, beat Mr. Locke's w. b. Marcia.
 The Stakes divided.

CASTLE STAKES of 2 sovs. each.

Mr. Morant's br. b. Magazine, beat Mr. Locke's bk. w. d. Junior
 Capt. Wyndham's bk. b. Wench, beat Mr. Morant's r. d. Mockbird.
 The Stakes divided.

First Class of CODFORD STAKES.

Mr. Locke's r. d. Plenipo., beat Mr. Morant's r. d. Mockbird
 Mr. Chamberlayne's br. d. Cassius, beat Capt. Wyndham's d. Weippert.
 The Stakes divided.

Second Class of CODFORD STAKES.

Mr. Biggs's Belinda, beat Mr. Goodlake's Gurth
 Mr. Biggs's Bauble, beat Mr. Locke's Lochinvar.
 The Stakes won by Mr. Biggs.

MATCHES.

Mr. Biggs's Busiris, beat Capt. Delmé's Sanguineous
 Mr. Goodlake's The Gunner, beat Mr. Missing's £30 Puppy.

LOWTHER.

December 3, 4.

The Cup.

Mr. Spark's br. w. b. Fly, beat Mr. Birkett's w. d. Spring
 Mr. Machell's f. d. Bob Logic, beat Mr. Benn's w. d. Spanker
 Mr. Jefferson's br. d. Glory, beat Mr. E. Atkinson's br. b. Nimble
 Col. Lowther's bk. b. Violet, beat Mr. Piper's bk. w. b. Fly
 Mr. Harris's bl. d. Bravo, beat Mr. Partridge's f. d. Richmond
 Mr. H. Jefferson's cr. d. Snowball, beat Mr. Benson's br. w. d. Dan O'Connell
 Mr. Moor's bk. d. Mungo, beat Sir J. Lowther's bk. d. Vandyke
 Mr. Longmire's bk. d. Spring, beat Mr. C. Carmalt's lem. w. d. Vulcan.

First Ties.

Bob Logic beat Fly	Violet beat Glory
Bravo beat Snowball	Spring beat Mungo.

Second Ties.

Bob Logic beat Violet	Spring beat Bravo.
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Deciding Course.

Bob Logic beat Spring, and won the Cup, and Spring the Snuff Box.

MATCHES.

Mr. Thompson's bk. w. b. Spinner, beat Mr. Atkinson's bk. d. Shirk
 Mr. Benn's bk. d. Pilgrim, beat Mr. Park's lem. w. d. Jumper
 Mr. Carmalt's f. w. d. Crookshanks, beat Mr. Foster's br. w. d. Topper
 Mr. Atkinson's y. b. Lady, beat Mr. Jefferson's bk. w. d. Bevis
 Mr. Henderson's br. d. Lofty, beat Mr. Winter's bk. w. d. Hedger
 Mr. Foster's br. d. Smack, beat Mr. Chapelhow's br. d. Neptune
 Mr. Benson's w. b. Fly, beat Mr. W. Atkinson's bk. d. Duke
 Mr. Moor's bk. d. Marmion, beat Mr. Harrison's r. d. Plenipo.
 Mr. Benn's br. d. Brandy, beat Mr. Dover's w. b. Fly
 Mr. Henderson's br. d. Fang, beat Mr. Chapelhow's bk. d. Sweeper
 Mr. C. Carmalt's bk. w. d. Claret, beat Mr. Partridge's r. b. Hebe
 Mr. Birkett's w. d. Spring, beat Mr. C. Carmalt's lem. w. d. Vulcan
 Mr. Partridge's f. d. Richmond, beat Mr. H. Jefferson's cr. d. Snowball
 Mr. Nicholson's bk. b. Fly, beat Mr. Benson's br. w. d. Dan O'Connell
 Mr. Benn's lem. w. b. Countess, beat Mr. Partridge's r. b. Hero
 Mr. Benn's w. d. Spanker, beat Mr. E. Atkinson's bk. d. Shirk
 Mr. Robinson's f. w. d. Blucher, beat Mr. Hard's br. b. Fly
 Mr. Thompson's bk. w. b. Spinner, beat Mr. Rigg's bk. w. b. Blossom
 Mr. Benn's bk. d. President, beat Mr. Chapelhow's bk. b. Sweeper
 Mr. Benn's br. d. Brandy, beat Mr. Henderson's br. d. Fang
 Mr. Park's y. b. Esther, beat Mr. Hodgson's bk. w. dog.

CATCHERSIDE.*December 4.***The Cup.**

Mr. C. Jobling's bk. d. Dart, beat Mr. Lownd's bk. d. Topper
 Mr. Bell's br. d. Bran, beat Mr. Thompson's br. d. Swallow
 Mr. Hurst's bk. d. Spring, beat Mr. J. Colbeck's br. w. d. Dart
 Mr. R. Atkinson's br. w. d. Spring, beat Mr. H. Colbeck's d. Snip
 Mr. Jameson's w. sp. dog, beat Mr. J. Atkinson's bk. d. Spring
 Mr. T. Anderson's bk. w. d. Trump, beat Mr. Hogg's b. w. b. Fly
 Mr. J. Atkinson's bk. dog, beat Mr. Sowerby's bk. b. Fly
 Mr. Fearney's bk. w. b. Patch, beat Mr. Archbold's b. Tippet.

First Ties.

Dart beat Bran Mr. Hurst's Spring beat Mr. Atkinson's Spring
 Mr. Jameson's w. sp. dog beat Tramp Mr. Atkinson's dog beat Patch.

Second Ties.

Dart beat Spring, and the dog beat the w. sp. dog.

Deciding Course.

Dart beat the bk. dog, and won the Cup.

PEOVER.*December 5.***The MAINWARING STAKES.**

Mr. H. Bowker's Milo, beat Mr. Whitehead's Vanish
 Mr. Cardwell's Mischief, beat Mr. Hayward's Beppo
 Mr. Richardson's Melton beat Mr. Titley's Racket
 Mr. Warburton's Malice beat Mr. Clare's Doctor.

Ties.

Malice beat Mischief, and Milo beat Melton.

Deciding Course.

Milo beat Malice, and won the Stakes.

The KNUTSFORD STAKES.

Mr. Thomas's Diana, beat Mr. Clare's Judy
 Mr. Whitehead's Cora, beat Mr. Richardson's Guido.

Deciding Course.

Diana beat Cora, and won the Stakes.

The PEOVER STAKES.

Mr. Clare's Beppo beat Mr. Brooke's Juliet
 Mr. Thomas's Snap, beat Mr. Cardwell's Filho
 Mr. Richardson's Skip beat Mr. Titley's Bessy Bedlam
 Mr. Norbury's Skip, beat Mr. Badcock's Camarine.
 (Not run out for want of light.)

MARKET DRAYTON.*December 5.***A SILVER CUP, given by the Earl of Kilmorey.**

Mr. Bainbrigg's r. and w. d. Warwick, beat Mr. L. Warren's b. and w. d. Doctor
 Mr. Minor's r. d. Spider, beat Mr. W. Minor's b. b. Barmad
 Mr. Hodgkin's b. b. Fly, beat Mr. Topham's b. d. Smoker
 Mr. C. Warren's b. d. Gelert, beat Mr. Robinson's b. and w. d. Spring.

Ties.

Fly beat Spider

Warwick beat Gelert.

Deciding Course.

Warwick beat Fly, and won the Cup.

The PHENIX STAKES.

Mr. Moore's b. b. Skip, beat Mr. Stanway's w. d. Smoker
Mr. Maesfield's r. d. Victory, beat Mr. Thomas's b. d. Belzoni.

Deciding Course.

Victory beat Skip and won the Stakes.

DERBYSHIRE.

Dec. 9.

AGED CUP.

Mr. Vickers's b. d. Velocipede, beat Mr. Harris's brin. b. History
Mr. Hill's b. b. Helen, beat Mr. Clowes's r. and w. b. Curricie
Mr. Hoskins's r. d. Horatio, beat Mr. Parr's br. b. Prudence
Lord Chesterfield's b. p. b. Clara, beat Mr. Hassall's f. and w. d. Hourglass (dr.)
Mr. Calvert's b. b. Swallow, beat Mr. Nixon's b. d. Raby
Lord Talbot's b. d. Sparticus, beat Mr. Bartholomew's r. d. Bullet
Mr. Bates's f. b. Bronze, beat Mr. Calvert's f. d. Topper
Lord Chesterfield's b. d. Coriolanus, beat Mr. Harris's b. d. Hottentot.

First Ties.

Coriolanus beat Bronze	Velocipede beat Helen
Swallow beat Sparticus	Clara beat Horatio.

Second Ties.

Velocipede beat Clara	Swallow beat Coriolanus (dr.)
Swallow won the Cup and Velocipede (dr.) the Goblet.	

POPPY CUP.

Mr. Hoskins's f. d. Hubert Lacy, beat Mr. Vickers's b. and w. d. Valiant
Mr. Clowes's b. b. Chaffinch, beat Lord Chesterfield's r. b. Cowslip
Mr. Hassall's b. b. Highwater, beat Lord Talbot's bl. d. Gamboy
Mr. Bartholomew's f. b. Bonny Lassie, beat Mr. Parr's bl. and w. d. Pelham
Mr. Hill's r. d. Hazard, beat Mr. Calvert's r. d. Chorister
Mr. Hill's bl. d. Hymen, beat Mr. Harris's r. b. Harmony
Mr. Hassall's b. b. Hermione, beat Mr. Harris's b. d. Handbill
Mr. Calvert's b. b. Mary Ann, beat Mr. Bartholomew's w. d. Britton.

First Ties.

Hermione beat Bonny Lassie	Mary Ann beat Chaffinch
Hazard beat Highwater*	Hymen beat Hubert Lacy.

Second Ties.

Hermione beat Hymen	Hazard beat Mary Ann.
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Deciding Course.

Hermione beat Hazard and won the Cup, and Hazard the Goblet.

GREAT DOVERIDGE STAKES.

Mr. Harris's r. b. Hurricane, beat Mr. Clowes's b. b. Cora
Mr. Parr's b. b. Penguin, beat Mr. Calvert's br. d. Dart
Mr. Hoskins's bl. d. Hayraddin, beat Mr. Hassall's b. w. d. Hourglass
Mr. Vickers's f. b. Vanish, beat Lord Talbot's f. d. Jelicoe.

Ties.

Penguin beat Hayraddin	Hurricane beat Vanish.
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Deciding Course.

Hurricane beat Penguin and won the Stakes.

* Killed herself in making a lunge at the hare.

VERNON STAKES.

Mr. Bates's r. and w. b. Bertha, beat Lord Talbot's b. b. Rosalind
 Mr. Bartholomew's f. d. Bribery, beat Mr. Harris's y. and w. d. Hudibras
 Mr. Hassall's b. b. Harrington Hebe, beat Mr. Clowes's b. d. Carbineer
 Mr. Hill's w. b. Hebe, beat Mr. Vickers's f. and w. d. Vex-em.

Ties.

Harrington Hebe beat Hebe Bertha beat Bribery.

Deciding Course.

Harrington Hebe beat Bertha and won the Stakes.

BYE STAKES for Aged Dogs.

Mr. Bartholomew's r. and w. d. Bullet, beat Mr. Harris's br. b. History
 Mr. Bates's r. d. Burgundy, beat Mr. Parr's br. b. Prudence
 Mr. Clowes's br. d. Carbineer, beat Mr. Vickers's b. b. Velvet
 Mr. Hassall's y. and w. Harriet Wilson, beat Mr. Calvert's r. p. d. Chorister.

Ties.

Burgundy beat Bullet Harriet Wilson beat Carbineer.

Deciding Course.

Burgundy beat Harriet Wilson and won the Stakes.

BYE PUPPY STAKES.

Mr. Parr's bl. d. Pelham, beat Mr. Vickers's b. and w. d. Valiant
 Mr. Harris's b. d. Handbill, beat Lord Talbot's bl. d. Gamboy
 Mr. Bartholomew's w. d. Britton, beat Mr. Hill's y. b. Hasty
 Mr. Kershaw's bl. b. Kate Kearney, beat Mr. Hassall's bl. p. b. Holiday.

Ties.

Handbill beat Britton Kate Kearney beat Pelham.

Messrs. Kershaw and Harris divided the Stakes.

CAVENDISH STAKES for Aged Dogs.

Mr. Harpur's y. and w. d. Hudibras, beat Mr. Parr's b. b. Psyche
 Mr. Hill's b. b. Hoyden, beat Lord Talbot's b. b. Rosalind.
 The Stakes divided.

Second Class of CAVENDISH STAKES.

Mr. Hoskins's b. and w. b. Hurricane, beat Mr. Parr's bl. b. Pastime
 Mr. Clowes's b. d. Coxcomb, beat Mr. Hassall's r. b. Hecubina.
 The Stakes divided.

MATCHES.

Lord Chesterfield's b. p. d. Cupid, beat Mr. Clowes's bl. b. Cora
 Lord Talbot's Benedict, beat Mr. Bartholomew's r. d. Bowler
 Mr. Vickers's b. b. Velvet, beat Mr. Parr's bl. b. Pastime
 Mr. Calvert's Blucher, beat Mr. Bates's r. d. Brass
 Mr. Hassall's bl. b. Harmonicon, beat Mr. Hill's r. b. Harpy
 Mr. Clowes's b. d. Coxcomb, agat. Mr. Calvert's Blucher (undecided)
 Mr. Parr's b. b. Paragon, beat Mr. Harpur's w. b. Hexter
 Mr. Hoskins's b. and w. d. Hamlet, beat Mr. Harpur's br. b. Harriet
 Lord Chesterfield's b. b. Camarine, beat Mr. Bates's r. d. Henry.

LIVERPOOL AGST. MANCHESTER.

December 17.

The best of Three Courses for 20 sovs. a Match of 100 sovs. the Main.

Mr. Thomas's (Lpl.) bl. d. Hopeful, beat Mr. Lilly's bl. and w. b. Mischief
 Mr. Norris's (Lpl.) w. b. Bess, beat Mr. Adshead's bl. d. Wing
 Mr. Lynn's (Lpl.) Hector, beat Mr. Chur's bl. and w. b. Music

Mr. Chur's (Mch.) bl. d. Warrior, beat Mr. Norris's r. d. Hamlet
 Mr. Speed's (Lpl.) r. d. The Countryman, beat Mr. Owen's Preston Joe
 Mr. Langshaw's (Mch.) Norfolk, beat Mr. Kaye's r. b. Preserve
 Mr. Bake's (Lpl.) bl. d. Jerry, beat Mr. Dorning's bl. and w. b. Easy
 Mr. Kaye's (Lpl.) bl. b. Miss Robinson, beat Mr. Moss's bl. d. Duke.

First Ties.

Hopeful beat Mischief	Wing beat Bess	Hector beat Music
Warrior beat Hamlet	Countryman beat Preston Joe	Norfolk beat Preserve
Jerry beat Whip	Miss Robinson beat Duke	

Second Ties.

Wing beat Bess Jerry beat Miss Robinson
 Liverpool won five and Manchester three

SCORTON.

Dec. 9.

For the CUP.

Mr. Cox's w. b. Countess, beat Mr. Futhum's bl. d. Doctor
 Mr. Blake's bl. w. d. Rattler, beat Mr. Luck's All
 Mr. Oxendale's bl. d. Lottery, beat r. d. Doctor
 Mr. Horne's brin b. Dowager, beat Mr. Alton's bl. d. Lottery
 Mr. M'George's bl. and w. d. Chorister, beat Mr. Prince's w. d. Pina
 Mr. Beachcroft's r. d. Jerry, beat Mr. Todd's r. d. Jerry
 Mr. Middleton's bl. b. Bess, beat Mr. Hodgson's brin. b. Fly
 Mr. Frank's bl. d. Reveller, beat Mr. Spedding's bl. d. Sling.

First Ties.

Rattler beat Countess	Dowager beat Lottery
Chorister beat Jerry	Bess beat Reveller.

Second Ties.

Dowager beat Rattler Bess beat Chorister.

Deciding Course.

Dowager beat Bess and won the Cup, after a disputed Course.

MATCH.

Mr. Burnett's bitch, beat Mr. Horne's Dowager.

NORTH BERWICK AND DIRLETON.

Dec. 16, 17.

The OLD STAKES.

Mr. Sawers's y. and w. d. Castor, beat Mr. Hood na. bl. and w. b. Maria
 Mr. H. Dundas's bd. b. Dwarf, beat Mr. Mitchell's bk. d. Sailor
 Mr. Sheriff's y. b. Satellite, beat Mr. Hood's y. and w. d. Ward
 Sir D. Baird's y. b. Vesta, beat Mr. Raimes's bk. and w. d. Rattler
 Mr. Mitchell's b. b. Vixen, beat Mr. Hood's bd. and w. d. Tom
 Mr. Sawyer's bd. b. Fly, beat Mr. Raimes's bk. and w. d. Rattler
 Mr. Hood na. bk. and w. d. Touchstone, beat Mr. H. Dundas's b. d. Darling
 Mr. A. Graham's y. b. Pigeon, beat Mr. A. Graham na. w. d. The Duke
 Mr. Sheriff's bk. d. Dandy, beat Sir D. Baird's b. d. Spring
 Mr. Meiklem's bd. and w. b. Jess, beat Mr. Raimes's b. b. Rival.

First Ties.

Dwarf beat Castor	Satellite beat Vesta	Vixen beat Fly
Pigeon beat Touchstone after an undecided course		Jess beat Dandy.

Second Ties.

Satellite beat Dwarf after an undecided course	Vixen beat Pigeon
Jess, a bye.	

Deciding Course.

Jess beat Vixen and won the Stakes, Satellite drawn.

YOUNG STAKES.

Mr. Raimes's w. and bd. b. Lucy, beat Mr. Mitchell's bk. d. Spring
Mr. Raimes's b. d. Lottery, beat Mr. H. Dundas's br. d. Darling
Mr. Raimes's bk. and w. d. Laurel, beat Mr. Meiklem's bk. b. Meretrix
Mr. Meiklem's bk. b. Madge, beat Mr. H. Dundas's bd. and w. d. Drift.
Mr. Meiklem's y. d. Fag, ran a bye.

First Ties.

Lucy beat Lottery

Laurel beat Fag

Madge, a bye.

Second Ties.

Lucy beat Madge

Laurel, a bye.

Deciding Course.

Lucy won the Stakes, Laurel being drawn.

MATCHES.

A Main of five Courses run in one day, between Mr. H. Dundas's Dumpy, and Mr. A. Graham's Black-Eyed-Susan.—Black-Eyed-Susan having won three out of the Courses, was the winner of the main.

Best of three Courses.—Mr. Mitchell's Sailor, beat Mr Raimes's Rattler; Sailor lost the first Course, won the second; Rattler drawn the third.

BIGGAR, OR UPPER WARD OF LANARKSHIRE.

Dec. 18, 19.

The PLATE.

Lord Eglintoun's br. and w. b. Meg Merrilies, beat Mr. Greenshield's y. and w. d. Hotspur

Lord Douglas's bk. d. Thorn, beat Mr. Mackenzie's y. d. Masker
Mr. Woddrop's bk. d. Rob Roy, beat Mr. Dickson's b. d. Black Douglas

Lord Eglintoun's bk. d. Brewer, beat Mr. Baillie's br. d. Harold

Lord Douglas's y. d. Vermin, beat Mr. M'Kirdy's bd. and w. d. Rocket

Mr. Syme's y. d. Tom Cringle, beat Mr. Cunningham's bk. b. Chase (after an undecided course)

Mr. A. Graham's r. b. Pomni, beat Mr. Greenshield's bk. d. Draco

Lord Eglintoun's bk. and w. b. Caroline, beat Lord Douglas's bk. b. Vestris

Mr. Mackenzie's d. d. Monarch, beat Mr. Greenshield's bk. d. Negro

Mr. Hutchinson's w. d. Dancer, beat Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. Sir Simon

Lord Douglas's bk. b. Beauty, beat Mr. A. Cunningham's bk. b. Spunkie

Mr. Baillie's y. and w. b. Hope, beat Lord Eglintoun's br. d. Souter Johnny

Mr. Greenshield's bk. d. Hawthorn, beat Mr. A. Graham's Punch

Mr. M'Kirdy's bk. d. Professor, beat Lord Douglas's bk. d. Rocket

Lord Eglintoun's bk. d. Emperor, beat Mr. R. G. Cunningham's y. d. Driver

Mr. A. Graham's y. d. Ponza, beat Lord Douglas's y. b. Kerse.

First Ties.

Thorn beat Meg Merrilies

Brewer beat Rob Roy

Tom Cringle beat Vermin

Caroline beat Pomni (after an undecided course)

Dancer beat Monarch

Beauty beat Hope

Hawthorn beat Professor

Ponza beat Emperor.

Second Ties.

Thorn beat Brewer

Caroline beat Tom Cringle

Beauty beat Dancer

Hawthorn beat Ponza.

Third Ties.

Thorn beat Caroline

Hawthorn beat Beauty.

Deciding Course.

Hawthorn beat Thorn, and won the Plate.

CLYDESDALE.

Dec. 30, 31.

DOUGLAS STAKES.

The Marquess of Douglas's w. and bd. Waltz, beat Lord Eglintoun's bd. and w. d. Laird of Cockpen

Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Willie, beat the Marquess of Douglas's bd. d. Shantruze (after an undecided course)

Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Bazil, beat the Marquess of Douglas's br. d. Galopade.

Ties.

Willie beat Waltz

Bazil ran a bye.

Deciding Course.

Mr. A. Graham won the Stakes.

EGLINTOUN STAKES.

Mr. Meiklem's bk. and w. b. Meretrix, beat Lord Eglintoun's w. and bd. d. Bit of Tartan

Lord Eglintoun's r. b. Mary Grey, beat Mr. Meiklem's r. b. Maiden

Mr. A. Graham's r. and w. b. Kittock, beat Mr. Meiklem's bk. b. Madge

Lord Eglintoun's bk. and w. b. Jenny Nettle, ran a bye.

Ties.

Mary Grey beat Meretrix Kittock beat Jenny Nettle.

Deciding Course.

Mary Grey beat Kittock and won the Stakes.

BRANDEN STAKES.

Mr. Meiklem's b. and w. b. Jess, beat the Marquess of Douglas's bd. d. Dandy

Mr. A. Graham's bk. d. Sir Simon, beat Lord Eglintoun's w. and bk. d. Colonel

Sir W. Maxwell's bd. d. Blantyre, beat Lord Eglintoun's dun and w. d. Dusty Miller

Lord Eglintoun's bk. and w. b. Caroline, beat Mr. A. Graham's r. d. Punch

Mr. Harrington's bd. b. Helen, beat Lord Eglintoun's bk. b. Moira

Mr. Marshall's bk. d. Oscar, beat Mr. A. Graham's bd. d. Gilbertfield

Mr. Brown's y. b. Vivid, beat Mr. A. Graham's y. b. Pigeon

Lord Eglintoun's bk. d. Brewer, beat Sir William Maxwell's br. and w. d. Vengeance (after an undecided course)

Lord Eglintoun's br. d. Souter Johnny, beat Major Maxwell's bl. d. Romulus

Lord Eglintoun's br. b. Meg Merrilies, beat Mr. A. Graham's y. d. Ponza

Lord Eglintoun's bd. d. Major, beat the Marquess of Douglas's br. d. Nimrod

Mr. H. Maxwell's bd. d. Vinco, ran a bye.

First Ties.

Sir Simon beat Jess Meg Merrilies beat Vivid

Souter Johnny beat Oscar Helen beat Brewer

Blantyre beat Caroline Major beat Vinco.

Second Ties.

Souter Johnny beat Sir Simon Blantyre beat Meg Merrilies

Helen beat Major.

Third Ties.

Blantyre beat Souter Johnny Helen ran a bye.

Deciding Course.

Helen beat Blantyre and won the Stakes.

NEWMARKET.

Jan. 28, 29, 30, 1835.

ALLINGTON-HILL STAKES, for Bitch Puppies.

Mr. Dobede's r. and w. Dance, beat Mr. Fyson's bk. and w. Fairy

Mr. Vipen's w. Verity, beat Mr. Carter's r. Countess

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Mr. Edwards's br. Antiope, beat Mr. Gillett's f. and w. Glee
 Mr. Inskip's f. Idol, beat Mr. Finch's bk. Grace
 Mr. Hall's bl. and w. Helen, beat Mr. King's d. Rosalie.

First Ties.

Idol beat Verity Helen ran a bye Antiope beat Dance.

Second Ties.

Idol beat Helen Antiope ran a bye.

Deciding Course.

Idol beat Antiope and won the Stakes.

For the Cup.

Mr. King's r. d. Richmond, beat Mr. Carter's br. d. Colonel
 Mr. Fyson's bk. b. Fancy (late Daffodil), beat Mr. Finch's bk. b. Gipsy
 Mr. Gillett's bl. d. Gloster, beat Mr. Weatherby's bk. d. Warwick
 Mr. Fyson's bk. d. p. Flare-up, beat Mr. Moody's r. d. Mameluke (late Rokeby)
 Mr. Edwards's br. d. Alcohol (late Gunshot), beat Mr. Vipan's bl. d. Victory
 Mr. Dobede's bk. d. Druid, beat Mr. Inskip's r. d. p. Iron
 Mr. Vipan's bl. b. Violet, beat Mr. Bryant's d. d. Elliot
 Mr. Dobede's bk. b. p. Daisy, beat Mr. Carter's bk. b. Cambric.

First Ties.

Fancy beat Richmond Alcohol beat Druid
 Flare-up beat Gloster Daisy beat Violet.

Second Ties.

Fancy beat Alcohol Daisy beat Flare-up.

Deciding Course.

Daisy beat Fancy and won the Cup.

CHIPPENHAM STAKES, for Dog Puppies.

Mr. Carter's r. Clipper, beat Mr. Gillett's f. Grimaldi
 Mr. Weatherby's bk. Weippert, beat Mr. Vipan's br. Vivian
 Mr. Carter's bk. Claret, beat Mr. Inskip's r. Intrude
 Mr. Fyson's bk. and w. d. Flambeau, beat Mr. Dobede's bk. Dart
 Mr. Finch's r. Glencoe, beat Mr. Edwards's r. Ambassador.

First Ties.

Flambeau beat Glencoe Clipper beat Weippert Claret ran a bye.

Second Ties.

Claret beat Clipper Flambeau ran a bye.

Deciding Course.

Flambeau beat Claret and won the Stakes.

PORT STAKES.

Mr. Moody's bk. b. p. Mischance, beat Mr. King's bk. d. Racer
 Mr. Inskip's r. b. Infant, beat Mr. Carter's r. b. Caroline
 Mr. Inskip's bk. b. p. Idalia, beat Mr. Vipan's br. b. Vivid
 Mr. Finch's bk. and w. d. p. Granta, beat Mr. Fyson's bk. b. Fancy Dahlia
 Mr. Dobede's d. b. Dauntless, beat Mr. Hall's br. b. Heroine (late Flirt)
 Mr. Dobede's bk. b. p. Darling (late Fly), beat Mr. Gillett's bk. and w. b. Gulnare.

First Ties.

Mischance beat Infant Granta beat Idalia Dauntless beat Darling.

Second Ties.

Dauntless beat Mischance Granta a bye.

Deciding Course.

Dauntless beat Granta and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. Gillett's bk. d. p. Granchester, beat Mr. Dobede's bk. and w. d. p. Do Little

Mr. Edwards's r. d. p. Ambassador, beat Mr. Vipan's br. d. p. Vivian
 Mr. Dunn's br. b. p. Belle, beat Mr. Bryant's bk. b. Edith
 Mr. Fyson's bk. and w. b. p. Fairy, agst. Mr. Carter's br. d. Colonel (undecided)
 Mr. Gillett's w. b. p. Glee, beat Mr. Weatherby's bk. d. Warwick
 Mr. Carter's bk. b. Cambric, beat Mr. Dobede's bk. b. Fancy Dahlia
 Mr. Carter's r. d. p. Count, agst. Mr. Dobede's bk. d. p. Darling (undecided)
 Mr. Vipan's w. b. p. Verity, beat Mr. Dobede's bk. b. p. Fancy Darling
 Mr. Dunn's bk. d. p. Banker, beat Mr. Gillett's f. d. p. Grimaldi
 Mr. Weatherby's bk. b. Wee Daisy, beat Mr. Hall's br. b. Heroine
 Mr. Inskip's r. d. Intruder, beat Mr. Dunn's bk. d. Banker.

CLYDESDALE.

Jan. 29, 30, 31.

For the Cup.

Lord Eglintoun's Major, beat Mr. A. Graham's Punch
 Lord Eglintoun's Moina, beat Lord Douglas's Milton
 Mr. A. Graham's Sir Simon, beat Lord Eglintoun's Colonel
 Capt. Harrington's Helen, beat Lord Douglas's Beauty
 Mr. A. Graham's Marquess, beat Mr. Henderson's Burnfoot
 Lord Eglintoun's Mary Gray, beat Mr. Henderson's Primrose (dr.)

First Ties.

Major beat Sir Simon Moina beat Helen
 Marquess and Mary Gray. 1. No trial. 2. Marquess beat Mary Gray.

Second Ties.

Major beat Marquess Moina a bye.

Deciding Course.

Major beat Moina and won the Cup.

CHAMPION COLLAR.

Lord Eglintoun's Dusty Miller, beat Capt. Harrington's Helen
 Mr. A. Graham's Gilbertfield, beat the Marquess of Douglas's Nimrod.

Deciding Course.

Dusty Miller beat Gilbertfield and won the Collar.

HAMILTON STAKES.

Lord Douglas's Flora, beat Mr. A. Graham's Willie
 Lord Eglintoun's Caroline, beat Mr. A. Graham's Ponza
 Major Stewart na. Whistler, beat Lord Eglintoun's Brewer
 Mr. A. Graham's Pigeon, beat Lord Eglintoun's Meg Merrilies
 Lord Eglintoun's Souter Johnny, beat Lord Douglas's Rocket
 Mr. Marshall's Oscar, beat Sir W. Maxwell's Romulus
 Sir W. Maxwell's Blantyre, ran a bye.

First Ties.

Caroline beat Flora Pigeon beat Whistler
 Souter Johnny beat Blantyre Oscar ran a bye.

Second Ties.

Caroline and Pigeon. 1. No trial. 2. Equal. 3. Pigeon beat Caroline.
 Souter Johnny beat Oscar.

Deciding Course.

Pigeon and Souter Johnny. 1. Equal. 2. Pigeon beat Souter Johnny and won the Stakes.

CAMBUSLANG STAKES.

Mr. A. Graham's Basil, beat Mr. H. Maxwell's Vinco
 Lord Douglas's Thorn, beat Sir W. Maxwell's Valentine
 Marquess of Douglas's Swallow, beat Mr. Brown's Vivid (dr.)

Marquess of Douglas's Dandy, beat Mr. A. Graham's Jingling Johnny
Marquess of Douglas's Major and Sir W. Maxwell's Valiant. 1. No trial.

2. Major beat Valiant

Marquess of Douglas's Cadzow, beat Lord Douglas's Melrose
Lord Eglintoun's Ploughboy, beat Mr. A. Graham's Kittock
Marquess of Douglas's Belvidere, beat Lord Eglintoun's Jack o'Tar
Lord Eglintoun's Dainty Davy, ran a bye.

First Ties.

Swallow beat Basil Thorn beat Dandy
Ploughboy beat Major Dainty Davy beat Cadzow
Belvidere ran a bye.

Second Ties.

Swallow and Thorn. 1. Equal. 2. Thorn beat Swallow
Belvidere beat Dainty Davy Ploughboy ran a bye.

Third Ties.

Belvidere beat Ploughboy Thorn ran a bye.

Deciding Course.

Thorn and Belvidere. 1. No decision. 2. Belvidere beat Thorn and won the
Stakes.

AVON STAKES.

Lord Eglintoun's Meg Merrilies, beat Mr. A. Graham's Punch
Lord Eglintoun's Colonel, beat Lord Douglas's Milton
Lord Douglas's Beauty, beat Sir W. Maxwell's Blantyre
Mr. H. Maxwell's Vinco, beat Capt. Harrington's Helen.

Ties.

Meg Merrilies beat Beauty Colonel beat Vinco.

Deciding Course.

Meg Merrilies beat Colonel (dr.) and won the Stakes.

COCKNEY CLUB.—NETHERHAVEN.

Feb. 2, 3, 4.

For the CUP and GOBLET.

Mr. Chitty's f. b. Carmine, beat Mr. Verey's brin. b. Venus
Mr. Bailly's bk. b. Barnacle, beat Mr. Chitty's r. d. Captain
Mr. Elmore's r. b. Elfin, beat Mr. Rice's y. and w. d. Racer
Mr. Patient's bk. b. Pewit, beat Mr. Rice's r. d. Rufus
Mr. Nicholl's bl. b. Nancy, beat Mr. Seymour's bk. and w. b. Duchess
Mr. Nicholl's w. d. Noble, beat Mr. Bland's w. d. Bran
Mr. Bailly's bk. d. Blackbird, beat Mr. Clarke's blue and w. b. Coquette
Mr. Clarke's r. d. Cestus, beat Mr. Anderson's r. and w. d. Aaron.

First Ties.

Carmine beat Barnacle Elfin beat Pewit
Noble beat Nancy Cestus ran a bye
Blackbird drawn lame.

Second Ties.

Elfin beat Carmine Cestus beat Noble.

Deciding Course.

Elfin beat Cestus and won the Cup; Cestus the Goblet.

JENNER STAKES.

Mr. Clarke's r. d. Critic, beat Mr. Nicholl's bk. b. Nimble
Mr. Chitty's f. b. Countess, beat Mr. Elmore's red and w. b. Echo
Mr. Bailly's red b. Bittern, beat Mr. Rice's red and w. d. Bandy
Mr. Anderson's brin. d. Spring, beat Mr. Patient's f. and w. b. Pintail.

Ties.

Critic beat Countess Bittern beat Spring.

Deciding Course.

Bittern beat Critic and won the Stakes.

ENFORD STAKES.

Mr. Chitty's y. d. Cetus, beat Mr. Elmore's brin. d. Ernest
Mr. Clarke's y. and w. b. Cowslip, beat Mr. Bland's bk. d. Barber.

Deciding Course.

Cetus beat Cowslip and won the Stakes.

NETHERHAVEN STAKES.

Mr. Elmore's y. and w. b. Esther, beat Mr. Clarke's bk. b. Cinder
Mr. Chitty's bl. b. Camarine, beat Mr. Rice's bk. and w. b. Risk.

Deciding Course.

Esther beat Camarine and won the Stakes.

STONEHENGE STAKES.

Mr. Rice's f. d. Rarefoot, beat Mr. Anderson's bk. d. Ajax
Mr. Elmore's bk. d. Eagle, beat Mr. Rice's y. b. Ruby.

Deciding Course.

Rarefoot beat Eagle and won the Stakes.

First Class of BENNETT STAKES.

Mr. Patient's f. and w. b. Partridge, beat Mr. Rice's y. and w. d. Racer
Mr. Chitty's r. d. Captain, beat Mr. Nicholl's bk. b. Nimble.

Deciding Course.

Partridge beat Captain and won the Stakes.

Second Class of BENNETT STAKES.

Mr. Elmore's red and w. b. Echo, beat Mr. Anderson's red d. Aaron
Mr. Rice's red d. Rufus, beat Mr. Bland's brin. b. Ellen.

Deciding Course.

Rufus beat Echo and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. Rice's Ready, beat Mr. Bland's Barber
Mr. Anderson's Ajax, beat Mr. Rice's Glory
Mr. Rice's Racer, beat Mr. Bland's Ellen
Mr. Nicholl's Nancy, beat Mr. Chitty's Countess
Mr. Clarke's Trepolia, beat Mr. Chitty's Cetus
Mr. Chitty's Captain, beat Mr. Rice's Rufus
Mr. Bailly's Barnacle, beat Mr. Nicholl's Nimble
Mr. Chitty's Captain, beat Mr. Rice's Risk
Mr. Elmore's Esther, beat Mr. Chitty's Camarine
Mr. Bailly's Pewit, beat Mr. Rice's Rarefoot
Mr. Bailly's Pewit, beat Mr. Rice's Racer
Mr. Rice's Glory, beat Mr. Anderson's Ajax
Mr. Elmore's Eagle, beat Mr. Rice's Rival.

MALTON.

Feb. 3, 4, 5.

For the Cup.

Mr. Swann's bl. d. p Muley, beat Mr. Best's bl. b. p. Gulnare
Mr. S. L. Fox's w. and y. d. Gambler, beat Mr. Lowther's f. b. Venom
Sir J. Johnstone's bl. d. Truant, beat Mr. Lowther's f. d. Valiant

Sir J. Johnstone's bl. b. p. Vestal, beat Major Bower's w. and f. d. Beauchamp
 Mr. Swann's w. and brin. b. Blanche, beat Major Bower's f. b. Brilliant
 Mr. Lowther's bl. d. Vandyke, beat Mr. Best's r. b. p. Urganda
 Sir J. Johnstone's bl. and w. d. Veluti, beat Mr. S. L. Fox's w. b. Grace
 Mr. Best's r. and w. b. Treasure, beat Mr. Swann's f. d. Pilot.

First Ties.

Muley beat Veluti
 Truant beat Vandyke

Blanche beat Treasure
 Gambler beat Vestal.

Second Ties.

Truant beat Muley (won by toss) Gambler beat Blanche.

Deciding Course.

Truant beat Gambler and won the Cup.

For the GOLD CUP.

Mr. Lowther's bl. b. Violet, beat Sir J. Johnstone's brin. d. p. Iago
 Mr. Swann's r. d. p. Saracen, beat Mr. S. L. Fox's brin. b. p. Tulip
 Mr. Best's r. b. Gaiety, beat Major Bower's r. b. Bride.

Ties.

Saracen beat Gaiety Violet ran a bye.

Deciding Course.

Violet beat Saracen and won the Cup.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, for All-aged Dogs.

Mr. Swann's w. d. p. Juniper, beat Mr. Best's bl. and w. d. p. Tomboy
 Sir J. Johnstone's dun d. Javelin, beat Mr. Lowther's bl. d. by Valiant.

Deciding Course.

Javelin beat Juniper and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, for all-aged.

Mr. Swann's bl. b. p. Baby, beat Sir J. Johnstone's bl. and w. b. p. Vespa
 Mr. Lowther's bl. d. Viper, beat Mr. Best's bl. b. p. Blast.

Deciding Course.

Viper beat Baby and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, for all-aged.

Mr. Best's f. d. p. Guido, beat Mr. S. L. Fox's bl. and w. d. Topper
 Sir J. Johnstone's w. d. Teniers, beat Mr. Swann's bl. d. Spartan.

Deciding Course.

Guido beat Teniers and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, for all-aged.

Mr. Swann's f. d. Pilot, beat Mr. S. L. Fox's f. b. Grace
 Sir J. Johnstone's brin. d. Iago, beat Mr. Best's f. b. p. Gossamer.

Deciding Course.

Pilot beat Iago and won the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, for all-aged.

Mr. Fox's r. and w. b. Ticket, beat Mr. Swann's w. and bl. d. Ensign
 Mr. Best's bl. b. p. Medora, beat Sir J. Johnstone's bl. and w. b. p. Judy.

Deciding Course.

Medora beat Ticket and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Mr. Best's f. b. p. Mirth, beat Sir J. Johnstone's bk. ticked b. p. Jilt
 Major Bower's bl. and w. d. Bilston, beat Mr. Fox's bl. b. Topsy
 Mr. Lowther's bl. b. Ellen, beat Mr. Best's bl. b. Tiney.

Sir J. Johnstone's bl. ticked d. p. Mameluke, beat Mr. Best's r. d. p. Ready
 Mr. Swann's r. d. p. Scout, beat Mr. Fox's r. d. p. Tartar
 Sir J. Johnstone's bl. and w. d. Lot, beat Mr. Swann's bl. and w. d. Short
 Sir J. Johnstone's bl. and w. b. p. Vespa, beat Mr. Swann's bl. d. Spartan
 Mr. Lowther's bk. d. Vandyke, beat Mr. S. L. Fox's r. b. p. Tit
 Mr. S. L. Fox's bk. and w. d. Topper, beat Mr. Swann's r. d. Scout
 Sir J. Johnstone's bk. and w. d. Veluti and Mr. Best's r. b. p. Urganda (undecided)
 Sir J. Johnstone's bk. b. p. Jilt, beat Mr. Best's bk. b. p. Blast
 Mr. Best's bk. b. p. Bragela, beat Mr. Lowther's f. b. Venom
 Major Bower's bk. and w. d. Bilston, beat Mr. Swanne's bl. and w. d. Ensign
 Mr. Best's f. b. p. Mirth, beat Sir J. Johnstone's bk. d. p. Mameluke
 Mr. Best's r. b. p. Urganda, beat Sir J. Johnstone's bk. and w. d. Veluti.

ASHDOWN PARK.

Feb. 3, 4, 5.

For the CUP and SOVEREIGNS.

The Hon. H. Moreton's brin. d. Marshal, beat Mr. Pettat's bk. b. Pliant
 Mr. E. Cripps's bk. d. Ernest, beat Mr. Cripps's bk. and wh. d. Conqueror
 Col. Newport's red b. No! No! beat Mr. Hesketh Fleetwood's red and wh. d. Flapdragon
 The Earl of Stradbroke's red b. Metropolis, beat Mr. Harries's red b. Hurricane
 Mr. Chamberlayne's red d. Cranbury, beat Mr. Shard's yel. b. Sweetlips
 Mr. Goodlake's bk. and wh. d. The Glama, beat The Duke of Gordon's red d. Vulcan
 The Hon. H. Moreton's brin. and wh. b. Mitre, beat Mrs. Vickers's red d. Victor
 Mr. Cripps's bk. b. Camarine, beat Mr. Browne's bk. d. Bold Hector.

First Ties.

Earnest beat Mitre	Metropolis beat No! No!
Camarine beat Cranbury	The Glama beat Marshal.

Second Ties.

Earnest beat The Glama	Metropolis beat Camarine.
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Deciding Course.

Earnest beat Metropolis and won the Cup; Metropolis the Sovs.

For the HOGSHEAD OF CLARET.

Mr. E. Cripps's bl. d. Eyedrop, beat Mr. Shard's yel. and wh. b. Sorcerer
 Mr. H. Fleetwood's bk. d. Fugleman, beat M. Cripps's bk. d. Consul
 The Duke of Gordon's red b. Vaultress, beat Mr. Browne's bk. d. Bruiser
 The Earl of Stradbroke's red b. Margery, beat Mr. Harries's bk. d. Hobble-de-gee
 Mr. Goodlake's bl. d. Glenlyon, beat Mrs. Vickers's bk. b. Virginia
 Col. Newport's bl. and wh. d. Noll, beat Mr. Chamberlayne's brin. d. Cassius
 Mr. B. Harries's red b. Harmony, beat The Hon. H. Moreton's fawn d. Mr. Merriman
 Col. Newport's bk. d. No. 1, beat Mrs. Vickers's bk. d. Velocipede.

First Ties.

Fugleman beat Glenlyon	Eyedrop beat Harmony
Margery beat Noll	No. 1 beat Vaultress.

Second Ties.

Eyedrop beat Fugleman	Margery beat No. 1.
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Deciding Course.

Eyedrop beat Margery and won the Claret.

Craven Stakes.—First Class.

Mr. E. Cripps's bk. d. Elymas, beat Mr. Pettat's bk. b. Plumage
 Col. Newport's bk. d. Nippers, beat Mr. Cripps's bk. and wh. d. Consul

Mr. Chamberlayne's bl. b. Cowslip, beat The Duke of Gordon's yel. and wh. b. Venom

Mr. Goodlake's brin. b. Glis, beat The Earl of Stradbroke's fawn b. Miraculous.

Ties.

Glis beat Cowslip

Nippers beat Elymas.

Deciding Course.

Glis beat Nippers and won the Stakes.

Craven Stakes.—Second Class.

The Duke of Gordon's bk. b. Vermillion, beat Mr. Cripps's bk. b. Caroline
Col. Newport's brin. d. Nick Bottom, beat The Hon. H. Moreton's fawn d. Marauder

The Earl of Stradbroke's brin. b. Merrymaid, beat Mr. Browne's yel. d. Blank
Mr. H. Fleetwood's red and wh. b. Fanny, beat Mr. E. Cripps's red d. Edward.

Ties.

Nick Bottom beat Merrymaid Vermillion beat Fanny.

Deciding Course.

Nick Bottom beat Vermillion and won the Stakes.

First Class of Lambourn Stakes.

Mrs. Vickers's bk. b. Virginia, beat The Duke of Gordon's bk. d. Vaulter
Mr. Goodlake's bk. b. Gallion, beat Mr. Chamberlayne's brin. d. Cassius
Mr. E. Cripps's bl. d. Exeter, beat Col. Newport's bk. d. Nonsuit
Mr. Cripps's bk. b. Clara, beat Mr. Pettat's bk. b. Pliant (by a toss).

Ties.

Exeter beat Virginia

Gallion beat Clara.

Deciding Course.

Gallion beat Exeter and won the Stakes.

Second Class of Lambourn Stakes.

The Earl of Stradbroke's bk. b. Mousehunt, beat Mrs. Vickers's red d. Victor
Mr. Goodlake's wh. b. Gift, beat Mr. Pettat's bk. b. Prime
Mr. Cripps's bk. b. Caroline, beat Mr. B. Harries's red b. Hurricane
Mr. H. Fleetwood's yel. and wh. d. Flapdragon, beat The Duke of Gordon's bk. Virgilius.

Ties.

Mousehunt beat Gift

Caroline beat Flapdragon.

The stakes divided.

The Park Stakes.

Mr. H. Fleetwood's brin. b. Footlatch, beat The Duke of Gordon's bk. d. Viceroy
Mr. Harries's Hobble-de-gee, beat ——— (omitted in the list).

Deciding Course.

Hobble-de-gee beat Footlatch and won the Stakes.

Weyland Stakes.—First Class.

Duke of Gordon's Vaulter, beat Lord Stradbroke's Merrythought
Mr. Goodlake's Glenlyon, beat Col. Newport's Noll.

Deciding Course.

Vaulter beat Glenlyon and won the Stakes.

Weyland Stakes.—Second Class.

Duke of Gordon's bk. b. Victoria, beat Mr. Pettat's Pliant
Mr. Cripps's Conqueror, beat Lord Stradbroke's f. b. Miraculous.

The stakes divided.

Match.

Mr. Harries's Harmony, beat Duke of Gordon's Vulcan.

MANCHESTER CLUB.—CHATSWORTH.

Feb. 4, 5.

The CUP, value 64l.

Mr. Bennett's Topper, beat Mr. Longsdon's Leader
Mr. Moss's Hector, beat Mr. Slater's Dart
Mr. Chew's Music, beat Mr. Watkins's Spring
Mr. Bailey's Dangerous, beat Mr. Norris's Bess
Mr. King's Blackcap, beat Mr. Kaye's Miss Robinson
Mr. S. Ogden's Rocket, beat Mr. Battie's Brandy
Mr. Mc Intyre's Bruce, beat Mr. Easterby's Doctor
Mr. E. Taylor's Nettle, beat Mr. Owen's Preston Joe.

First Ties.

Topper beat Blackcap	Hector beat Bruce
Dangerous beat Rocket	Music beat Nettle.

Second Ties.

Topper beat Music	Hector beat Dangerous.
-------------------	------------------------

Deciding Course.

Topper beat Hector and won the Cup ; Hector the Sovs.

The DEVONSHIRE CUP, value 32l., by subscriptions of 2l. each ; the winner to give the second 8l.

Mr. T. Owen's Jerry, beat Mr. W. C. Chew's Young Music
Mr. J. Bayley's Brutus, beat Mr. Norris's Nimrod
Mr. Easterby's Lady Grafton, beat Mr. J. A. Kaye's Preserve
Mr. J. Moss's May Fly, beat Mr. Beeston's Norwich
Mr. G. Mc Intyre's Filho, beat Mr. E. Foulkes's Fairy
Mr. Watkins's Topper, beat Mr. Battie's Vesta
Mr. Bayley's Venture, beat Mr. J. King's Bachelor
Mr. G. Ogden's Doctor, beat Mr. E. Taylor's Fly.

First Ties.

Jerry beat Brutus	Lady Grafton beat May Fly
Filho beat Topper	Doctor beat Venture.

Second Ties.

Lady Grafton beat Jerry	Doctor beat Filho.
-------------------------	--------------------

Deciding Course.

Doctor beat Lady Grafton and won the Cup.

The CHATSWORTH STAKES, for all-aged dogs, value 16l., by subscriptions of 2l. each ; the winner to give the second 4l.

Mr. Clegg's Sport, beat Mr. Chew's Malster
Mr. King's Royal, beat Mr. Longsdon's Fairy
Mr. Norris's Jerry, beat Mr. Foulkes's Trippet
Mr. Moss's Duke, beat Mr. J. A. Kaye's Rowton.

Ties.

Royal beat Sport	Duke beat Jerry.
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Deciding Course.

Royal beat Duke and won the Stakes.

The BURLINGTON STAKES, for all-aged dogs, value 32l., by subscriptions of 2l. each ; the winner to give the second 6l.

Rocket beat Naylor	Rowton beat Venture	Music beat Blue Bill
Jupiter beat Duke	Doctor beat Fly	Spring beat Black Cap
Nettle beat Bess	Preston Joe beat Kenilworth.	

First Ties.

Rowton beat Rocket	Music beat Jupiter.
Doctor beat Spring	Preston Joe beat Nettle.

Second Ties.

Music beat Rowton

Preston Joe beat Doctor.

Deciding Course.

Preston Joe beat Music and won the Stakes.

The **DERBYSHIRE STAKES**, for Puppies, value 16l., by subscriptions of 2l. each;
the winner to give the second 4l.

Bruce beat Nimrod

Music beat Vesta

Fly beat Fairy

Preserve beat Bachelor.

Ties.

Music beat Bruce

Preserve beat Fly.

Deciding Course.

Music beat Preserve and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Jupiter beat Spring

Fly beat Lady

Plenipo. beat Rufus.

DEPTFORD INN.

Feb. 17, 18, 19.

For the HOGSHEAD OF CLARET.

Capt. Delmé's brin. b. Dormouse, beat Mr. A. Wyndham's bk. b. Waltz

Mr. Goodlake's bk. d. The Glama, beat Mr. Biggs's red d. Busiris

Mr. B. Harries's (Goodlake's) bk. b. Galleon, beat Mr. Chamberlayne's brin. b. Cinderella

Mr. Hesketth Fleetwood's bk. d. Fugleman, beat Mr. Brouncker's bk. b. Black-socks

Mr. Locke's (Goodlake's) bl. d. Glenlyon, ran a bye

Mr. Lyster's bk. d. Lucifer, beat The Duke of Gordon's bk. b. Variation (late Harrington's Hebe)

The Duke of Gordon's bk. d. Vaultier, beat Capt. Delmé's bk. d. Dinton

Mr. Chamberlayne's brin. d. Cassius, ran a bye.

First Ties.

Fugleman beat Dormouse

Glenlyon beat Galleon

Lucifer beat The Glama (lame)

Vaultier beat Cassius.

Second Ties.

Lucifer beat Vaultier

Glenlyon beat Fugleman.

Deciding Course.

Lucifer beat Glenlyon and won the Claret.

The PORT STAKES.

Capt. Delmé's bk. d. Dick, beat Mr. Biggs's fawn d. Buff

Mr. Chamberlayne's bl. b. Cowslip, beat Mr. Goodlake's brin. b. Glis

The Duke of Gordon's bk. b. Victoria, beat Mr. H. Fleetwood's red and wh. d. Flapdragon

Mr. A. Wyndham's wh. b. Woodbine, beat Mr. Lyster's bk. d. Ledo.

Ties.

Victoria beat Dick

Cowslip beat Woodbine.

Deciding Course.

Victoria beat Cowslip and won the Stakes.

The SHERRY STAKES.

Mr. Chamberlayne's red d. Conservative, beat Mr. Goodlake's wh. b. Gift

Capt. Delmé's red d. Dicebox, beat The Duke of Gordon's bk. ticked b. Velocity (late Highwind)

Mr. Biggs's yel. and wh. b. Bauble, beat Mr. Chamberlayne's red d. Captain

The Duke of Gordon's red d. Vaultress, beat Capt. Delmé's wh. b. Diana.

Ties.

Dicebox beat Conservative Vantress beat Bauble.

Deciding Course.

Vaultress beat Dicebox and won the Stakes.

The PINCHNEY STAKES.

Mr. Bigge's Busiris, beat Mr. A Wyndham's Waltz
Mr. Goodlake's Glis, beat Mr. Chamberlayne's The Captain.

Deciding Course.

Busiris beat Glis and won the Stakes.

The BERWICK STAKES.

Capt. Delme's red d. Dreadnought, beat The Duke of Gordon's Variation
Mr. Chamberlayne's Cinderella, beat Mr. H. Fleetwood's Flapdragon.

Deciding Course.

Cinderella beat Dreadnought and won the Stakes.

CODFORD STAKES.

Mr. Chamberlayne's Cranbury, beat The Duke of Gordon's Velocity
Mr. Goodlake's Galleon, beat Capt. Delm's Diana.

Deciding Course.

Galleon beat Cranbury and won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Duke of Gordon's bk. d. Virgilius, beat Mr. Chamberlayne's r. d. Cranbury
Capt. Delm's Diana, beat Mr. Locke's Lochinvar
Mr. Bigge's Birdswing, beat Mr. Chamberlayne's The Captain.

HAREWOOD.

Feb. 17, 18, and 19.

For the CUP and SOVEREIGNS.

Mr. Bingley's f. d. Lincoln, beat Mr. Prest's bk. d. Pilot
Mr. Robertshaw's bl. b. Venus, beat Mr. Hargreave's bl. b. Nettle
Mr. Harrison's bk. d. Romulus, beat Mr. Hampton's bk. d. p. Grimaldi
Mr. Vansittart's bk. d. Vandyke, beat Mr. G. L. Fox's bk. and w. d. Turk
Mr. S. L. Fox's w. b. Grace, beat Sir J. Johnstone's d. d. Javelin
Col. Elmhirst's bk. b. Belvidera, beat Mr. Jowitt's w. p. d. Dart
Mr. Lee's bl. and w. b. Fly, beat Mr. Gibbes's bk. t. p. d. Glutton
Mr. Swann's f. d. Pilot, beat Mr. Fould's brin. d. Gloworm.

First Ties.

Grace beat Venus Vandyke beat Romulus
Lincoln beat Fly Belvidera beat Pilot.

Second Ties

Grace beat Vandyke Lincoln beat Belvidera (unsighted).

Deciding Course.

Lincoln beat Grace and won the Cup ; Grace the Sovs.

ALL-AGED STAKES of 2 sovs. each.

Mr. Harrison's bk. d. Remus, beat Mr. Swann's bk. b. Violet
Mr. S. L. Fox's bk. p. d. Tramp, beat Mr. Bingley's r. d. Clinker
Mr. Teal's r. b. Myrtle, beat Mr. Prest's bl. and w. b. Playful
Sir J. Johnstone's bk. and w. d. Veluti, beat Mr. Gibbes's d. d. p. Tandem.

Ties.

Veluti beat Tramp Myrtle beat Remus.

Deciding Course.

Myrtle beat Veluti and won the Stakes.

GOLDSBRO' STAKES of 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Gibbes's f. d. p. Tam o'Shanter, beat Mr. S. L. Fox's w. and r. d. Gambler
 Mr. Vansittart's bk. d. Gallopade, beat Mr. Lee's bl. d. Ruler
 Sir J. Johnstone's brin. d. Iago, beat Mr. Swann's bl. d. Muley
 Col. Elmhirst's r. t. d. Sportsman, beat Mr. Trueman's brin. and w. d. Spring.

Ties.

Sportsman beat Iago Tam o'Shanter beat Gallopade.

Deciding Course.

Sportsman beat Tam o'Shanter and won the Stakes.

LADIES' STAKES of 5 sovs. each.

Mr. S. L. Fox's brin. b. Tulip, beat Mr. Vansittart's r. b. Rosa
 Sir J. Johnstone's bl. b. Vestal, beat Mr. Hargreave's r. b. Brunette
 Mr. Gibbes's bk. t. b. p. Glitter, beat Mr. Swann's brin. and w. b. Blanche
 Col. Elmhirst's bk. t. b. Barbara, ran a bye.

Ties.

Barbara beat Vestal Glitter beat Tulip.

Deciding Course.

Barbara beat Glitter and won the Stakes.

BITCH SWEEPSTAKES of 2 sovs. each.

Mr. Gibbes's bl. and w. b. Twist, beat Col. Elmhirst's bk. b. Lilla
 Mr. Trueman's w. b. Tricks, beat Sir J. Johnstone's bl. and w. b. Vespa.

Deciding Course.

Twist beat Tricks and won the Stakes.

DOG SWEEPSTAKES of 2 sovs. each.

Mr. S. L. Fox's r. d. Tartar, beat Mr. Swann's r. d. Saracen
 Col. Elmhirst's f. d. Speculator, beat Mr. Gibbes's bk. d. Gas.

Deciding Course.

Speculator beat Tartar and won the Stakes.

MATCHES of 2 sovs. each.

Mr. Fould's brin. d. Glowworm, beat Mr. Lee's bl. d. Ruler
 Mr. Gibbes's Lofty, beat Mr. Fould's bk. b. Glen
 Mr. Gibbes's bk. t. d. Glutton, beat Mr. Cholmley's w. d. p. Dart
 Mr. Harrison's bk. d. Remus, beat Mr. Cholmley's w. and r. d. Sam
 Mr. S. L. Fox's r. and w. d. Gambler, beat Mr. Harrison's bk. d. Romulus.
 Mr. S. L. Fox's r. and w. b. Ticket, beat Mr. Gibbes's f. d. Tandem
 Mr. Swann's bl. d. Muley, beat Mr. Trueman's w. d. Spring
 Col. Elmhirst's bk. b. Bashful, beat Mr. Trueman's f. d. Melton
 Mr. Gibbes's bk. d. Grimaldi, beat Mr. S. L. Fox's brin. b. Tulip
 Mr. Swann's bl. and w. d. Juniper, beat Sir J. Johnstone's brin. d. Iago.

MATCH for 10 sovs. (two courses out of three).

Mr. Robertshaw's f. d. Gallopade, beat Mr. Fould's r. b. Busy.

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